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# FURTHER RESPONSE TO TRANSCENDENTAL CONCORD

OTHER RESOURCES FOR RESEARCH IN EMERSON,  
THOREAU, ALCOTT, THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF  
PHILOSOPHY AND LITERATURE  
AND ITS SUCCESSORS

*Edited by*

KENNETH WALTER CAMERON



HARTFORD

TRANSCENDENTAL BOOKS — BOX A, STATION A — 06106

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KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

TO MY PARENTS

ALBERT ERNEST CAMERON

ZOE SHOCKLEY BARKER CAMERON

LORD, WITH WHAT CARE HAST THOU BEGIRT US ROUND.  
PARENTS FIRST SEASON US; THEN SCHOOLMASTERS  
DELIVER US TO LAWS; THEY SEND US, BOUND  
TO RULES OF REASON, HOLY MESSENGERS,

PULPITS AND SUNDAYES, SORROW DOGGING SINNE,  
AFFLICTIONS SORTED, ANGUISH OF ALL SIZES,  
FINE NETS AND STRATAGEMS TO CATCH US IN,  
BIBLES LAID OPEN, MILLIONS OF SURPRISES,

BLESSINGS BEFOREHAND, TYES OF GRATEFULNESSE,  
THE SOUND OF GLORIE RINGING IN OUR EARES:  
WITHOUT, OUR SHAME; WITHIN, OUR CONSCIENCES;  
ANGELS AND GRACE, ETERNALL HOPES AND FEARS.

—GEORGE HERBERT.



## PREFACE

In 1974, in Response to Transcendental Concord, I organized and reproduced in facsimile the scrap-book clippings in the Concord Free Public Library, indicating the absence therein of news reports for 1883. In Part One of the present volume I have filled that gap and strengthened the journalistic response for the other years as well. Part Two preserves press accounts of writers of the American Renaissance. Part Three deals exclusively with the first reaction of British Swedenborgians to Emerson's earliest Transcendentalism.

Spring, 1982.

K. W. C.





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## PART ONE



## (1) Aug. 1, 1879. THE CONCORD SUMMER SCHOOL.

The newspapers give many accounts, criticisms and "brief jottings" of the new school of philosophy and literature now in session at Concord. Some of these indicate the scantiest possible knowledge of its aim and scope, --and, indeed, it was hardly possible to learn what these were until it began its daily round of lecture and conversation in the Orchard House of Mr. Alcott, the founder and dean of the school. Those who were to be its professors and lecturers had never all met together until they gathered in Mr. Alcott's study and heard from his own lips on the opening day the simple plan upon which their instruction was to proceed. Still less had the pupils ever met each other, or even their instructors as a teaching corps. Individually they had heard or read the essays of Alcott, Emerson, Harris, Higginson, Bartol and Wasson; they had some of them listened to Dr. Jones's expositions of Plato in Illinois or New England; and some had been pupils of Prof. Peirce at Cambridge, or students of social science along with him and his associates at the annual assemblies of the American social science association. Others had studied art with Mrs. Cheney and her companions of the New England women's club, or with Prof. Harris's philosophical society at St. Louis. But collectively the teachers and the disciples had never come together until Mr. Alcott's gentle summons compelled them to the "fresh fields and pastures old" of Concord, where they are now wandering with their shepherds, or gathered at certain hours into the Socratic fold.

The establishment of a philosophic or theosophic school, for study and conversation, in Concord, is no new fancy with Mr. Alcott, nor has he been in haste to inaugurate it. So long ago as 1842, when he went to England upon the invitation of James Pierrepont Greaves and his English friends, who had founded a school at Alcott House near London, named for the Connecticut Pestalozzi, Mr. Alcott began to collect books toward the library of a university or school of the First Philosophy, to be established in some part of New England. For this purpose Mr. Greaves, the friend and continuator of Pestalozzi, dying in March, 1842, bequeathed a collection of curious books, which Mr. Alcott and Mr. Lane brought over from England in that year and deposited in Concord. The plan was frustrated or postponed, but the books remained, or a good part of them, -- and may yet form the nucleus of a theosophic library for the Concord summer school, which has this year been opened and is now in smooth and felicitous progress, --

"Under the shade of melancholy boughs,"

where these volumes have so long stood on the shelves of the philosopher's study. There now he and his friends, of earlier or of later acquaintance, while discussing divinity and immortality, art and literature, --

"Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,"

but gather in their flight some of the first fruits of eternity.

A singular atmosphere of cheerful antiquity, or venerable youth, in very deed hovers about the ancient rooms that resound with utterances that are both old and new, and hold in their thronged space the aged and the youthful disciples of a noble philosophy. The crows and vultures of modern

materialism, who study physiology and psychology over the same corpse by their native and repulsive analyses, are not attracted to the synthetic banquet of these Platonists and Hegelians;--

"And thou, shrieking harbinger,  
Foul precursor of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near!

"From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feathered king, --  
Keep the obsequy so strict."

Although not a daily visitor, and seldom taking part in its exercises, Mr. Emerson, the eagle of Concord philosophy, frequents the sessions, and listens with delight to his own thoughts otherwise expressed, now by this person and then by that. It was he and his elder friend, Mr. Alcott, who gave the first, or, at any rate, the strongest impulse to the study of Plato in New England, but Dr. Jones has now gone further if not deeper in that study than either of them. Prof. Harris again--first inspired in his philosophic thinking by contact with Mr. Alcott at New Haven, when the St. Louis metaphysician was a student there--has now gone forward on the labyrinthine but sure road of Hegel and Aristotle, until he surpasses his companions and almost equals his masters in his searching and wonderful dialectic. He has proved the most attractive as yet of the six professors who have discoursed among the disciples up to this date, --Mr. Alcott, Mr. Cheney, Dr. Jones, Prof. Harris, Prof. Peirce, Col. Higginson and Mr. Wasson. Some of those who are to follow--Mr. Emerson and Mr. Davidson to-morrow, Mr. Sanborn on the 9th and Dr. Bartol on the 18th may prove to have more hearers than Prof. Harris. But this will be quite as much because he has preceded them and made the new Concord symposium widely known, as because of their own fame or skill as speakers. Mr. Emerson will be the only exception, --for if he had consented to give ten lectures, like Prof. Harris, instead of one or two, --the Orchard house would from the first have been too small for his audience.

This audience is drawn from a dozen states, and from every variety of persons and pursuits. Missouri, Minnesota, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey have been represented there, as well as Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Vermont and New Hampshire. Next to Massachusetts, Illinois sends the most disciples and visitors, who come from Chicago, Quincy, Jacksonville, Evanston, and elsewhere in that great prairie commonwealth. Dr. Jones himself, though long a citizen of Illinois, was born in Virginia and educated in Missouri. Prof. Harris, though now a Missourian, was born in Rhode Island and educated in Connecticut, --being a descendant of that remarkable Weymouth minister, Rev. Samuel Torrey, who could pray two hours at a time without wearying his hearers. His great-great-great-grandson, William Torrey Harris, now discoursing at Concord, may not be so gifted in prayer, --though a devout man, --but he seems to have inherited the same ease and freedom of serious utterance. "Mr. Torrey," said that learned lawyer, John Read, "stood up at Newtown in 1696, and pray'd near two hours; But all his prayer so





intirely new and various, without tautologies, so exceeding pertinent, so regular, so natural, so free, lively and affecting, that, towards the end of his prayer, hinting at still new and agreeable scenes of Thought, we could not help wishing him to enlarge upon them, but the time obliged him to close, to our regret, and we could gladly have heard him an Hour longer. We seemed not to be sensible of Time's elapsing till he had finished."

The subjects of Prof. Harris's lectures have been no less serious than those of his ministerial ancestor,--the personality of God, immortality, the power of spirit over matter, etc. Mr. Alcott has treated Christian theism from another point of view; and Dr. Jones has sought to symbolize the meaning of Plato, even in so plain a tale as the Apologia of Socrates--where, he maintains, Socrates is the soul of man, the Athenians are its appetites and passions--and so on. These three teachers have been distinctly philosophic in their instruction, while Mrs. Cheney has discoursed upon art, and Col. Higginson upon American literature. Prof. Peirce has treated mathematics and the ideal structure of the universe from a philosophic point of view, and Mr. Wasson has begun the discussion of American politics from the same stand-point. Mr. Emerson's subject is not announced. Mr. Davidson will speak, among other things, of the new discoveries and restorations of ancient Greek art and life at Athens and elsewhere.

Nothing could be less pretentious than the design and methods of this school, and those who may wish to exercise their wit upon it, as attempting things too high, or in a manner too boastful, will quite miss their mark. To be described, or even caricatured, it should first be seen and understood; after which, perchance, the result upon the light-minded may be what Goldsmith mentions as taking place in another "loveliest village of the plain,"--

"Where fools who went to scoff remained to pray."

#### (2) Aug. 11, 1879. THE PHILOSOPHERS AT CONCORD.

The Concord school of philosophy will close on Monday, the 18th of August, with a final conversation by Mr. Alcott and an essay on education by Dr. Bartol, but will open again in July, 1880, and continue four weeks. At a meeting of the faculty and pupils, held at the present home of Mr. Alcott on Thursday evening last, this was decided, and the dean and secretary of the school will soon proceed to arrange the course for next year. It is probable that Mr. Alcott, Mr. Harris, Dr. Jones and Mr. Wasson will give instruction in 1880, but in courses somewhat shorter than this year. The classes will meet morning and evening, omitting the afternoon, and there will be but one lesson on Saturdays. This will allow 44 separate exercises in four weeks, which can be divided into three courses of eight lectures each, two courses of six lectures each, two double lectures and four single lectures or readings. Among the latter will doubtless be a further selection from Thoreau's unpublished manuscripts,--the reading by Mr. Blake last Wednesday evening having been one of the most enjoyed of all the exercises of this year. Yesterday a New Bedford sculptor, Walton Ricketson, who, as a boy knew and rambled with Thoreau, brought to the school a noble medalion head, life-size, of the poet-naturalist, which is thus far the best portrait of him, and which Mr. Ricketson has

just cast from the clay mold in his studio at New Bedford. It will remain at the Orchard house until the school closes, and should be seen by all who are interested in Thoreau. Dr. Jones will give his last Plato reading on Friday the 15th,--having exchanged mornings with Mr. Alcott,--taking the 13th and giving Mr. Alcott the 18th on which, as originally planned, Dr. Jones was to give a reading. Among the visitors at the school during the past week have been Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell, and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist of New York, Rowland G. Hazard of Rhode Island, Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott of Jacksonville, Ill., Miss Emma Lazarus, the poet, and Miss C. L. Howard of Springfield. Yesterday Mr. Sanborn gave his lecture on "Social Science," and in the evening Mr. Davidson gave his concluding lecture on Athenian life, with magic lantern illustrations.

#### (3) July 13, 1880. THE CONCORD SUMMER SCHOOL.

The school of philosophy at Concord opened its second term yesterday, in the new Hillside chapel, on Mr. Alcott's Orchard-house estate. Mr. Alcott, as dean of the school, made an address of welcome, and was followed by Prof. Harris, Dr. Jones of Illinois, Rev. W. H. Channing, D. G. Snider, and other lecturers in the school, setting forth briefly what is aimed at and what was last year accomplished in this unique school. The attendance was much larger than last year, even at the early hour of 9, when Mr. Alcott began to speak, and still more in the evening, when Prof. Harris gave his first lecture, the topic of which was "Philosophic Knowing." Students were present from some twenty different states, namely, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Tennessee, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and several of the more southern and western states. Few of the students took part in the conversations yesterday, not being yet well acquainted with each other nor with their instructors, among whom are several who were not connected with the school last year. Of these Mr. Channing and Mr. Snider were present yesterday. Miss Peabody made a few remarks, and Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson testified her interest in the school by her presence. The majority of those in attendance were women, as was the case last year. The new chapel proved to be a very comfortable place, capable of seating more than 100 without inconvenience. Except on special occasions this number is not likely to be exceeded, but when Mr. Emerson speaks, it may be necessary to take a larger hall in the village and perhaps other lecturers like Dr. Hedge, Mrs. Howe and Prof. Peirce may also draw large audiences. The managers of the school do not desire more than 100 students, considering that number as many as can profitably pursue the conversational course adopted by Mr. Alcott and his colleagues, who hold the most of the classes.

A few changes have taken place in the list of exercises since it was first made public. Prof. Howison, having gone abroad, is dropped from the corps of lecturers, and Mr. Snider takes his evening, July 15. Dr. Jones will begin his ten lectures on the morning of the 16th instead of the 19th, and Dr. Kidney will give four lectures instead of three, beginning on the 26th of July. Mrs. Howe's lecture comes on the 29th, and Mr. Emerson's on the 13th of August, in the last week of the school. His subject is not





yet announced. Dr. Bartol will speak on "God in Nature" the morning of the same day when Mr. Emerson speaks in the evening. Mr. Alcott opened at the exercises yesterday with as much freshness of thought and language as he would have done in 1840, when he was but half his present age. S. H. Emery presided. Prof. Harris occupies the Orchard house this year, and will do so until he goes abroad in the latter part of August. Mr. Channing will remain in America for the present. His lectures come on the 13th, 20th, 27th and 28th of July. Mr. Wasson will lecture on the morning of the 15th and the evening of the 16th; and Mrs. Cheney's two lectures both come this week--to-day and to-morrow. The press was numerously represented yesterday--correspondents of the Tribune, Nation and other New York papers being present, as well as those of the New England and western journals. The Atlantic also proposes to give a short article to the Concord school, --which is in no respect a school for journalism, being devoted altogether to expansion and dilatation of mental effort, instead of to "the news and the truth about it," which make the concern of the journalist.

No doubt that, journalist or whatever else a man or woman may be, to either an earnest consideration of the great philosophy of Plato would so broaden the base of thought that the individual would be the better for the study, even if his work were no better done. But the school is for the few, now and always; it is to affect thought, and through thinkers the rest of the world. To hear Mr. Alcott talk and to talk with him about St. John, Swedenborg, Jacob Behmen; to learn of the familiar spirit of Socrates, the psychic and the material body of man, the philosophy of prayer, of law, the education and the discipline of man according to Plato from the lips of Dr. Jones; to follow haltingly the abstract thought of W. T. Harris through the mazes of purely speculative philosophy; to wind through the artificial mazes of Denton J. Snider's labyrinthine plan of Shakespeare; to survey with Channing the oriental mysticism of Buddha and the depressing evil thinking of Schopenhauer;--all these things are deep tasks for summer heat, when the grasshopper is a burden, and only souls that hunger for heavenly food beyond the common, or other souls that have an appetite for the uncommon because it is so, can contemplate it complacently.

The weight of thought is lightened, or perhaps it would be better to say balanced, by lectures from Mrs. Cheney on color, and on art in America; from Mrs. Howe on modern society, from Mr. Sanborn on charity, and by discourses on such things as the speakers know well by Prof. Benjamin Peirce, Dr. Bartol, Dr. Peabody; by readings from Thoreau sure to have something of nature in them to refresh; and by an air-clearing, vital summation of truth from the first of our philosophers and poets--Ralph Waldo Emerson.

(4) July 21, 1880. THE PHILOSOPHERS AT CONCORD. SECOND YEAR OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL. THE FACULTY AND THE PUPILS--MR. ALCOTT, THE FOUNDER, HIS PART IN IT AND THAT OF PROF. HARRIS, DR. JONES, ETC.--MR. EMERSON'S SLIGHT CONNECTION WITH THE SCHOOL--ITS HOPES AND PURPOSE OF PERMANENCE.

CONCORD, Wednesday, July 21. The second term of the summer school of philosophy in this Arcadian town has now

gone so far that it is possible to see what its character is and how it will compare, in work and results, with the experimental school of last year. Its students meet no longer under the very roof of Mr. Alcott, the founder of the school, but in a plain chapel on his orchard knoll close by the house, which proved too small even for the classes of last year, --still more for the larger gathering of this summer. Then 50 was the maximum number expected, and less than 50 was the average attendance, including the faculty and invited guests; this year a hundred was taken as the average and 150 as the maximum, which has not yet been reached, but will be exceeded, probably, on one or two days. The average attendance this year seems likely to rise above 80 and the whole number, which in 1879 exceeded 400, will this year increase to five or six hundred--perhaps more. Some spend but half a day, some two or three days, some a week, and 20 or 30 students will go through the whole term, though not attending every lecture. The faculty are content with the small number of constant hearers, well knowing that the mode of instruction and communication here adopted does not prosper in the presence of crowds; while the topics treated and the tone in which they are discussed do not and cannot attract the multitude. They concern the many not less than the few, but they must be communicated to the many by the few--not from any spirit of arrogance or Brahminism, but because they demand a close attention and a prepared state of mind which few persons will bring to such assemblies, or long maintain after coming. The doctrine is high and esoteric in its nature, though universal in its application, and the dialect of the school, though familiar enough to those who have mastered it, is puzzling, contradictory and headachy to those who hear it for the first time, or pore over its mangled remains in daily newspaper reports. It may easily be laughed at, and does entice the shallow, and some who are not such, to make a jest of it, --those persons laughing loudest, as is natural, who know the least about it. There is also more or less genial mirth inside the school itself, where unmixed seriousness by no means wholly prevails, --some of the philosophers, and many of the audience, being persons of nimble wit, who can see a joke as far off as other people. Indeed, agility and sprightliness of mind is the fashion of the school; there is little dullness in it, though fatigue does sometimes supervene upon a long discourse, or a passage unusually loaded and rammed down with thought. "Wit is the soul's powder," said Davenant, or somebody else--and it will sometimes try its explosive force on those heavy charges of wisdom.

The faculty of the school remains the same this year as last in its nucleus, but has added several members for consultation and reinforcement when they happen to be present. The regular members of this directing body are five--Mr. Alcott, Prof. Harris, Dr. Jones, Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Emery, --but Miss Peabody, Rev. W. H. Channing, Rev. Dr. Kidney of Minnesota, Mrs. Cheney and Mr. Snider are also, in a certain sense, members of the faculty, --while Mr. Emerson, Drs. Bartol and Hedge, Profs. Peirce and Peabody, Mr. Wasson, Mrs. Howe, Dr. Mulford, Mr. Albee and a few others come in as lecturers for once or twice. The whole number of instructors is about 20--and among them is the greatest variety of age, ability and reputation, --though there is a common bond





connecting all together. This tie is more spiritual than intellectual, however, and sometimes it is hard to trace the connection between these widely separated individualities. A profound writer in the New York Evening Post, who does not seem even to know the names of the Concord lecturers, declares that they are all shadows of Mr. Emerson, or words to that effect; but he would be puzzled, I think, to point out wherein Prof. Harris, Mr. Snider, Dr. Kidney (the Episcopalian doctor of divinity from Minnesota, who arrived to-day and begins to lecture next week), are disciples of Mr. Emerson in any sense of the word; nor can this be said of Dr. Jones, the Illinois Platonist, whose scheme of nature and spirit resembles Mr. Emerson's at many points, but whose dialect is as far from the well-known Emersonian style as that of Hobbes is from Jeremy Taylor's. It would be more reasonable to say that all New York editors are shadows of the elder Bennett, and that Whitelaw Reid is a servile imitator of Horace Greeley in dress and manners, than to make the Evening Post's remark. In the dark all cats are gray, --and in the total ignorance of a man who knows nothing about philosophy one philosopher looks and talks like another. In fact, Mr. Emerson has a very slight connection with the school, though a strong interest in it, on account of his friends, and especially of Mr. Alcott, in whom he is a firm believer, of Dr. Jones, whose deep Platonism he admires, and of William Henry Channing, in whom he sees the traits of Channing the divine, as well as those hopeful and mystical qualities peculiar to the nephew of his uncle. Mr. Emerson comes to the classes now and then, listens to the speaker with attention, but never takes part in the conversation, and will himself read but a single lecture on the 13th of August, near the close of the term. Prof. Harris gives 10 lectures and joins in almost every conversation, Dr. Jones gives 10 lectures and speaks more rarely in discussion; Mr. Snider gives five lectures, Mr. Channing four, Dr. Kidney four, and Mr. Alcott five, besides the welcome and valedictory to the students as they come and go. Mr. Alcott, indeed, and not Mr. Emerson, is the originator of this school, and the connecting link between the professors and the debaters therein. Prof. Harris, though diverging far from Mr. Alcott in method, and following the high priori road of Hegel, is proud to rank himself as a disciple of the Connecticut Pythagoras; and Dr. Jones was first introduced by Mr. Alcott to the New England public two years ago. Mr. Channing, Mr. Sanborn and Mrs. Cheney are ancient disciples and co-workers with Mr. Alcott; while Mr. Snider, Dr. Kidney, Dr. Mulford and Mr. Albee were drawn to the school through their interest in Prof. Harris. Mr. Blake, the friend and literary executor of Thoreau, comes as his representative, and will read from his manuscripts, while a few of Mr. Emerson's contemporaries, Dr. Bartol, Dr. Hedge, etc., come to Concord, no doubt, because Emerson is there, and so do some of the students. But the interest which draws the school together is in ideas, not in persons, --although affection and habit and the subtle charm of locality enter also into the attraction. Concord is the place of all others for such a school, and that for reasons that long ago attracted Alcott, Channing, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, and even Emerson himself to abide there.

Mr. Alcott is not of Concord by birth or descent, as Emerson and Thoreau were, --but in some preëxistent state

he must have inhabited some preëxistent Concord of the mind, and thus came there and returned again and again, as to his own place and manory. While making clocks in Connecticut or selling silk and jewels in Virginia or Carolina, he was but performing his spiritual apprenticeship and journeywork, --when he became a master-workman he set up his forge in Concord --an Apollo-Vulcan, moving like light through the upper air, and teaching others that motion, --but limping like Mulciber when he sets foot on the ground. This twofold character hinders him from asserting in all debates his proper place in the school; where all kinds of motions are in order, as in the progress of a prehistoric materialist from his own stand-point to the upper regions of light and thought:--

"So eagerly the fiend  
O'er bog or steep, thro' strait, rough, dense  
or rare,  
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his  
way,  
And swims or sinks, or wades or creeps or  
flies."

Several of the speakers have this nimble and shifty method of advance; but not Mr. Alcott; he must wait for a wind or he cannot sail over the sea of thought and land at the golden shore:--

"For oars alone will ne'er avail  
To reach that distant coast, --  
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost."

It would not be exact to say that Mr. Alcott does not perceive and sometimes chafe under this embargo of the faculties, to which a slight deafness adds its annoyance, --but he generally bears it patiently, and, when his time comes, makes a swifter and happier voyage than any other. His place in the school is that of inspirer and reconciler --not by virtue of a broad knowledge of particulars, in which many surpass him; but by a firm grasp of universal and necessary truth, especially in its mystic relations, where no one at the school and few in the world go beyond him.

The other members of the faculty and occasional lecturers fit in reasonably well to the plan of the school, --for it has a plan, and is not, as some imagine, a mere parade ground for hobbies and strange opinions. The whole course of lectures and conversations was carefully arranged last summer, before Prof. Harris and Dr. Jones returned to their western homes; and such changes as have since occurred have been made in consequence of unexpected changes in the purpose or fortunes of the lecturers. Mr. Wasson, who undertook five lectures on the Philosophy of History, found that his failing eye-sight would only allow him to prepare two --which he has already given to the great satisfaction of the school. In his place, Rev. W. H. Channing was substituted, --his return to America falling opportunely for this purpose; and he has contributed what was much needed, a general view of mysticism historically considered, as a preface to Mr. Alcott's conversations on the substance and spirit of mysticism. The general purpose of the faculty seems to be this, --





to present in all its leading aspects the spiritual philosophy of ancient and modern times, --leaving the materialists, who are now so numerous and so well supplied with organs, vocal and literary, to present their own case in their own way. It was hoped that some competent man of science would be found willing to state the anti-spiritual view of the universe, in such a way as to come within the scope of the school, --but, after one or two trials, the attempt was given up for this year; so that whatever is said on the side of Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, or the extreme Darwinians, has to come from the audience, or from some effort at impartial statement of that side by one who supports the other hypothesis. Prof. Harris perhaps comes nearest to a full statement of the physical or natural theory of the universe, as opposed to the spiritual or supernatural, upon which Dr. Jones insists strenuously; but the followers of natural science will no doubt complain that justice is not done to their position, and will find much fault with the extreme statements made here by men who, as they think, are blind to the great splendors of science. That there is some foundation for this complaint was seen in the singular debate that followed Mrs. Cheney's admirable essay on color, --the speakers seeming to vie with each other in getting as far as possible from the physical facts concerning color and light, and pushing their fanciful hypotheses very far. There has been little of this extravagance since, and the general drift of the school has been more sober and regular since the first few days, in which the newly harnessed team did not draw with perfect discipline in the traces of discussion, but took rather too much to disputing. Mr. Alcott and Prof. Harris are excellent moderators of this state of feeling, and the director, Mr. Emery, has presided in the discussions with much patience and skill. Upon him and Mr. Sanborn have fallen much of the practical or prudential work of the school faculty, --although Mr. Alcott also was active in building the new chapel and making the simple arrangements which preceded the opening of the school. The expense of the chapel has been temporarily met by borrowing from the fund given by Mrs. Thompson; but the trustees intend to repay this loan, and not only keep that fund intact, but increase it.

Notwithstanding its disdainful attitude toward the lofty pretensions of so-called sciences, which sometimes misleads the professors into injustice and confusion of thought, the Concord school of philosophy is humble and frugal in its plans for the future, following the advice of George Herbert, who, if living in New England, would be a lecturer at the Hillside chapel:--

"Pitch thy behavior low, thy projects high, --  
So mayst thou humble and magnanimous be;  
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a  
tree."

They propose to continue the summer course of lectures so long as there is a demand for it, and also to plant the seed of a permanent school the year round, however small its numbers may be. The coming of Prof. Harris to reside in Concord at the Orchard house looks to this, among other things, and though he will divide his activity between the East and the West, and even between Europe and America, it is hoped that he will take root in Concord along with the

proposed institution, in which his own name will be associated with Mr. Alcott's and those of the other men and women of ideas and devout inspirations who have united to carry forward a work so considerable.

(5) Aug. 4, 1880. THE SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA. DENTON J. SNIDER'S THEORY OF ITS PLAN AND DEVELOPMENT.

Denton J. Snider of St. Louis completed his course of five lectures on Shakespeare's plays at the Concord school of philosophy with an interesting setting forth of his new theory as to their character, plan and purpose. He began by saying that he wished to show the unity of the plays, in which he objected to the chronological arrangement as at best conjectural, and preferred the old division into tragedies, comedies and histories. The only objection to it is that history does not exactly correspond to tragedy and comedy. It is not opposed to either one. But a real unity and reason in classification can be attained by regarding the comedies and tragedies as legendary or historical and so making two general classes to include comedy, tragedy and history, --the legendary and the historical. This classification rests, also, upon the most rigid thought. All legendary plays are based upon the family and have the state in the background as an ethical basis. In every play the ruler is hovering over all the events, and the collisions are either with political authority, as in the historical plays, or within the family, as in the legendary. The historical is opposed to the legendary in thought. It is realized in time and space and has its means in the state. History is the history of states and institutions. The distinction made between the two classes of plays rests upon the fundamental distinction between the state and the family. So the dramas are either domestic or historical. In the case of tragedies and comedies, all the events transpire in the real world. Yet in "Othello" an ideal element is introduced, and also in "King Lear," but the reality is emphatic. In "Macbeth" the ideal element, a supernatural influence, is the determining one. The impulse to the individual in it is given by the ideal world upon which he depends. In "Hamlet" is seen a similar supernatural influence, the ghost who shapes the whole conduct of Hamlet. These two plays stand alone in introducing a supernatural impelling power, but this power is really only a manifestation of the human soul within. "Macbeth" is a tragedy of the imagination and "Hamlet" is best described as a tragedy of reflection. In these plays the real is distinguished from the ideal, and in them the real is purely ethical.

In the comedies there is the same distinction of the real and the ideal. In the comedy there may be tragedy in the case of individuals, as in "All's Well That Ends Well," and true comedy is reached in "Much Ado About Nothing." The plays which have pure comedy, with no tragedy, were named as follows by Mr. Snider: "Comedy of Errors," "Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "Love's Labor Lost," and "Merry Wives of Windsor." In these is no ideal element. In them is represented the domestic conflict, which is solved in a serio-comic or in a purely comic fashion. There is an ideal world in the poet, which he introduces for the purpose of solving the difficulties and conflicts of the world of reality. This is the supreme





artistic form of Shakespeare. It contains the great doctrine of mediation of the conflicts of men with the ideal world of imagination, poetry and thought. To this ideal world belong seven of the most important of Shakespeare's dramas. Their ideal development is this: The real world falls into strife with itself, institutions fall into strife with each other, and the state is in a condition of discord and strife. Men and women, wearied with the strife, fly from society to a primitive or purely ideal condition. This flight of men from society is the basis of many other works in literature, and just at this point Mr. Snider alluded to the recluse life of Mr. Thoreau, whom he afterward mentioned by name. Plato's "Republic," the Arcadians in French literature and Utopias in English are all the outcome of this idea. But the poet here regards them as abstractions. Such a condition of society is not permanent and cannot be made so. Shakespeare makes all his characters, in whom there centers any interest, return to society and become harmonized with it. The comic element in the plays is that these people, when they are in conflict with the course of institutions, fly to a primitive life, and at once begin to build up those same institutions and return to them in every act. Their purpose is absurd and self-contradictory. This is the great Shakespearean art-form. No other poet has handled the subject in this way.

In history this actual flight from the struggles of the world is known as the monastic life. "Measure for Measure" shows it very plainly. Both the man and the woman fly from the cruelty and impurity of the world, but such men and women as they were needed in the world to make it tender and pure, and both are impelled to return to the world, -- the man marrying the woman. He is restored to the state and she to her own right domestic relations. So the basis of the reformation of the middle ages lies in the truth that the institutions of human society are more sacred than ecclesiastical institutions. The demonstration of this truth is the meaning of the reformation. Again, the peace of an idyllic life in our social organism is found in its best state at the beginning. Hence men flee to a life among the shepherds and to the woods and hills. Two plays of Shakespeare are devoted to this thought. But, however attractive the place to which his men and women flee, he always brings about their return. Shakespeare's first conception of this idea appears rather faintly in "Two Gentlemen of Verona." He makes the ideal world a place of robbers, and it is not beautiful. But in the second play, "As You Like It," he makes this world beautiful. In the first part of the play there is nothing but evil. Then Orlando and Rosalind fly to primitive life, away from the institutions under which the evil is fostered. Both come to the forest of Arden, and as others come to the same retreat, here Shakespeare creates four pairs of lovers and a small community is formed at once. All ultimately return to the society from which they fled. "Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline" are also idyllic, and undertake to mediate in the conflict of man with institutions.

Now this flight, said Mr. Snider, belongs to all of us. We wish to be independent of our obligations to society. We wish to be makers of all things for our own use, but the contributions of the whole world are needed for the wants of a man for one day. We wish to fly from the struggles of our political life. Mr. Snider spoke of the charm of Wordsworth as being essentially in his idyllic character, and re-

garded Tennyson as a poet of the same class. When Tennyson leaves his idyls for the drama he is not so successful. The best Italian poets are also characterized by their love of nature. In two of Shakespeare's plays the pure idyl is the material part. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" a fairy world is represented. The principle of ideality, of the true, is represented by the fairies, who are wholly removed from the real world. The mediation of man with social institutions is lifted from the ground and placed in a wholly ideal sphere. "The Tempest" is a study of experience based on the spiritual principle, and is supreme in this class of poems. Prospero is probably the poet himself. Shakespeare portrays himself as making his own poems, and in this drama reaches that point which corresponds in philosophy to the highest form of intelligence in which the knowing subject knows himself as knowing. This point is reached in Shakespeare alone of the poets, and he alone of all represents an author in this way. All these seven dramas are clearly marked with the necessity of the introduction of an ideal realm and of a return to the world. Another ideal which Shakespeare portrayed was never realized. It was the harmony of love and philosophy, which is the chief thought in "Love's Labors Lost," and in which the action turns upon the collision between love and philosophy.

Between the legendary and historical plays the line is obscure, but only those plays can properly be considered as historical in which there is a predominance of the idea of the state. Those in which the family predominates are legendary. The historical has position in space and time, but the legendary has not. So "Macbeth" belongs among the legendary, but "Trollus and Cressida," though mythical, is political in its essence, and hence belongs among the historical. This play is the beginning of the series of Shakespeare's historical dramas. It deals with the origin of the institutional world, and political subordination is the lesson of the play. In ancient times, before the national spirit was developed commensurate with the individual, men were really too great for their country. In Greece may be found illustrations of it, and the fact of ostracism, by which great men were driven from their country, is a proof of it. In the Roman nation was reached the great subordinating organism, and though the empire has perished, yet it still lives spiritually in that magnificent body of law which even now governs the world. Four plays of Shakespeare show the development of the spirit of nationality in Rome. "Coriolanus" is the prologue. It represents the early growth of the republic and its internal dissensions, and its lesson is the subordination of the family and of party also to the state. In "Julius Caesar" the Roman world is united, and there is portrayed the struggle of one man with the republic. But the end of this stage of development does not reach a monarchy; it results in a triumvirate. In "Antony and Cleopatra" the three men are reduced to one, as it was inevitable they should be, and that one is Augustus. So the unity of the nation is accomplished. The last of the four may be called the epilogue. It represents the dissolution of the empire and its struggle with the savages of the North. In "Titus Andronicus" the barbarian elements of the world are directed against Roman civilization to destroy nationality from the world. Roman history is essentially tragic, and ended in an unhappy collision of civilization with barbarism, in which the latter triumphed.





After the downfall of Rome comes the development in Shakespeare of the idea of nationality in the highest sense. Modern Europe is a family of nations, and Shakespeare's own nation was most persistent in seeking this highest nationality; so it was the proper subject of his second series of historical dramas. Ten plays belong to this series, and it begins with "King John" in which the keynote is struck. In that the struggle is about the title of the national ruler, and it gives the king his right. In "Richard II," the same thing is pushed to revolution and deposition of the ruler, and the right of revolution and its necessity is maintained. In "Henry IV" we have illustrated the wrong of revolution and the problem is how to make it right. Revolution is a negative result. In "Henry V" we have England marching abroad, which is another wrong. This was a great historical event, for in it England assailed the principle of nationality. The conquest of France was nearly the ruin of England. In "Henry VI" and "Richard III" we have the struggles of the house of York. In "Henry VI" is depicted internal conflict as wrong in regard to the nation and as a result of the conquest of France. In "Richard III" the house of York shows a negative tendency, and is destroyed by its own children. In "Henry VII" there is final reconciliation. These eight plays represent the conflict of nationality in England in the middle ages. We reach political unity. In "Henry VIII" we have another act by which England frees herself from the spiritual domination of the Catholic church--the transition from Catholic to Protestant England. The Roman series is tragic from fate. Only the abstract universal was attained, and the other part came in and destroyed it. In the English historical series we have a happy termination. This indicates the nature of the modern drama, that man must be reconciled with the world and its institutions. The last play ends in the triumph of nationality.

(6) Sept. 23, 1880. A PHASE OF CONCORD THEISM.

Prof. William T. Harris, who may be called the corypheus of the Concord school of philosophy, notwithstanding his own probable disclaimer of such a prominence among that coterie of independent thinkers, expounds in the North American from the stand-point of philosophy the personality of God. He makes the idea of God the great original and pregnant idea from which man defines for himself his theory of the origin and destiny of the world; the whence and whither both of nature and of man, and through it originates both his dominant theories and his practical activities. This idea of God, whether held as a supreme principle of blind fate and unconscious force, or on the other hand as a conscious and absolute personality of intelligence and will, will modify all his thoughts and deeds, and ultimately shape them into harmony with his belief, but with radically different results. The materialistic or fatalistic theory is unfriendly to the persistence and triumph of rational beings, either as a principle of explanation or as a ground of hope. To human beings or any other rational beings it is utterly hostile and repugnant in its every aspect.

Mr. Harris affirms that the modern "scientific" stage of reflection which finds in "persistent force," or an unconscious absolute, its first principle, is on a level with the pantheistic religions of central and eastern Asia. To the scientific conviction the Asiatic pantheism is a higher truth than the European Christianity which teaches the existence

of a personal God. To its view, modern society, with its institutions which are founded on the first principle of a personal God, is only a temporary phase in a process which will swallow it up with revolutions that by and by will abrogate its existing forms and conventionalities as superstition. The illumined apostle of science sees in the institutions of society only an enlightened selfishness struggling against the animal heritage of habits come down to us from our monkey ancestors. But on the basis of this philosophy Mr. Harris pronounces the struggle to be in the end abortive. It is a conscious struggle, and as such strives ever toward a more complete consciousness, and a larger sphere of directive will-power over the world in the interest of conscious, rational purposes. But an unconscious first principle is an absolute bar to the triumph of any such struggle. Hence, with a belief in an unconscious absolute, rational beings find themselves in the worst possible situation in this world. Pessimism is their inevitable creed. Any sort of culture, development or education of the so-called faculties of the mind, tending to elevate the race into knowledge and goodness, whatever is calculated to foster human individuality, must have but one net result--the increase of pain. For, the more developed and highly organized the individuality, the greater the pain attending upon its inevitable dissolution. The conscious struggle, being in direct opposition to the activity of blind fate, achieves its temporary successes against an activity whose entire reaction against the conscious being is expressed by so much pain. And worse yet, the ultimate victory of fate removes one by one every trace and result of human victory, and obliterates each conquest with an accompanying series of greater pangs.

Mr. Harris agrees with Mallock in his portrayures of the characters of "The New Republic," who have left no aspiration, no earnestness of faith, nothing worth self-sacrifice. "The negative might of the 'scientific' first principle transcends institutions--church, state, society, the family, even humanity itself. The individual folds his hands with passive acquiescence and enjoys sensuous contemplation or the egoism of disinterested criticism, which sits on its twig outside of the world and finds its diversion in watching human life and deeds."

While Mr. Harris strikes such doughty blows at the materialistic philosophy, he constructs from his own stand-point the intellectual necessity of a personal God, and handles with his masterly ability the great intellectual problem of the age--"how to bring into harmony the scientific view with the religious faith--how to elevate the philosophic stand-point from pantheism to personal theism, where the Christian religion has established itself for so many centuries, and replaced oriental fatalism and quietism by free rational activity."

(7) July 26, 1882. CONCORD PHILOSOPHY. MR. SANBORN ON ORACULAR POETRY.

CONCORD, Wednesday, July 26. The course of three lectures on "Oracular Poetry" has suffered by compression from three to two,--the substance of what was to be said on such poetry among the Hebrews, Greeks and Persians having been crowded into one evening, in order to leave the next lecture (August 3) clear for the consideration of Emerson's poems, which will be its chief topic. Last night the lecturer began by defining poetry, which in the





words of an old Persian saying, ascribed to Zoroaster, (whose name signifies "best of poets,") in which poets are called "standing transporters whose employment consists in producing apparent imitations of unapparent natures,"--or as Mr. Sanborn defined it, "Poetry is the alternate inscription and deciphering of symbolism on the visible universe, by means of that creative and piercing imagination, in virtue of which (next to love) man stands nearest to his Maker." This symbolism, again, is what Emerson meant when he wrote to Mr. Albee in 1853, as quoted at the Emerson commemoration: "There is a super-Cadmean alphabet, which, when one has learned the character, he will find, as it were secretly inscribed, look where he will, --not only in books and temples, but in all waste places, and in the dust of the earth. Happy he that can read it! for he will never be lonely or thoughtless again. And yet there is a solid pleasure to find those who know and like the same thing, --the authors who have recorded their interpretation of the legend; and, better far, the living friends who read as we do, and compare notes with us." Emerson's poem called "Berrying" was read, in which he hints at this same secret language of nature:--

"Caught among the blackberry vines,  
Feeding on the Ethiop's sweet,  
Pleasant fancies overtook me,  
I said, 'What influence me preferred,  
Elect to dreams thus beautiful?'  
The vines replied, 'And did'st thou deem  
No wisdom to our berries went?'"

In this poem, of course, said the lecturer, Mr. Emerson was thinking of this secret of the world, uttered in the arrowy writing of the blackberry-thorn.

Passing on to the Greek oracles (whose divine ambiguity has so impressed the common mind that the word "oracular" has "ambiguous" for its secondary meaning), the lecturer cited several examples from Herodotus and quoted from Plutarch's essay, "Why the Oracles Cease to Give Answers," the quaint story told by the Spartan Cleombrotus in a small school of philosophy at Delphi, A. D. 100 or thereabout, how the gods of Greece began to die when, in the reign of Tiberius, Christ appeared. Thus it runs in Plutarch's version:--

"Epitherses was my townsman and a school-master, who told me that, designing a voyage from the Peloponnesus to Italy, he embarked on a vessel well laden with goods and passengers. At evening the vessel was becalmed about the island Echinades, whereupon they drove with the tide till near the Isles of Paxi; when all at once a voice was heard by most of the passengers, who were then awake and taking a cup after supper, calling unto one Thamus, and that with so loud a voice as made all the company amazed; which Thamus was a mariner of Egypt, whose name was scarcely known in the ship. He returned no answer to the first calls; but at the third he cried, 'Here, here, I am the man.' Then the voice said aloud to him, 'When you are arrived at Palades, take care to make it known that the great god Pan is dead.' Epitherses told us this voice did much astonish all that heard it, and caused much arguing whether this voice was to be obeyed or slighted. Thamus, for his part, was resolved, if the wind permitted, to sail

by the place without saying a word; but if the wind ceased and there ensued a calm, to speak and cry out as loud as he was able what he was enjoined. Being come to Palodes, there was no wind stirring, and the sea was as smooth as glass. Whereupon Thamus, standing on the deck with his face toward the land, uttered with a loud voice this message, saying, 'The great Pan is dead.' He had no sooner said this than they heard a dreadful noise, not only of one but of several, who to their thinking groaned and lamented with a kind of astonishment. And there being many persons in the ship, an account of this was soon spread over Rome, which made the Emperor Tiberius send for Thamus."

After further citations from Plutarch, the lecturer passed on to Hesiod and quoted the verses cited by Socrates on Xenophon's *Memorabilia* about the broad road and the strait gate, as seen by the Beotian poet, who was proverbially oracular, and taught the Greeks as Franklin taught America:--

"Easy the choice of Evil, --her abode,  
With all her train, is near, and smooth the sloping road;  
But sweat and toil the gods exact, before  
We traverse the long lane that climbs to Virtue's door;  
Rugged and steep at first, but when with pain  
The summit we ascend, 'tis all at once, --a plain."

From the Pythagorean comedian, Epicharmus of Sicily, Socrates also quoted a like sentiment in iambic verse:--

"We can buy  
All things for labor of the gods on high."

Mr. Sanborn went on to say: "The sweet lyric poet, Simonides, who carried to its highest point the beauty and melody of Greek verse, had little that was oracular in his poetry, unless it be the tone of pathetic moralizing, which we might expect in a land where the oracles were uttered by a woman, as were those of Delphi. In these elegiac verses Simonides, taking for his text the famous line of Homer,

"Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,"

thus preaches his metrical sermon:--

"No mortal lot stands firm and fast for aye;  
Most beautiful that Chian poet's sigh, --  
'The life of man is as the life of leaves';  
Rare among men is he that treasures well  
Those weighty words which his dull ear receives;  
For in the hearts of all fair hope doth dwell,  
And evermore our breasts exultant swell,  
And while our hands hold fast Life's primrose flower,  
The rash soul broods not on the fatal hour.  
Man thinketh not to grow old or to die,  
Nor feeleth coming woe when death is nigh.  
Blind--blind are they whose souls are thus elate!  
Brief is the time assigned to Life by fate;  
These know it not, but ye who know this thing,  
May Zeus your souls to Life's short limit bring."



In contrast with this vein of thought, and as a sample of Hebrew poetry truly oracular in thought, the lecturer read Psalm 139, in the common version, and then read Sir Philip Sidney's metrical translation of it, as follows:--

O Lord, in me there lieth naught  
But to thy search revealed lies;  
For when I sit  
Thou markest it, --  
Nor less thou notest when I rise;  
Yea, closest closet of my thought  
Hath open windows to thine eyes.

Thou walkest with me when I walk;  
When to my bed for rest I go,  
I find thee there  
And everywhere, --  
Not youngest thought in me doth grow, --  
No, not one word I cast to talk  
But, yet unuttered, thou dost know.

If forth I march, thou goest before;  
If back I turn, thou com'st behind;  
So forth nor back  
Thy guard I lack;  
Nay, on me too thy hand I find.  
Well I thy wisdom may adore,  
But never reach with earthly mind.

To shun thy notice, leave thine eye,  
Oh, whither might I take my way?  
To starry sphere?  
Thy throne is there;  
To dead men's undelightsome stay?  
There is thy walk, and there to lie  
Unknown, in vain should I assay.

O Sun! whom light nor flight can match!  
Suppose thy lightful, flightful wings  
Thou lend to me,  
And I could flee  
As far as thee the evening brings;  
Even led to west he would me catch,  
Nor should I lurk with western things.

Do thou thy best, O secret night!  
In sable veil to cover me;  
Thy sable veil  
Shall vainly fall;  
With day unmasked my night shall be;  
For night is day, and darkness light,  
O Father of all lights, to thee!

In conclusion Mr. Sanborn read the song of Seid Nime-tollah of Kulustan, from the Persian, and the dying words of James Nayler, the English Quaker of Cromwell's time; and then directed the conversation to the subject of Pythagoras and the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, concerning whom Mr. Alcott had much to say, and Miss Peabody added something.

To-day Rev. R. A. Holland of Chicago has been lecturing on the philosophy of religion, and tomorrow Mr. Gorman of Amherst college speaks on Dr. Hickok's philosophy.

The lessons are a little better attended this week than last, but the number of students is less than for a year or two past. Dr. McCosh left Concord on Monday after lecturing once, preaching twice, and joining once or twice in the debates at the school.

(8) July 27, 1882. PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD. DR. HICKOK AMONG THE HEGELIANS. MR. GORMAN'S LECTURE AT CONCORD--POSITION OF DR. HICKOK AMONG AMERICAN PHILOSOPHERS.

CONCORD, Thursday, July 27. This has been a Hegelian week at the school of philosophy, for Prof. Harris, who has lectured twice, and Rev. Mr. Holland of Chicago, who has lectured once, are both followers of Hegel and have the skill to set forth his philosophy so as to make the best impression. Mr. Holland's lecture on Wednesday, upon the Philosophy of Religion, was a masterly statement of the Christian side of Hegelianism against the agnostics, and on the whole, the best single lecture yet given at the school this summer, --for it was not only good in itself, but led to a lively discussion, such as ought to follow every lecture, but does not always. To-day Mr. Gorman of Amherst college presented in his own language the opinions of Dr. Hickok, and did so with such clearness and modesty as won the applause of the veterans who heard him, and who afterward disputed whether what Dr. Hickok holds had previously been announced by Hegel, and whether the Amherst psychologist has refuted the Platonic doctrine of reminiscence, which was set forth in the debate by Mr. Alcott, Miss Peabody, Mr. Holland and Dr. Jones.

Mr. Gorman began thus: In Dr. Hickok's view, science and no science are questions of fact, not of mere opinion; and he proposes by a psychology strictly empirical to test the truth of the doctrine of materialism; although the theory of evolution, so much put forward of late, has no important bearing on rational psychology. The relativity of knowledge maintained by Spencer, which is supposed to make religion a dream and the proof of a God impossible, has no bearing on empirical psychology; for however dreamy religion and metaphysics may be, empirical psychology, resting for its evidence upon consciousness, must be as certain as anything in science can be. If we ask the question, not how man came to be what he is, but what he actually is as we see him now, two methods are possible: (1) beginning with the alleged first stages of evolution, and (2) beginning with the observed facts that consciousness now presents, --that is by empirical psychology, --the latter being the only true scientific method. Evolution so far as it shows anything, shows that matter is a lower form of mind; or, to quote Huxley, --"materialism is a short-hand rendering of idealism." Now science is the product only of mind; hence, until we know the laws of mind, science is as unreal as metaphysics or anything else; and the trustworthiness of consciousness is the only alternative to universal skepticism. Now by examining consciousness we find that there are three faculties (not organs) of the mind, --sense perception, understanding and reason; and the existence of this last and highest faculty can be established by as purely empirical a method as that of sense perception. The only connection between the mind and the outer world is through sense perception; but the mind itself must in some way give





us the idea of infinite space, infinite time, etc., which are postulates of reason.

Can then the mind have absolute knowledge, if not of the outer world, at least of its own workings and powers? Reason gives us this knowledge, according to Dr. Hickok; moreover, principles are the self-affirmations of reason, as geometry would be the self-affirmation of space, if one could suppose space endowed with consciousness.

Mr. Gorman went on to deduce and explain briefly the contents of the understanding and the reason as defined at Amherst, and, when questioned, explained the connection of different parts of the well-known system of Dr. Hickok, which was not, he thought, the same as the system of Hegel. Mr. Emery and Mr. Holland thought the system was identical with Hegel's, but Mr. Holland regarded the empirical method of proof adopted by Dr. Hickok as a new contribution to philosophy and a valuable one. The conversation then turned upon what Hegel really taught, and whether Plato meant to affirm reminiscence as a profession by means of past experience of knowledge gained in another state of existence, or only to denote the general potentiality of all souls. Referring to Hegel's method of reading into other philosophers what he wished to find there, and excluding what he did not like, and noting that Rosenkranz and others had done the same thing by Hegel, one speaker told the story of the old man chased out of his house by his son with a cudgel, to whom the father said when he had reached a certain tree, -- "My son, do not beat your poor old father any further, -- for I never beat my father beyond this tree." With which parable and another the school was dismissed.

#### (9) July 30, 1882. THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.

The first half of the present four-weeks' term of the summer school at Concord expired yesterday, and it may be well to indicate what the fortunes and prospects of this novel university are up to date. Beginning in 1879, with no countenance from the colleges of New England, -- only one of which -- Harvard -- furnished a lecturer (the late Prof. Peirce), -- it has now established its reputation so far that professors and presidents from Yale, Amherst, Harvard, Hamilton, Princeton, Baltimore, Wisconsin and Michigan universities have given lectures or sent essays for its courses, -- the latest example being Dr. McCosh of the Presbyterian university at Princeton, whose lecture will soon be published in the Princeton Review. President Porter of Yale, who last year sent a pregnant essay on Kant's Critique, and who this year promised one on the Kantian Ethics, finds himself unable to prepare it in season; and his place in the course will be taken by Rev. Mr. Holland of Chicago, an Episcopalian clergyman of the Hegelian school, like Dr. Mulford, who has already given one lecture this year on the "Philosophy of Religion." Mr. Holland will lecture on "Atomism" on the 11th of August, and Prof. Harris will close the course on Saturday, August 12, with the last of his three lectures on Fichte, -- taking the place of Mrs. Howe, who had expected to give two lectures, but could only prepare one. Following Dr. McCosh, with his exposition of the Scotch philosophy, came last week, Mr. Garman of Amherst, with his authentic statement of Dr. Hickok's philosophy -- which is that so long inculcated at Amherst college -- as the Scotch philosophy

has been of late at Princeton, and formerly was at Harvard. Following Dr. Hickok's semi-Hegelian system, came Dr. R. G. Hazard's peculiar system of Idealism, already set forth, to some extent, in his powerful book -- "The Freedom of the Mind in Willing," published nearly 20 years ago. Dr. Hazard, like Dr. Hickok and Mr. Alcott, is considerably more than 80 years old, while Dr. McCosh and Miss Peabody have passed the limit of threescore and ten. The spectacle of such aged philosophers engaged with youthful zeal in the inculcation of their own systems is not the least of several curious and remarkable features of the Concord gatherings.

The lectures have this year been more systematic than ever before, though fewer in number, -- but, as usual, they present the intersection of two or three systems of thought rather than steady development on one line of speculation. Dr. Jones, with his Platonic tone and his scriptural analogies, is sharply contrasted with the refined and expanded Hegelian system of Prof. Harris and Mr. Holland. Mr. Alcott, Miss Peabody and Dr. Bartol introduce a form of Platonism less strict than that of Dr. Jones; while Dr. Hazard is perhaps the nearest approach to Berkeleyan idealism which our New England experience can offer. The other lecturers are not obviously metaphysical for the most part, -- though Prof. Howison, who has spoken, and Prof. Watson, who is to speak, are truly speculative as well as historical in their thinking. Poetry and art, with a discussion of their character, have a better recognized place in the course this year than previously, unless we except the session of 1879, when Mrs. Cheney went over the field of pictorial art with a glancing historical criticism. This year there are three lectures distinctly on poetry, and three on art -- two of which, with illustrations, will be given by Prof. Harris on the 1st and the 5th of August. Mr. Sanborn will read August 3 a paper by Thoreau, never before made public, and portions of his family letters and his verses which no editor has yet included. The paper seems to be that so trenchantly criticised by Margaret Fuller in a letter which Mr. Sanborn has printed in his sketch of Thoreau. The same lecturer will speak on the 3d of August upon Emerson's oracular poetry, after citing from some of the earlier oracles of New England.

The audiences at the school this year are but about two-thirds as large as in former years, which is ascribed chiefly to the fuller reports given by the daily newspapers of Boston. The largest audience of the whole four summers was, however, that at the Emerson commemoration on the 22nd. The question of holding next year's session at the West rather than at Concord has been under consideration by the faculty of the school, and it is not yet settled; but it seems possible that at some point not far from Chicago and acceptable to the western universities at St. Louis, Madison, Ann Arbor, etc., the Concord philosophers may establish themselves for three or four weeks in 1883. This would open the lectures to a new audience, in a section of the country from which a great many of the most earnest students of philosophy now come, or in which they reside and teach others. The question of printing the lectures of this year and next year is also up for discussion by the managers, a proposition having been made anew, as formerly, to print in a volume a summary of the lectures of a single year, -- this year for example. There have hitherto been many objections to such an authorized





publication, and still more to an unauthorized book, in which the inevitable errors of reporters and printers would be circulated through the community in a form of some permanence. The present newspaper reports spread these errors, but not so permanently, --while they have thus far, on the whole, given a taste of what the Concord philosophers have been thinking and saying, so as not greatly to misrepresent them. The misrepresentations have come more from editorial comments by persons who wrote from preconceived notions, without much actual contact with the philosophers. But these, whether "skits" or sermons or compliments or invectives, have grown more just each year.

(10) Aug. 6, 1882. PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD. A TRANSCENDENTAL WEEK. LECTURES IN THE PLATONIC DIRECTION--MRS. CHENEY ON NATURE, PROF. HARRIS ON ART, DR. JONES, MISS PEABODY AND MR. ALCOTT--EMERSON AND THOREAU IN READINGS--ORACULAR POETRY--ROGER WILLIAMS, GOETHE, WORDSWORTH AND EMERSON.

CONCORD, Thursday, August 3. The Transcendentalists and Platonists have had their say for a week past at the School of Philosophy, beginning with Dr. Hazard a week ago and including two lectures by Mr. Alcott, three by Dr. Jones and one each by Mrs. Cheney, Miss Peabody and Mr. Sanborn, who gave to-day the last of his two lectures on "Oracular Poetry," and last night read the most Platonic and Transcendental things from the youthful manuscripts of Henry Thoreau. Mrs. Cheney's topic was "Nature," to complement which Prof. Harris has given one lecture on Art, which he will complete with another on the same theme Saturday morning. In this and in his lecture on the Bhagavad Gita, Dr. Harris brought himself more nearly than usual upon the Platonic platform, though retaining his Hegelian view of Orientalism. Mrs. Cheney's lecture contained some of her recent observations in California, and Miss Peabody's, on "Childhood," was an abridgement of what she has been saying for some years about Froebel's kindergarten system, --bringing this within the range of philosophy. Dr. Jones, the most original of all the Concord lecturers, unless Mr. Alcott be excepted, has repeated and enforced his strong spiritual philosophy, --and among the audience have been an unusual proportion of clergymen, including Rev. W. R. Alger and Dr. Prime of the New York Observer. Perhaps it was in deference to his clerical hearers that Mr. Sanborn, in lecturing to-day on the "Oracles of New England," made many quotations from the Puritan ministers of old times and among them Jonathan Edwards, whose doctrine of necessity Dr. Hazard refuted last week, but whose deep spiritual insight, and welcome reception of the "inner light," especially in youth, Mr. Sanborn dwelt upon; and recommended his hearers to find the books of Edwards and read them, in spite of his bad theological reputation. The following passages will give some idea of the whole lecture:--

The oracles of New England, said Mr. Sanborn, came in the past from the churches and parsonage-houses of New England, --where the godly ministers amid poverty and toil cherished the undying flame of piety and aspiration. It was not a material fire that they kept up, as did the servants of Apollo at Delphi--though there was too much need of that

also in our cruel winters, --which made Oliver Cromwell, as Roger Williams tells us, "look on New England only with an eye of pity, as poor, cold and useless." But the flame of zeal, lighted and fed by the Puritans on this barren coast, has been more effective in retaining the poor people who were stranded here, than was Calypso's fragrant fire of cedar and frankincense in her enchanted grotto, surrounded by murmuring trees and flowery meadows--where she vainly sought to hold Ulysses her colonist. The heavenly messenger bade him depart, but forbade our forefathers to abandon their wilderness of rocks and snows. Roger Williams in 1636, being, as he says, "driven from my house and land, and wife and children, at Salem, in the midst of a New England winter, --at a hint and voice from God waiving all other thoughts and motions, I steered my course (though in winter snow which I feel yet, some 35 years after,) to these parts (Providence) wherein, I may say, I have seen the face of God," and where, indeed, he was an oracle both to the savages who depended on his word, and to his own Christian brethren, whom he often saved from savage atrocities. It was an oracle indeed, but an unavailing one, which in 1651 Williams addressed to John Endicott, the persecuting governor of Massachusetts, warning him against whipping Baptists and hanging Quakers at Boston:--

"Are all the thousands of millions of millions of consciences, at home and abroad, fuel only for a prison, for a whip, for a stake, for a gallows? Are no consciences to breathe the air but such as suit and sample yours? Be pleased, then, honored sir, to remember that the thing which we call conscience is of such a nature (especially in Englishmen) that though it be groundless, false and deluded; yet it is not by any arguments or torments easily removed. I speak not of the stream of the multitude of all nations, which have their ebbings and flowings in religion, as the longest sword and strongest arm of flesh carries it; but I speak of conscience, a persuasion fixed in the mind and heart of a man, which enforceth him to judge and to do. This conscience is found in all mankind, more or less. 'Tis impossible for any man or men to maintain their Christ by the sword, and to worship a true Christ; to fight against all consciences opposite to theirs, and not to fight against God in some of them. It is a dreadful voice from the King of Kings and Lord of Lords: 'Endicott! Endicott! why huntest thou me? why imprisonest thou me? why firest? why so bloodily whippest? why wouldest thou (did not I hold thy bloody hands) hang and burn me?'"

This noble utterance is not oracular poetry, --said the lecturer, for poetry was denied to those early New England oracles, --but it rises from Greek oracle into Hebrew prophecy, and so raises our thoughts, as heroic poetry itself would. In 1637 Williams "being solicited by my loving friend, Mr. Buckley," had sent to our Musketaquid oracle here in Concord, Rev. Peter Bulkeley, one of his intractable pamphlets. This good man, though much at variance with some of the opinions of Williams, had, like the Rhode Island planter, a vein of oracular piety, inspired by which he said to his little flock of English exiles in Concord, soon after 1637: "There is no people but will strive to excel in something, --what can we excel in but in holiness? If we look to number we are the fewest; if to strength,



we are the weakest; if to wealth and riches, we are the poorest of all the people of God through the whole world. We cannot excel, nor so much as equal, other people in these things; and if we come short in grace and holiness, too, we are the most despicable people under heaven." Mr. Sanborn then read some Latin verses of Bulkeley, with a translation; quoted from Jonathan Edwards, John Woolman and Miss Mary Emerson, and then passed over the Atlantic to consider the oracular poems of Goethe, several of which he read, --among them Carlyle's version of the Earth-Song in Faust, as it stands in "Sartor Resartus:"--thus:--

'In Being's flood, in action's storm,  
I walk and work, above, beneath  
Work and weave in endless motion,  
Birth and Death, --an infinite ocean;  
A seizing and giving the fire of Living;  
'Tis thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,  
And weave for God the garment thou seest  
Him by."

The lecturer then cited some verses by a New England poet, almost unknown, as a companion and contrast to this "thunder speech of the Erdgeist," as Carlyle (who translated it) calls it. It is a "Hymn of the Earth," and is oracular in its thoughts, though mainly descriptive. The Earth-Spirit sings:--

My highway is unfeathered air,  
My consorts are the sleepless stars;  
And men my giant arms upbear,  
My arms unstained and free from scars.

I rest forever on my way,  
Rolling around the happy sun;  
My children love the sunny day,  
But noon and night to me are one.

My heart has pulses like their own,  
I am their mother, --and my veins,  
Though built of the enduring stone,  
Thrill, as do theirs, with god-like pains.

The forests and the mountains high,  
The foaming ocean and the springs,  
The plains, --O pleasant company,  
My voice through all your anthem rings.

Ye are so cheerful in your minds,  
Content to smile, content to share, --  
My being in your chorus finds  
The echo of the spherul air.

No leaf may fall, no pebble roll,  
No drop of water lose the road;  
The issues of the general soul  
Are mirrored in its round abode.

Passing on to some of the oracular verses of Wordsworth, Mr. Sanborn said: "I would have you listen to these again, for a double reason, --because, like Milton, this solemn English poet has been one of the oracles of New England -- and because from Wordsworth and from Goethe we come

naturally to Emerson, a higher poet than either. Better than Wordsworth he has kept the faith of Wordsworth, who said in the "Prelude":--

"Be mine to follow with no timid step  
Where knowledge leads me; it shall be my  
pride  
That I have dared to treat this holy ground,  
Speaking no dream, but things oracular;  
Matter not lightly to be read by those  
Who to the letter of the outward promise  
Do read the invisible soul."

Yet the best utterances of Wordsworth are in a high strain, and of more variety perhaps than Emerson's, though far less than the world-embracing inclusiveness of Goethe. Between Wordsworth and Germany a great gulf was fixed, and he had little patience with either the German or the Scottish philosophers. In his sonnets on the downfall of the Tyrolese peasants, fighting in 1809 against Napoleon, he gave expression to what was then a common thought in England:--

"Alas! what boots the long, laborious quest  
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill?  
Or pains abstruse to elevate the will  
And lead us on to that transcendent rest  
Where every passion shall the sway attest  
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill?  
What is it but a vain and curious skill,  
If sapient Germany must lie deprest  
Beneath the brutal sword?--Her haughty Schools  
Shall blush; and may we not with sorrow say,  
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,  
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought  
More for mankind, at this unhappy day,  
Than all the pride of intellect and thought?"

But in the sonnet on Ferdinand Schill, the Prussian major of hussars, who in May, 1809, made a demonstration against Napoleon at Stralsund, and lost his life in the venture, Wordsworth takes a loftier tone and becomes oracular in declaring the true doctrine of the will, as we heard it expounded the other day by Dr. Hazard:--

"Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight  
From Prussia's timid region. Go and rest  
With heroes; 'mid the islands of the Blest,  
Or in the fields of empyrean light.  
A meteor wert thou, crossing a dark night;  
Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,  
Stand in the spacious firmament of Time  
Fixed as a star; such glory is thy right.  
--Alas! it may not be; for earthly fame  
Is Fortune's frail dependant; yet there lives  
A Judge who, as man claims by merit, gives  
To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,  
Faithfully kept is as a noble deed;  
In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed."

After quoting from the Immortality ode, he said that in this whole poem Wordsworth, --like his friend Coleridge in writing that singular, melodious fragment called "Kubla





Khan, "--seems to have composed his lines amid the insights of a dream or trance, from which when he awoke, he could neither continue the composition, nor quite understand what he had written down. In this he did but furnish a commentary on that saying of Socrates in the Phaedrus, which concerns the insights of poets and philosophers, -- what he calls the third and the fourth kinds of madness or inspiration. "The third kind," says Socrates, "is a possession of the muses, --which, entering into a delicate and virgin soul, and there inspiring frenzy, awakens lyric melody. But he who is not inspired, or when he hath no touch of madness in his soul, --coming to the door of the temple, and thinking he will get in by aid of poetic art, -- he, I say, and his poetry, are not admitted; for the sane man is nowhere in comparison with the poetic madman. . . . But a fourth kind of madness is imputed to him who, looking upon the beauty of earth is entranced with the recollection of the true beauty. Fain would he fly away, but he cannot; he is like a bird fluttering and casting an eye upward, careless of the world below. He is therefore esteemed mad; but this, of all madness is the noblest and best; and he who shares this madness is called a lover of the beautiful. . . . And for this love," adds Socrates, "the gods have a name which may make you laugh; there are two lines in the apocryphal Homer, in honor of love, in which the name occurs:--

"We men have named him Love,  
But gods immortal call him Fluttering Dove, --  
Needs must his pinions flutter ere he soars above!"

Plato then discourses at length on Beauty Eternal and on Love, earthly and celestial, but even he does not surpass the oracular wisdom of Emerson in his wonderful Ode to Beauty which was read, and also the poem of "Uriel," beginning, --

"It fell on the ancient periods  
That the brooding soul surveys,  
Or ever the wild Time coined itself  
Into calendar months and days.

It is possible the lecturer thought that "Uriel" here signifies that bright god Aspvista, one of the seven councilors of the good spirit in the Persian mythology, but the name is taken from the Hebrew mythology, where it applies to the Angel of the Sun, as Milton makes him, --

"Uriel, the regent of the Sun, and held  
The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heaven."

This is the Uriel that Allston painted, sitting in the sun with an expression of "cherub scorn" on his beautiful face. But Emerson's Uriel is an angel by himself--a heavenly councilor who withdraws from the conclave because his companions have not yet fathomed his counsel, and therefore have received it in its superficial and less moral aspect. In his grand poem of "The Sphinx"--which is the epic of world-history--short as it is, --and also, the best epitome of philosophy, --Emerson carries the doctrine of Uriel further, and shows how it harmonizes with the laws that govern the universe. The Sphinx, chief person in this ballad-epic, is no longer the Beotian monster who threatened

to destroy Thebes, nor yet the Egyptian goddess whose huge image, --

"Pedestaled haply in a palace court,  
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore."

still confronts the pilgrim amid those sands. Emerson's Sphinx is the mundane soul, a sort of Demiurgus, but a feminine and compassionate one--ready to confess, too, that "the riddle of the painful earth" has been duly guessed, when the wise poet comes along and opens it.

Speaking of "The Sphinx" in comparison with Brahma, which the other night was read and expounded by Prof. Harris, Mr. Sanborn said: "Out of that poem you can only unfold by evolution a certain number of meanings--a certain form of the Totality; but "The Sphinx" has implied in it the Totality itself, so far as this world of man is concerned. I expect to live long enough to see professorships established, even at Harvard and Yale, to explain this poem, as professors have for so many centuries been explaining Plato's Timaeus and Aristotle's work on the Soul." Miss Peabody thought it did not need explanation, and then Prof. Harris took it up and briefly touched upon its central thought. One of the professorships when founded should go to him.

The manager of the school to-day decided to allow a small volume to be published, containing abstracts of the lectures, or most of them that have been given here this summer. It will be printed in the autumn, and will contain the announcement of the next year's course at the school, which will differ materially from this year's course, and will perhaps be shorter--allowing another session to be held elsewhere, if that is deemed advisable. The audiences have been larger this week than previously, and, as usual, have been made up of all sorts of persons, from all parts of the country, except the extreme South, where philosophy is of small account. The West has not sent so many hearers as formerly, to be sure.

(11) July 19, 1883. PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD. OPENING OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL. THE FIFTH SESSION BEGUN--MR. ALCOTT'S ABSENCE AND STATE OF HEALTH--DR. HARRIS'S FIRST LECTURE.

CONCORD, Wednesday, July 18. The school of philosophy opened its fifth annual session here to-day in the Hillside chapel near Dr. Harris's house and with an "Elementary lesson" from the doctor himself on Space and Time and the bases of philosophical certainty, which he places deeper than can be reached by the disturbing forces of skepticism or agnosticism. The audience was a good one, without being very large, and the conversation after the lesson was animated. Mr. Alcott was not there to lead it, and in his absence the usual address of welcome to the students was omitted, --but opening remarks were made by Mr. Sanborn, who presided in the temporary absence of Mr. Emery, the director. The latter will preside as usual at the evening sessions, and sometimes in the morning; at other times Dr. Kedney, Dr. Harris, Mr. Sanborn or Mr. Snider will preside. Mr. Alcott, though better now than at any time since his apoplectic attack in October, has not yet been many rods beyond his own garden gate, and will do well if he looks in, now and then, upon his disciples at the Orchard





house, which is nearly a mile away from his present residence.

There have been some conflicting accounts of Mr. Alcott's state of health and daily habits; so that an exact description of his attack and partial recovery may be appropriate here. He was struck with apoplexy, paralyzing the right side and temporarily depriving him of speech, on the 24th of October. At first death within a few days was feared; but, when his physicians understood his case better, their treatment soon restored his speech, which he has had imperfectly for the last eight months or more. He understands all that is said to him, and often replies connectedly, but generally he suffers from a sort of aphasia, such as Mr. Emerson had in the last year or two of his life, and cannot find or properly put together the words he wishes to employ. This makes conversation with him difficult, though he can convey his meaning well enough in ordinary matters, and seems to understand and take an interest in those ideal things which formerly made so much of his life. For example, a friend read to him two weeks ago, the beginning of Wordsworth's Ode, which Mr. Alcott so often read and quoted in his conversations in former years; and when the reader came to the end of the sixth stanza, --

The homely nurse doth all she can  
To make her foster child, her inmate man,  
Forget the glories he hath known,

Mr. Alcott, who had followed attentively, capped the verse with the characteristic line,

And that imperial palace whence he came.

The same friend read to him the beginning of Milton's Christmas Hymn, and he exclaimed, "That is all great and good!" He took pleasure in the reading of his own Monody on the death of Emerson, whom he remembers with tender regret; and he sent to Mrs. Emerson on the anniversary of her husband's birthday, an affectionate message. He has read during his illness much of the correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle, but contents himself generally with the newspapers--particularly the Boston Transcript and The Republican. His sight and hearing continue good, though he will soon be 84, and his cheerful serenity during his wearisome illness is remarkable. Occasionally he gives way to irritation, and has had times of feverish excitement, but of late his sleep has been regular, his appetite and digestion good, and he has gained much strength. He can now stand on his paralyzed limb, but cannot walk nor use the right arm effectively. He lives at present in his study, or on the veranda outside, and occasionally sits for an hour in his garden under the apple-trees which Thoreau planted. On Sunday last he went upon the street in his wheel-chair, for the first time since his attack, and rejoiced to see something more of his neighborhood than could be viewed from his windows and his study-door. He has not yet ventured to drive out, and may not do so for some time; but if he continues to gain, he may soon be visiting the familiar places in Concord once more. He is living with his daughter, Mrs. Pratt, and, while he receives calls from a few friends and neighbors, he cannot see the many visitors in town who would gladly call on him. Notice to this effect was given at the school to-day, and it is hoped that his thousand

friends and former hearers will respect his privacy this summer. Miss Louisa Alcott is at the sea-side just now, but will return in course of a week.

To-day Dr. Harris and Dr. William James of Harvard have lectured; to-morrow Dr. Kedney of Minnesota, and Dr. Howison will speak; on Friday Drs. Harris and James again, but in reverse order--Dr. James in the morning and Dr. Harris in the evening. Dr. Harris's full subject this morning was, "Space and time. The basis of the Kantian philosophy. Ground of certainty deeper than skepticism or agnosticism," and the following is an abstract of the hour's lesson: In this elementary course, which is to be introductory to the study of philosophy, I shall endeavor to show wherein philosophy differs from experience, and shall indicate the fundamental insight we must obtain, if we would enter the domain of true and positive philosophic knowledge. First let us notice that philosophy does not "take all knowledge to be its province," as Bacon did, -- any more than astronomy or geology, or logic do. It is not, therefore, an extravagant pretension to know all things. Geology aspires only to know the entire structure of this globe we live on; astronomy, to know all the stars above and beneath us; logic, to know only the structure of the reasoning process, and so philosophy attempts to find the necessary a priori elements or factors in experience, and to arrange these in a system. Not the forms of reasoning alone, as in logic, but the forms of sense, -- perception, of reflection, of speculative knowing--the very forms in which condition, being or existence itself are to be investigated. This science of necessary forms which we call speculative philosophy, is a very special science, because it does not concern itself with collecting and arranging the infinite multitude of particular objects in the world, and identifying their species and genera. It investigates the common conditions and ascends to the one supreme condition; turning its back, therefore, on the multitude of particular things and seizing them in the unity of their "ascent and cause," as George Herbert names it.

The particular sciences and departments of knowledge collect and classify and explain phenomena; while philosophy collects, classifies and explains their explanations. Its province is much more narrow and special than theirs. If philosophy, while explaining, sought to find the many, the different, --to point out each particular specimen or example, --you see it would have to take all knowledge for its province, if it would thus explain all the explanations offered in the several sciences. But that is not its purpose--to explain means to find the common in the particular, --the generic principle, not the innumerable details. To explain all knowledge is not to know all things; it is rather to furnish the formulas by which all things may be known when specially studied.

To illustrate philosophic knowing, and at the same time to enter its province and begin philosophizing, we shall take up at once a consideration of three ideas, --Space, Time and Cause. The two first--space and time--as conditions of nature or the world's existence, as presuppositions of extension and multitude, will furnish us occasion to consider the infinite, and the possibility of knowing it, which some have doubted. The idea of cause will lead us to the fundamental insight on which true philosophy rests, --this, however, we reserve for the second lesson. In all experience we deal with objects and their changes; and the





universal condition, without which objects can neither change nor exist, is space. Each object is conceived as limited or finite; but this universal condition--space--must be conceived as self-limited, that is, infinite. An object of our senses possesses extension, and has limits, and, consequently, has an environment. We find ourselves compelled to think an environment in order to think the object as limited. Here, then, we have, first the object, and, secondly, its environment, as mutually limiting and excluding each other--being correlatives. But the ground or condition of both is space, which makes both of them possible. Space, then, is a necessary idea. We may think a particular object or not--it may exist or it may not,--but Space must exist, anyway. We thus have three steps toward absolute necessity, (1) The object, which is not necessary, but may or may not exist,--may exist, for instance, now, but may cease by and by; (2) The environment, which in some form must exist if the object does,--a hypothetical necessity; (3) Space, or the logical condition both of the object and of its environment; and this must exist whether the object continue or cease. But note the fact that the object ceases where the environment begins; while space does not cease with the object or the environment, but is continued or affirmed by each. The space in which the object exists is continued by the space in which the environment exists. Space, therefore, is infinite; and so by analogous reasoning is time, both necessary and infinite. Time is the condition of all change, motion, development and manifestation; in its realm we have events instead of objects.

Dr. Harris then considered the infinitude of time and space, and showed that we are capable of knowing the infinite, if not of conceiving or imaging it accurately, contrary to the agnostics and to Herbert Spencer.

(12) July 19, 1883. PHILOSOPHICAL. THE SUMMER SCHOOL BEGINS SESSIONS AT CONCORD. MORNING LECTURE ON SPACE AND TIME BY DR. W. T. HARRIS--EVENING LECTURE ON PSYCHOLOGY BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

CONCORD, July 18, 1883--The Concord summer school of philosophy began its sessions for the season of 1883 at nine o'clock this forenoon in Hillside Chapel. The situation of the chapel is exceedingly pleasant, nearly a mile and a half from the station of the Fitchburg Railroad, and a mile or less from that of the Lowell Railroad. As this annual gathering is professedly a school, and not a convention, the selection of this site seems a fitting one. Those who attend the sessions are for the most part residents, some of them town's people, and others residents for the school season. Yet, probably, convenience has not been the ruling consideration, else Boston, where all New England railroads meet, would have been chosen. Sentiment must have had no small sway in the matter; and it is to be confessed that, although Boston is the Athens of America, the "Mecca of the mind" for the same country, and the same continent is Concord. Whatever stratum of philosophy an American

may have in his mental make-up ought surely to crop out, if anywhere and at any time, as he walks and converses with another, or with himself along the streets and byways of Concord. The chapel, as approached from the town centre, is about an eighth of a mile from the house of Emerson. The summer school student or visitor must pass that house on his way from the centre or from either railroad station, and though he be, as respects the Emersonian philosophy, of diverse doctrine, he may well pause in his sultry morning or noon walk, beside one of the spreading trees that border the highway at this point, and contemplate the roof beneath which so much acute and profound thinking was done. The house appears outwardly as it did in the lifetime of the poet and philosopher. Although he did not build it, he chose it and whatever impress his hand gave, or his tolerance suffered in respect to its immediate surroundings, yet remains unchanged.

At the session this morning Mr. F. B. Sanborn presided in the absence of Mr. S. H. Emery, jr. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. S. Kedney, D.D., of Minnesota. In his introductory remarks Mr. Sanborn referred to Mr. Alcott, who under the organization of the school is its dean. He said that Mr. Alcott's health is considerably improved, though he is by no means vigorous, and probably will not be able to attend any of the sessions of the school. He is able to converse on the affairs of the school, but receives for personal interviews only his most intimate friends. The forenoon lecturer was William T. Harris, LL.D.

The subject of Dr. Harris's lecture was "Space and time; the basis of the Kantian philosophy; ground of certainty deeper than scepticism or agnosticism." An abstract is given below: In this course of lectures, which I intend to be elementary and introductory to the study of philosophy, I shall endeavor to show the province of philosophy as distinguished from experience, and indicate the fundamental insight that one must obtain in order to enter the domain of true positive philosophic knowledge.

First, let us take notice that philosophy is not an extravagant pretension to know all things. It does not "take all knowledge for its province," any more than geology or astronomy or logic does. Geology aspires to know the entire structure of this globe; astronomy to know all the stars; logic to know the structure of the reasoning process. Philosophy attempts to find the a priori or necessary elements or factors in experience, and arrange them into a system. Not the forms of reasoning alone, but the forms of sense-perception, of reflection, of speculative knowing--the very forms by which condition, being, or existence itself, are to be investigated.





The science of necessary forms is a very special science, because it does not concern itself with collecting and arranging the infinite multitude of particular objects in the world, and identifying their species and genera. It investigates the common conditions and ascends to the one supreme condition. It therefore turns its back on the multitude of particular things, and seizes them in the unity of their "ascent and cause" as George Herbert names it. The particular sciences and departments of knowledge collect and classify and explain phenomena. Philosophy collects and classifies and explains their explanations. Its province is much more narrow and special than theirs. If to explain meant to find the many, the different, the particular example or specimen, you see philosophy would have to take all knowledge for its province if it aspired to explain the explanations offered in the several sciences. But that is not the meaning--to explain means to find the common, the generic principle in the particular. This is just the opposite of that other process, which would take all knowledge in its infinite details for its province. To explain all knowledge is not to know all things.

To illustrate philosophic knowing, and at the same time to enter its province and begin philosophizing, we shall take up at once a consideration of three ideas--space, time and cause. Space and time, as the conditions of nature or the world, as the necessary presuppositions of extension and multitude, will furnish us occasion to consider the infinite and the possibility of knowing it. The idea of cause will lead us to the fundamental insight on which true philosophy rests. This we will reserve for the next lecture. In all experience we deal with objects and their changes. The universal condition of the existence of objects is space. Each object is thought as limited or finite, the universal condition is thought as self-limited or infinite. An object of the senses possesses extension and limits, and consequently has an environment. We find ourselves necessitated to think an environment in order to think the object as limited. Here we have first the object, and, secondly, the environment, as mutually limiting and excluding, and as correlatives. But the ground or condition of both the object and its environment is space. Space makes both possible.

Space is a necessary idea. We may think this particular object or not--it may exist or it may not. So, too, this particular environment may exist or not, although some environment is necessary. But space must exist whether this particular object or environment exists or not. Here we have three steps towards absolute necessity: (1) The object which is not necessary, but may or may not exist--may exist now, but cease after an interval; (2) the environment which must exist in some form if the object exists--a hypothetical necessity; (3) the logical condition of the object and its environment which must, as space, exist, whether the object exists or not.

Again, note the fact, that the object ceases where the environment begins. But space does not cease with the object nor with the environment, it is continued or affirmed by each. The space in which the object exists is continued by the space in which its environment exists. Space is infinite. Let us consider how we know the infinitude of space, for this is a very important concern in philosophy. The doctrine is current that we cannot know the infinite, that we can form no conception of it. Hence the word infinite would be to us without meaning except of negative import.

1. We find, in our idea of space, that it is both divisible, or discrete, and continuous. It is composed of parts, each part being again composed of parts. But each part of space is not limited by something else, it is limited only by space. The environment of any finite portion of space is, and must be, necessarily, space.

2. But if space is its own environment, it is not limited by it, but continued by it. Any possible limited portion of space is continued by an environment of space.

3. This insight into the constitution of space is a positive knowledge and an adequate conception of its infinitude. Of course it is not a mental image or picture of infinite space. Conception, in that sense, would contradict the infinitude of space, for an image or picture, necessarily, has limits or environment. But the conception of the infinitude of space is adequate, because it is based on necessary knowledge. A finite object could not exist were it not for this ground or condition, which is its own environment. Self-environment is the characteristic of the infinite. The idea of infinite space is, therefore, the condition of the mental image or picture.

That which should be continued by its environment might be still finite if it could arrive at an environment of a different kind which did not continue it. So space might be finite were it to encounter an environment that was not space. But such is clearly seen to be impossible by the insight which we have into the nature of space. (Were space finite it would follow that an object might be finite without having an environment; for the environment of space, if space were finite, being something else than space could not condition the existence of the extended environment of the object which might be coextensive with finite space.)

As a condition of all change, motion, development, and manifestation, time is likewise necessary. The object in time is called an event. The event is limited or finite, and has its environment in the form of antecedent and subsequent. The event begins or ends in some other event. But a time begins in a time, and ends in a time, so that



time is its own environment, and consequently infinite. It is not made finite, but continued by its limits, because it is self-limited.

Whatever we find to belong to the nature of time and space we shall find to have its correspondence as law of things and events in the world, because things and events are conditioned by space and time. Hence mathematics, based on this insight into time and space, gives us, a priori, certain principles which govern things and events. Experience, as the Kantian philosophy teaches, is thus a complex affair, made up of two elements, one element being that furnished by the senses, and the other by the mind itself. Time and space, as conditions of all existence in the world and of all experience, cannot be learned from experience. We cannot obtain a knowledge of what is universal and necessary from experience, because experience can inform us only that something is, but not that it must be.

We have seen that we do actually know time and space as infinites, and that this knowledge is positive or affirmative, and not negative. Just as surely as an object is made finite by its limit, just as surely do we think a ground or condition underlying the object and its limit and making both possible; this ground is infinite. The scepticism in vogue, called agnosticism, rests on the denial of the capacity of the mind infinite, which we find in space and time is brought forward to substantiate the doctrine.

But agnosticism bases its very doctrine on a true knowledge of the infinity of time and space. For unless it knew that the enviroing space was necessarily a repetition of the same space over and over again forever, how could it affirm the impossibility of completing it by successive addition of its environment to the limited space? It says, in effect: "We cannot know space, because (we know that) its nature implies infinite extent and cannot be reached by successive synthesis." Other examples of this form of scepticism we shall notice hereafter.

The question, What is the use of philosophy if it does not "take all knowledge for its province"? we may answer provisionally by calling attention to the fact that the investigation of these logical conditions of existence and knowledge is absolutely necessary in order to solve problems in the method of the sciences of experience, as well as to afford us the only possible knowledge of the origin and destiny of nature and man. Without such knowledge there can be no regulation of human life nor any conquest over nature. For even natural science is impossible where philosophy has not yet taught that reason made the world, and that is a revelation of the rational.

At the close of the lecture a discussion was had upon the topic presented, in which participated the Rev. Dr. Kedney, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mr. D.

J. Snider and Mr. Charles Ames. The attendance at this session was good for the beginning of the term, and an earnest interest in the proceedings was manifested.

At the evening session Mr. Emery, who, in the organization of the school, is director, was present, and presided. The lecturer was Professor William James of Harvard University. His subject was "Some Difficulties of Introspective Psychology." He said that there are two extreme views concerning introspective mental action. The sceptical view is that the results of such action are worthless for any philosophical ends, it being impossible that one can experience feeling, and at the same time observe that feeling. The other extreme view is that what is seen or learned through introspection is the highest form of knowledge, and is of more authority than that which is outwardly and intellectually discerned. The lecturer deemed a position something near midway between the extremes to be the only safe one. The composition of consciousness is the main topic of psychology. Consciousness is to be regarded as a stream which continuously flows. The consciousness may be simple as respects the apprehensions of the intellect, or it may be complicated, but, nevertheless, it is continuous, but some parts of the stream of consciousness are things on which we can fix our gaze and can hold in mind and memory at will, and other parts are elusive and impossible for the mind to apprehend by any subsequent effort. If caught at all they must be caught on the wing. The one class of perceptions he called the substantive, and the other the transitive, or related facts of consciousness. The latter are no less valid and significant than the former, but a great deal of what has been written by eminent thinkers upon the subject of psychology has regard only for the former class, that is, of substantive facts or perceptions. These alone are insufficient for a philosophical basis in the discussion of the matter. The stream of consciousness is as much a fact as the facts which it holds in possession, and parts of the stream of consciousness are objects of contemplation or cognition for other parts of it. The lecture of tomorrow forenoon will be by the Rev. Dr. Kedney, on "Art Appreciation and the Higher Criticism."

(13) July 20, 1883. CONCORD PHILOSOPHY. EXERCISES AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL YESTERDAY. THE REV. DR. KEDNEY LECTURES UPON ART AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM--THE SYMBOLIC, CLASSICAL AND ROMANTIC PERIODS IN ART--PROFESSOR HOWISON UPON HUME AND KANT.

CONCORD, July 19, 1883.--Mr. Alcott is missed at the sessions of the summer school of philosophy. His venerable face had come to be an essential part, as it seemed, of the very place, and the little platform in Hillside Chapel has a noticeable vacancy now. He is not expected to attend any of the sessions, for, though he can stand, yet he is unable to





walk, and it would not be best for him to be carried back and forth by main strength between the street and the chapel. Aside from his absence, the opening of the term is satisfactory, and the attendance is about the same as last year. This forenoon the lecturer was the Rev. Dr. John S. Kedney of Faribault, Minn., who delivered the first of his two lectures on "Art Appreciation and the Higher Criticism." At the outset, Dr. Kedney said his aim was to give to art criticism scientific value by furnishing a valid criterion, by separating those elements in the emotional appreciation which are subjective from those which are common and universal, which may be said to belong to the true objective. The criticism which detects the latter, and, recognizing the truth or the ideal upon which it depends, judges by this standard, is called the highest. The problem is by no means an easy one, seeing that works of art exist only for the subjective impression, and appeal to many idiosyncracies. The following definition of art was given: "Art is the endeavor to make actual and apprehensible to sense and understanding, in existing material furnished by the physical universe for sight and sound, an ideal of beauty or sublimity, or some essential characteristic of the ultimate and perfected beauty." The distinction between the artist and the artificer cannot, in the concrete, be sharply marked, seeing that the artist, in dealing with his material, and as master of his teachings, has to be something of an artificer, and that the artificer, too, is something of an artist, and works not without spontaneous guidance from his instinct of beauty. Nor can the arts par excellence, --architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry and music, --be separated from those called arts by courtesy, --landscape, histrionics, literature and oratory, --by an absolutely clear distinction. To think separable in fact what is seemingly separable in thought, is one of the perennial delusions of the human mind.

The arts admit of various classifications. Among these is that of the material used, which is obvious in architecture and sculpture. With painting it is light, including color and shadow. With music it is not sound, but agreeable sound, which has a physiological explanation. Poetry deals with two kinds of material, --with the represented image, event or thought, and with sound. It is ruled by the unique charm which sound may have for tune or quite distinct from the charm of agreeable sound in music. The poetic ear is a much rarer gift than the musical ear. Dr. Kedney then explained Hegel's classification of the arts as belonging to the symbolic, classic and romantic periods which are declared to follow the developments of the human mind. These periods run into each other, but, on the whole, with a consecutive movement. Yet sometimes there seems to be a reversal of the order, as in the case of the Hebrews.

We learn the characteristic of the symbolic period by reflecting upon the naive procedure of the

human mind in the early historic stages. The tentative efforts after a first principle, something to explain everything else, something to worship, give rise to vague conceptions, changed, some abandoned, fluctuating. The impulse is to symbolism, in order to fix these, and, as the symbol cannot transcend the idea, it must itself be vague. This suffices for one explanation of the art impulse. But there is another side. The love of the beautiful is innate in human nature. It is the soul's instinct of its origin and its ends, and whatever hints of these calls forth its profoundest sympathy. Hence, what Schiller calls "the play impulse," prompting man to make what he makes or does beautiful. This, and the disposition to symbolize his half-formed religious conception, combining in various ways, give rise to early art. The second stadium in the history of art is called the classic period. During the symbolic period, the spiritual is weighed down by the material. During the classical, the relation is arrested in the process toward reversal, and we have a seeming identity. During this brief period of satisfaction the artistic faculty becomes very fertile and produces abundantly, and reaches its perfection in the Greek sculpture. Its highest conception is the God, freed from such limitations as oppress the human race, and an Olympus, a circle of gods, each having a function and river interfering with each other, or, when they do, paving the way for their own downfall.

But all still occurs under the conditions of the physical universe, which, in the thought of such art, is never transcended. All events are conditional by its permanence in its present form. Hence the seemingly free spirit is not really free. These gods cannot get rid of men, either, but are disturbed by them. They have to annul the perturbations of nature and man, and they have no moral character. There is no principle of justice, only one which rectifies disorder. But at last this beautiful pantheon is seen to be only a dream. Although the Greeks had not yet reached the thoughts which made possible the expression of a higher beauty, yet, in a negative way, they divined it. Hence the Greek sculptor, while not owning to be moral, never did violence to the instinct of moral beauty. The nude statues are pure, and even the bacchanals are devoid of moral ugliness, for when the aesthetic sense is deep enough it is a moral sense, and keeps men pure, and the moral sense, in its perfection, merges in the aesthetic. The two disagree, and can be thought apart only in consequence of their imperfections. Classic art came to its ruin because "it stopped short at an impossible ideal with a momentary and seducing phase in the evolution of the human spirit." The spirit must disengage itself utterly from the world ere it feels its own completeness and sufficiency, and, being its own master, spring further in a new attempt to become the master of the world. To know one's self as an idea, like God, as made in his image, and not merely to make gods of magnified men, this ideal self-knowledge makes apparent the contrast between the ideal and the actual.





The clearer apprehension of the deranged ethical relation, the deeper sense of sin, brought about by Jesus Christ, taught men the requirements of the ultimate beauty, which alone can satisfy the reason, and caused a new ideal of their possible attainment to shine out of the mists. When captivated by this vision, man becomes indifferent to the unsatisfying world, as a something he has transcended in thought and expects to transcend in fact. He puts away the world, yet returns to be its master. It is this which makes possible romantic art. One aim of this will be, then, to present, in forms for the imagination, features of the ultimate ideal of the harmonized universe, and another to give the infinitely varied characteristics of the interval. Thus during the romantic period the whole field for art is widened. "A new architecture is invented, sculpture takes a new phase. Painting enlarges its scope with bewildering fertility. Music is created, and is bringing us new surprises still and poetry rises and sinks, ranges, becomes greater and smaller, sublime or petty, follows with its charm-giving all the sinuosities of the universe through which the fluent spirit permeates, as the most flexible of the arts should." The question of the future of art will depend upon our ability to forecast the philosophic history of the human race, or rather the modifications in its religious beliefs.

At the close of the lecture a conversation followed, which was shared by Mr. Sanborn, Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, Dr. Harris and Mr. Snider, besides the lecturer.

The evening lecture was by Professor George R. Howison of Boston, who gave the first of his four lectures upon "Hume and Kant, and the merits of the issue between them." His title for the evening was, "Hume's aim and method, the problem as handed over to Kant."

(14) July 21, 1883. THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS. DR. JAMES ON CONSCIOUSNESS AND DR. HOWISON ON HUME AND KANT. INTROSPECTION AND CRITICISM--"THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS"--HUME DESCRIBED BY DR. HOWISON.

CONCORD, Friday, July 20. Beginning with Space and Time, which is as far back as most persons ever get, the philosophers who assemble here twice a day have already got down to Hume and Kant, and even to the recent physiological researches into the modes of brain activity, and the connection between the successive action of different parts of that soft matter, and our conceptions of past and future events. Dr. James of Harvard university, who succeeds Prof. Bowen as philosophical professor there, but whose training has been that of a physiologist, is the

lecturer who has introduced the brain in person to the Concord inquirers; and he has done this in a series of lectures on "Introspection" of the phenomena of consciousness, which began on the 18th, continued to-day and will close on Monday. They are unlike any of the discourses hitherto given at the Concord school, not only in their physiological allusions and illustrations, but in the peculiar fertility and felicity of expression, characteristic of the James family, in which they fall rapidly upon the ear and reach the mind of the hearer. I could not say that this charm of language and aptness of thought and illustration are supported by a strict method of very clear general perceptions; though there is a clear view of the object immediately before the mind for the moment, "The stream of consciousness" is the chosen expression of Dr. James in speaking of the phenomena which introspection discloses, and the term well applies to the ever-flowing, gently agitated and perpetually winding current of his own thought. He looks upon Consciousness as having a definite continuity of impressions, which he calls "feelings," instead of using the word that Hume invented to describe the same thing; but it does not appear that he connects these impressions legitimately together, any more closely than Hume did when he regarded merely their sequence as antecedent and consequent, without calling in the relation of causality, concerning which Hume was so skeptical.

Dr. Howison, who has also given instruction in philosophy at Harvard, began last night his four lectures on Hume and Kant by a masterly exposition of the work of Hume in philosophy, --a destructive, unsettling work, but still, as the lecturer thought, sincerely done, and so much in the natural pathway of speculative thought, that if Hume had not raised the difficulties he did, some other man of acute critical intelligence, void of faith and imagination, must have done the same. After speaking of the early maturity in philosophic thought which Hume attained--writing his "Treatise on Human Nature" before he was 25--and the remarkable bitterness with which contemporaries, like Dr. Johnson, John Wesley and Bishop Warburton assailed Hume's character Dr. Howison said: Hume's aim is to determine the limits of human conduct by settling the limits of belief and of knowledge while determining the origin of knowledge. Accepting in 1734 (when he began to write) the empirical philosophy that Locke 40 years before, and Berkeley 20 years before, had made nearly universal in Great Britain and America--Hume seeks to carry out the principle of empiricism with vigorous consistency, and then to apply his results in criticising the prevalent "natural theology," the many forms of religious bigotry, and, indeed, the very substance of religion itself--a belief in God, in accountability and in immortality, in his two most significant works--the "Treatise of Human Nature" (1738) and the "Dialogs Concerning Natural Religion," which was not published till after his death in 1776. This Treatise is the great store-house of his contributions to the permanent progress of thought toward the goal of adequate self-knowledge. But Kant knew only a later form of the same work of Hume's, the "Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding," which came out about 1750; and which seemed to the German sage to require an immediate answer.

Hume succeeded in showing that the consistent outcome of the experimental philosophy is the doctrine that inferences from the sensible to the supersensible are necessarily invalid; that belief in God as the transcendent or extra-





mundane cause of the world; or in the human soul, as the personal identity abiding amid all the shifting terms of feeling and perception, or even in nature, as a single and persistent energy that smites all the past, present and future of phenomena into a harmonious whole, whose parts yet to come can be predicted with certainty because of their uniform sequence, --that all these beliefs are without warrant in sound reasoning. Hence in philosophy, which relies solely on experience for its knowledge, we cannot even reason to future occurrences in this world with anything more than the tentative expectancy resulting from a past uniformity sufficiently continued to establish a habit of mind, while to existences supposed by their very nature not to be obvious to sense-perception, we cannot reason at all, --for lack of those perceptions of sense that can alone by this theory furnish ground for knowledge.

(15) July 25, 1883. PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD. JONATHAN EDWARDS AS A PURITAN PHILOSOPHER. LECTURES OF THE PRESENT WEEK--THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY IN AMERICA--PASSAGES FROM EDWARDS.

CONCORD, Tuesday, July 24. The second full week of the Concord School gives perhaps a greater variety of topics than any other in this year's course of lectures here. Dr. James, who has taken us on such an agreeable canoe voyage along "the stream of consciousness," bade us farewell yesterday morning, with some remarks on language and on the *ego* which drew forth a lively discussion by Miss Peabody, Dr. Harris, Mr. Snider, Dr. Kedney and others; and last night Dr. Howison compressed into an hour and a half a masterly exposition of Kant's whole system of philosophy. This morning Dr. Kedney gave his second lecture on art, --his special subject to-day being Christian art, --as Greek art and Hebrew poetry were the special subjects of his first lecture. Mr. Snider begins to-morrow four lectures on Greek poetry and religion, and Dr. Bartol lectures on the 26th in the morning. Mr. Blake of Worcester will read from the Thoreau papers on the 27th. Mr. Alcott has not yet been to the school, but hopes to do so next week, if not in the course of this week. He has made several calls on his neighbors in his wheelchair, and yesterday for the first time took his meals with the family.

This evening Mr. Sanborn began his four lectures on the history of philosophy or the philosophy of history in America, and devoted this first one to a short description of Puritanism, and Jonathan Edwards as its highest philosopher and best exponent. The lecturer divided his general subject into four unequal parts which he called: (1) The Puritanic Philosophy in history from 1620 to 1750, culminating in Edwards; (2) The Philanthropic Philosophy in history, from 1760 to 1820, with Franklin as its type; (3) The negation of philosophy from 1820 to 1850; (4) The ideal or vital philosophy from 1850 onward, with Emerson as its best representative. There is nothing he said that can be distinctly recognized from the intellectual side, as American philosophy, --using the term as men do when they speak of the Indian, the Greek, the English or the German philosophies. Our countrymen have been the followers of many systems, the inventors of none, --for not even the Transcendentalism of New England can be considered as a distinctive American philosophy, --though it comes nearer

to that designation than any other. Nevertheless, he found it convenient and even, in a high sense, very appropriate, to speak of philosophy in America as passing through certain unique and world-historical phases, using the broad and noble term philosophy as indicating the guide of life, the exponent and directress of national existence, --rather than as specifying a certain metaphysical insight, fruitful of speculation even when barren of results; such as was censured of old in the Athenians, later in the Schoolmen, and, less than a hundred years ago, in the Germans. There was a time when Wordsworth could say and with a melancholy portion of truth, --

Alas! what boots the long laborious quest  
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill?

.....  
What is it but a vain and curious skill,  
If sapient Germany must lie deprest  
Beneath the brutal sword? Her haughty Schools  
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say,  
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules  
Among the herdsmen of the Alps have wrought  
More for mankind at this unhappy day  
Then all the pride of intellect and thought?

Germany has done something to justify her sapient and haughty schools since the time of Wordsworth and Napoleon; and so America, without such schools, but with a manifest philosophic destiny, has gone forward, ever since the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers in 1620, to make significant, by practical illustration, certain phases of speculative thought and ethical purpose.

When Canning said of those nascent futilities in the world's history--the South American republics, "I called into existence a New World to redress the balance of the Old," he used a grandiose phrase to describe what had been done two centuries before by a little band of heretics seceding from England and landing on Plymouth Rock. It was Bradford and Winthrop, John Smith and John Robinson, and not George IV's eloquent premier, who redressed the balance of Europe with the rising orb of America. And these men, the true planters of our nation, were humble Christians and resolute Calvinists, who in their philosophy put God first and made their religion a thing of daily life. The Puritan movement in England meant much, but it signified far more in America, where it shaped the permanent foundations of national greatness. Its reign there was short--scarcely more than 20 years, --while here it held sway for more than a century, and strongly influenced colonies like New York, Virginia and New Hampshire, where it did not ostensibly prevail as it did in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Puritanism--which was Calvinism with English modifications--did in fact what Tacitus said was very difficult, --it reconciled empire and liberty--the sovereignty of God and the freedom--even the political freedom--of man. It exalted the omnipotence of the Deity, till men looked in its eyes, as Cromwell called them, "like poor creeping worms upon the earth," --and then it raised these depraved and lost creatures to be heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, --and the equals of whatever boastful or splendid walked the world. Thus Calvinism gave birth to democracy, while Arminianism, the professed creed of liberty, favored inequality and every kind of





privilege. "What do the Arminians hold?" asked an inquirer in Archbishop Laud's time. "The best bishoprics and deaneries in England," answered Dr. Moseley, who soon became a bishop himself. Time passed by and in a few years those bishoprics and deaneries had all fallen before the sword of Cromwell--that soldier of Calvinism,--the leader of that army of the Lord which was mighty in England for the pulling down of strongholds. "Calvinism," says Froude, "was the spirit that rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which has appeared and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion and man be as the beasts that perish; for it is but the inflashing upon the conscience of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed." The Puritanic philosophy then, like the stoical, was both ethic and religious; it declared the chief end of man to be the love and service of God, and that this service must be in purity of heart and practical morality. I say nothing here of the traditional theology which the Puritans held to, and which had lost some of its noblest limbs in the wrench that tore it from the trunk of the parent church; but in the grand simplicity of its philosophic principle,--the immediate dependence of the universe on a conscious, wise, loving and just first cause,--Puritanism yields to none of the more attractive systems of philosophy. It was in expanding these elements of Calvinism--the foreordination, justice and omnipotence of a personal God--into the detail of an ecclesiastical system, that Puritanism broke down and lost its hold on the world. And that most acute and inflexible of all the Puritans, Jonathan Edwards, coming upon the world's stage just as the Puritanic was yielding to the philanthropic spirit, was, of course, thrown into the most pronounced contrast with the tendency of his times, and thus became the clearest manifestation, at least for America, of the Puritanic philosophy--in which God was everything, man nothing. In the philanthropic philosophy, on the other hand, man's welfare became everything, and God's glory little or nothing. Edwards was devout and ascetic--Franklin humane and genial, not to say godless.

After quoting from Edwards some of his delicious youthful meditations on the sovereignty and universality of God, the lecturer went on to connect these with the harsher views of divine justice, which have made the name of Edwards so odious to many of the liberal theologians of the day,--to Dr. Holmes, for example, who has denounced him in his recent volume. Solitude, said Mr. Sanborn, became charming to the young minister, who writes: "I found, from time to time, an inward sweetness that would carry me away in my contemplations. This I know not how to express otherwise than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and sometimes a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and wrapt and swallowed up in God." From this religious intoxication, the step was but a short one to that view of God which has been made the chief reproach against Edwards and his school of Calvinists,--men at variance on some points with the accepted creed of Calvinism, and more in harmony with the earlier Calvinism of St. Augustine,--if so Hibernian a distinction may be allowed. In describing his religious experiences of youth, as he looked back on them from mature life, Edwards once said: "From my

childhood up, my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased; leaving them eternally to perish, and be so everlastingly tormented in hell. It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me. But I remember the time very well, when I seemed to be convinced, and fully satisfied as to this sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of man according to his sovereign pleasure; but never could I give an account how or by what means I was thus convinced. And there has been a wonderful alteration in my mind with respect to the doctrine of God's sovereignty, from that day to this; so that I scarce ever have found so much as the raising of an objection against it in the most absolute sense,--in God showing mercy to whom he will, and hardening whom he will. God's absolute sovereignty and justice, with respect to salvation and damnation, is what my mind seems to rest assured of. This doctrine has very often appeared exceedingly pleasant, bright and sweet; absolute sovereignty is what I love to ascribe to God."

If Edwards had been willing to exercise his acute and refining intellect in reasoning upon this question, as the greatest of the Latin fathers, St. Augustine, did, perhaps he would, by inward argument, have reached that conclusion which Augustine so often and so painfully reasons out,--as in the seventh book of his Confessions:--

"Whatever is good; that evil, whose origin I questioned, has no substantial existence,--since if it were substance, it would be good. For either it would be substance incorruptible, and hence a great good, or else a substance corruptible, which could not be corrupted unless it were good originally. Therefore I saw, and it was revealed unto me, O God! that Thou hast made all things good; and that there are really no substantial existences which Thou hast not made; and to Thee evil exists not at all; nor does it exist in thy creation as a whole, since there is nothing, outside of that creation, to invade and corrupt the order which Thou hast established. In some parts of that creation there are, to be sure, some things which appear evil, because they are out of place; but these same apparent evils are in place elsewhere, and there they are good; and in themselves they are good."

This remarkable passage, the thought of which is found in many philosophers, may have been in Emerson's mind when he wrote his hazardous poem of "Uriel,"--these verses especially:--

One, with low tones that decide,  
Doubt and reverend use defied;  
With a look that solved the sphere  
And stirred the devils everywhere,  
He gave his sentiment divine  
Against the being of a line.  
Line in nature is not found,  
Unit and universe are round;  
In vain produced, all rays return,  
Evil will bless and ice will burn.

The lecturer would not say that this abstruse and perilous thought of the universe was in the mind of Edwards,--the range of whose thought was so far within that of Augustine





and Emerson--thus giving the most favorable interpretation that can be put on the shocking and damnatory parts of his theology. In defending the doctrine of original sin, Edwards, in fact, maintained that God is not directly the author of sin and evil; but only disposes things in his universe in such a manner that sin will certainly ensue. Indirectly, therefore, through his foreknowledge, God is the author of evil, to which both Edwards and Augustine at times, seem to ascribe an eternity of continuance, not quite in harmony with the reasoning of both as to the goodness of God and the origin of evil. In fact, the early dualism of Augustine never seems to have been in all respects shaken off, though he contended so stoutly again and again to refute that manichean heresy. By refusing to give a place, as Origen did, to a general "restoration" of fallen angels and lost human souls, Augustine seems to have allowed in practice the heresy he condemned in words--that evil is eternal, and therefore practically self-existent and a check on God's goodness, --not merely the antiphonic refrain to the loveliest of songs, --as he declares it to be in his City of God. (Lib xi, cap xviii).

The Puritans denounced Aristotle and the Schoolmen, --but what does our Puritan Schoolman, our Father Jonathan of Connecticut, proceed to do at once, in the absence of Plato and Aristotle and the subtle doctors of middle-age Europe? What but set up a school of his own, with a subtle metaphysical treatise or two, which his followers have been expounding for more than a hundred years? Edwards's "Careful and Strict Inquiry into the Modern Prevailing Notion of that Freedom of the Will, which is supposed to be essential to Moral Agency, Virtue and Vice, Reward and Punishment, Praise and Blame," was published in 1754. In this book Edwards did not for an instant disown the metaphysical method, but boldly praised it and called it indispensable, as the Catholic Schoolmen had. "I do not," said Mr. Sanborn "purpose to enter upon the strict chain of metaphysical arguments by which Edwards maintains his chief proposition, that the human will is not free; nor shall I attempt either to uphold or refute that proposition. It is doubtful if more cogent reasoning was ever marshaled to prove a point against which the nature of man instinctively rebels--namely, that we are constrained by necessity to do what we feel that we are free to avoid doing." But take notice that he displays an activity and subtilty of mind such as no American philosopher had before shown, and that Edwards was very much in the line of the intellectual effort of his day, --that is the first half of the 18th century. It was upon such reasoning, as well as upon their numberless virtues that the renown of the English Berkeley and the French Malebranche was founded; and it was by arguments still more subtle that the Scotchman Hume, contemporary with Edwards, threw half the civilized world into a maze of skepticism until Kant came to their rescue, a few years after the death of Edwards. The surprising fact is, that with these remarkable powers of analysis and reasoning, which would have made Edwards a match for Hume on his own ground, and with this demand of his age to be fed on that sort of food, the Puritan minister yet stood resolutely by his chosen task of preaching Christianity as he understood it to the poor Indians of Stockbridge and the anxious saints and sinners of New England, wherever he encountered them. His mission was to save souls, by helping men to repent of their sins and be converted; and to this he

devoted himself rather than to the calm and leisurely study of philosophy, such as in after years occupied the thoughts of Kant at Konigsberg. It was his zeal, as a preacher, in fact, that led Edwards to compose his great work on the Will, --as appears by his letters to his Scotch correspondent, Erskine, to whom, in 1757, he thus explained the connection between the Puritan means of salvation, and the doctrine of necessity as applied to the will of man:--

"The doctrine of a self-determining will, as the ground of all moral good and evil, tends to prevent any proper exercise of faith in God and Christ in the affair of our salvation, as it tends to prevent all dependence upon them. For, instead of this, it teaches a kind of absolute independence on all those things that are of chief importance in this affair; our righteousness depending originally on our own acts, as self-determined. And truly in this scheme man is not dependent on God, but God is rather dependent on man in this affair. Yea, these notions tend effectually to prevent men's ever seeking after conversion with any earnestness, and indeed they destroy the very nature of conversion itself."

Edwards died in 1758, just as the 20-years' contest between New and Old England was about to begin; and at that time, Puritanism, having done its special work, was passing away. It had been a stern and rough nurse about the cradle of our infant nation; but the spirited child, not forsaken of Heaven, --non sine disammassus infans--thriven by contact with the harsh conditions of life around him, and most of all by the useful austerity of the Puritan philosophy. In that scheme of the world, the cardinal points were God and Duty; the state was a divine institution, like the church, and its functions were to be sacredly upheld, and undertaken in the fear of God. The advantages of such a discipline to a raw people, cast upon these shores amid the freedom-breathing but barbarizing influences of a new colony, can scarcely be overestimated. Puritanism to such men was a girdle not a fetter; it held them together and made them march forward in line, instead of straggling along without aim or purpose. But in time the girdle became a chain; the people began to fret under it and threw it off; and this was the very period at which Edwards and Franklin appeared. The one contended stoutly for the old faith, in all its strictness and with all its alarming penalties for sin; the other with genial and prudent good-nature sought to introduce a milder sway, more friendly to the general development of mankind. Both were powerful forces, and had other forces more powerful behind them; but the time had come for Puritanism to withdraw from the scene, and the controversial writings of Edwards furnished the salvo of theological artillery, under cover of which the army of the Puritans fell back in good order, leaving the field to democracy and the philanthropists.

(16) July 25, 1883. PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD. ART APPRECIATION AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM. SECOND LECTURE BY THE REV. J. S. KEDNEY--THE LIMITS OF SUBJECTIVITY--THE STANDARD OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM AND OTHER STANDARDS.

The Rev. Dr. J. S. Kedney delivered at the Concord school yesterday forenoon his second lecture upon "Art Appreciation and the Higher Criticism."





In pursuance of the purpose indicated in his previous disquisition, to determine the limits of subjectivity in art appreciation, and make clear the distinction between the standard of the higher criticism and other standards, he gave an analysis of the beauty of two famous pictures that used to hang side by side in the gallery at Dresden, --Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," and Correggio's "Madonna of the Saint Sebastian." The distinction made was that the fascination of each picture is dependent upon a distinct ideal--of the latter upon a vision of human love and tenderness very sweet and seducing, but still earthly, and therefore having no permanence; therefore having in its chief charm not the constituents of the ultimate beauty. The fascination of Raphael's picture is of a different kind. It is adoring love rather than mere natural love and pride, and hence is more deeply religious. It not only hints of the beauty that is final, but has also an element of severity, indicating that something is to be overcome and harmonized ere that ultimate beauty can be reached.

"In the one case we have human love, tenderness, beyond the power of words to express, for the lowly and mysterious child, gratitude implied, rather than expressed, for the gift of that child, sympathy, too, for the human ones before whom she holds up the infant, and desire for their recognition. It is maternal love in acknowledged subordination to the Divine love, yet retaining its full consciousness as human, and overflowing the bounds of the maternal relation to take in and claim fellowship with the representative of the whole body of the redeemed.... In the other case we have human love still, but forgetting itself in a more elevated consciousness--that of the supreme object of worship--she is thinking of the Godlike rather than the human in her child. He is mysteriously above her, even when the object of her care.... The human love yields to the adoring love and, in the painter's thought, the adoring love has assimilated itself to the object of its adoration, and the Virgin claims adoration for herself." The subordinate features in both pictures are entirely in accord with the dominant ideal, --the human and angelic faces, --and each very beautiful in their kind.

To discover, thus, whether the ideal upon which the charm of the picture depends belongs to the ultimate beauty, or whether to some attested phase in the passage to it, is the task of the higher criticism. Excellence of lower kinds is none the less real and admirable, and sometimes so taking as to bias the critical judgment. There is something very mysterious, for instance, about the charm of color, suggesting that it is a Divine secret, hinting of subtle harmonies in the physical universe.... Man is the only animal which has luminous and beautiful flesh.

The comparative value which any observer will set upon any excellence, other than its correspondence with the ultimate ideal and what is required to meet it, is part of his subjectivity. Hence, a

true criticism will chiefly occupy itself to discover the worth of a work of art, relative to the highest note of excellence in any one of the particulars as to which it can be judged, rather than to fix its comparative worth with other works of the same kind. To determine its value with reference to the very highest excellence, we must search after the philosophy which underlies it. The artist of high grade is of all men the one who cannot conceal his philosophy, but challenges other men to find out that on which his heart is fixed if they can. "This is the profoundest distinction between the poetic and the prosaic way of thinking: that the former seeks to retire to the centre in order to contemplate and feel the harmony of the whole, while the latter finds its uneasy realm in the perturbations which rush over the surface."

An untrue philosophy will contort artistic criticism. According to the materialistic pantheist this which we call the highest beauty has no business to exist. It is founded on inherited prejudices. But facts are stronger than theories, and he, like other men, does enjoy this lofty beauty, and cannot successfully think away his own enjoyment. Thus, this is a fact, as naturally evolved as any other fact, and "if it be said that all this power was wrapped up and concealed in the lower forces which have brought him on thus far, --as the power coiled in the spring, slowly unrolling itself, cannot be measured merely by the eye which observes the almost insensible motion, --then, we may ask, how do we know that we have marked the limit of the unrolling, and that the ultimate state of things may not be the very one which this highest beauty presupposes, and upon which alone its emotion is legitimated?"

The lecturer then took up the questions of the pathetic and the sublime, to discover how far these came within the range of the higher criticism. The pathetic exists in classic art as in the Niobe, and Laocöon and the Greek tragedies, but is something quite different from the Christian pathetics. To understand this we must recover the key of romantic art. The movement in the history of the human mind which made this possible may be characterized as the undeifying of nature. It is an absolute reversal of the relation existing as the key to symbolic art, classic art being dependent upon an equilibrium reached in the passage from one to the other. The spirit retires from nature, refuses allegiance, yet returns to it as ideally its master. The world becomes in its thought a world of accident, and human impulses themselves seemingly accidental. Hence the fine handling nature and human life receive at the hands of the romantic poets and painters, the representations of wild adventure, the realistic treatment of the Dutch and Flemish schools, and of much of modern art. This is the secret of genre pictures, and of nine-tenths of the verse now so prolifically written. Poetry finds expression of the soul's ideal virtues and moral beauties in nature,



which thus becomes symbolic after a new manner, and we have a mode of dealing with imagery quite distinct from anything in ancient art.

But the pathetic and the sublime arise from the contrast between the actual and the ideal. The Greek pathos comes from a sense of the rigidity of the decrees of fate, the mournfulness of the compelled destiny of humanity. In it there is no consolation, no suggestion that the sad situation has an inner bright side, that it is remedial. While in the Christian way of regarding it, pain is felt by a sublime instinct to be vicarious. What lies beneath is not the obscure and relentless fate, but the absolute justice, "which will, openly at length, reverse all wrongs, and meanwhile catch up their results into the current of its providence." The pathetic may become the sublime, when it shows us heroism, spiritual strength to endure, taxing the imagination to measure it. If there is suggested "such strength as is needed to carry this heroism beyond its own necessity, to turn sacrifice into spontaneity, to give it thus a leading towards the ultimate beauty upon whose bosom it will expire," it will meet the approval of the higher criticism.

The art of painting, in these days, seems to be in a state of great bewilderment. Religious pictures seem to be anachronisms. Even the pathetic, that would seem to be an inviting field, is rarely sought. Artists toil in the search after out-of-the-way situations, belonging to the superficial side of life. The prevalent taste is to treat groups of figures simply as studies of picturesque arrangement, and brilliant effects of color, or of dignified attitudes and graceful motions; all which is pleasing, but which we contemplate with a sigh that the art of painting has not yet found any new lofty aims, and with wonder what its future is to be. It is easier to see that music and poetry can adjust themselves to any possible modes of spirit, and hence have a future; for spirit, thus far, has shown nothing cyclical in its development, but a steady, onward march. One is puzzled to conjecture any future for architecture, or even for sculpture, while it still follows the antique, for, as a romantic art, it is far exceeded by painting. But music will grow more clamorous as human situations grow more trying. It will become a greater necessity than ever. And in the tragic drama there are aims higher than have yet been attempted. But they will not be accomplished till a greater than Shakespeare is born.

This evening's session was devoted to the first of a course of four lectures by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, upon "The History of Philosophy in America," his special subject for the evening being "The Puritanic Philosophy: Jonathan Edwards." He said it was not the purpose of the lectures to present what is usually called a history of philosophy in a given country; that is, a chronological and critical account of the different systems of philosophy that have prevailed or found followers in that country.

In one sense this, for America, would be to present a history of all the philosophies known to mankind; for there is scarce one of these, however fantastic, which has not had its disciples among our eager and heterogeneous population. In another sense, there is nothing that can be distinctively recognized, from the intellectual side, as American philosophy, --using the term as we do when speaking of the Indian, the Greek, the German, or the English philosophy. Our countrymen have been the followers of many systems, the inventors of none. Nevertheless, it is convenient and appropriate to speak of philosophy in America as passing through certain unique and varied historical phases, using the broad and noble term philosophy to indicate the guide of life, the exponent and directress of national existence.

America has gone forward ever since 1620 to make significant, by practical illustration, certain phases of speculative thought and ethical purpose. These phases may be divided into four, which may be called (1) the Puritanic philosophy (1620 to 1760); (2) the philanthropic philosophy (1760 to 1820); (3) the negation of philosophy (1820 to 1860); and (4) the ideal, or vital, philosophy (1860 to the present). These periods pass into each other. To illustrate them may be taken three persons of eminent fame throughout the world, Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758) as the type of Puritanic thought, Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) as the type of philanthropic reality, and Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) as the type of idealism. "The Puritan movement in England meant much, but it signified more in America, where it shaped the permanent foundations of national greatness. Its reign there was scarcely more than 20 years, while here it held sway for more than a century, and strongly influenced colonies like New York, Virginia and New Hampshire, where it did not ostensibly prevail as it did in Massachusetts and Connecticut. Puritanism reconciled empire and liberty, the sovereignty of God, and even the political freedom of man. It exalted the omnipotence of the Deity, till men looked in its eyes, as Cromwell called them, poor creeping worms upon the earth, and then it raised these depraved and lost creatures to be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, and the equals of whatever boastful or splendid walked the world. Thus Calvinism gave birth to democracy, while Arminianism favored inequality and every kind of privilege. The Puritanic philosophy was, like the Stoical, both ethic and religious; it declared the chief end of man to be the love and service of God, and that this service must be in purity of heart and practical morality. In the grand simplicity of philosophic principle, the immediate dependence of the universe on a conscious, wise, loving and just First Cause, Puritanism yielded to none of the more attractive systems of philosophy. It was in expanding these elements of Calvinism into the detail of an ecclesiastical system, that Puritanism broke down and lost its hold on the world. And that most acute and inflexible of all the Puritans, Jona-







than Edwards, coming upon the world's stage just as the Puritanic was yielding to the philanthropic spirit, was thrown into most pronounced contrast with the tendency of the times, and thus became the clearest manifestation, at least for America, of the Puritanic philosophy, in which God was everything and man nothing.

There are passages in his essay "Of Being" which foreshadow the course of German thought a hundred years later, while the passage on the "Place of Minds" might almost have been written by a Transcendentalist of Concord. In defending the doctrine of original sin Edwards maintained that God is not distinctly the author of sin and evil, but only disposes things in his universe in such a manner that sin will certainly ensue. Indirectly, therefore, God is the author of evil, to which both Augustine and Edwards seem, at times, to ascribe an eternity of continuance, not quite in harmony with the reasoning of both as to the goodness of God.

(17) July 25, 1883. A. BRONSON ALCOTT. REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT IN HIS CONDITION--HE RIDES OUT IN HIS CHAIR ABOUT THE VILLAGE.

CONCORD, MASS., July 24, 1883.--The condition of the venerable A. Bronson Alcott still continues to improve. For several weeks past his condition has been such that he has been allowed to sit out upon the piazza, but it was not until a week ago last Sunday that he left the grounds of his residence. On that day, his friend, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, wheeled him about in his trundling chair for quite a distance. During the latter part of the same week Mr. Alcott was wheeled down to the post office which is located in the centre of the village, and then back beyond his residence to the westerly part of the town to the residences of Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Emery. Last Sunday, also, he paid another visit to Mr. Sanborn. It is expected that he will be trundled down to one of the sessions of the School of Philosophy, probably on some pleasant day during the latter part of the present week. It is doubtful whether he would be able to sit through an entire session of the school, so he will probably remain in his chair just without the chapel, where he can hear what is going on and at the same time be removed without creating a disturbance in case he should become fatigued. He has now begun to make his meals with the family.

(18) July 26, 1883. CONCORD PHILOSOPHY. INTERESTING PAPERS AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL YESTERDAY. PROFESSOR HARRIS ON THE ABSOLUTE AS A PERSONAL REASON--THE NATURE OF SELF-EXISTENT BEING--MR. SNIDER ON HOMER AND THE GREEK BIBLE--THE CHARACTERISTICS OF LITERARY BIBLES.

CONCORD, July 25, 1883.--The papers read to-day at the summer school of philosophy were attentively listened to. The lecturer this morning was

Professor W. T. Harris, and his subject was "The Absolute a Personal Reason." He urged that particularity reigns everywhere. Each existence is in some way different from all else. But to philosophy looking at the a-priori conditions of experience, there is unity underlying all this diversity. Time and space are each infinite, homogeneous, one. All particularity in space is produced only by limitation of one infinite space. Every particular period of time is a part of one eternal time. All coördination is based on identity of species or genera. The homogeneity of space and time rests on this sort of identity, and ultimately all identity of species is based on the identity involved in causa sui or self-cause. Self-cause or eternal energy is the ultimate presupposition of all things and events. Here is the necessary ground of the thought of God in the human mind. It is the presupposition of all experience and of all possible existence. By the study of the presuppositions of experience one becomes certain of the existence of one eternal energy which creates and governs the world. How does one know that things are not self-existent already, and therefore in no need of a creator? If this question still remains in the mind, it must be answered again and again by referring to the necessary unity in the nature of the conditions of existence--space, time and causal influence, based on self-cause. Presuppositions of experience can only be seen by reflection on the conditions of experience. The feeble-minded who cannot analyze their experience, nor give careful attention to its factors, cannot see this necessity. Few can see these necessary presuppositions at first. But all, even the most feeble in intellect have these presuppositions as an element of their experience, whether able to abstract them and see them as special objects or not. Let us vary the mode and manner of expressing this insight for the sake of additional clearness. First, let us ask what is the nature of self-existent being--of independent beings, whether there be one or more.

1. It is clear that all beings are dependent or independent, or else have, in some way, phases to which both predicates may apply.

2. The dependent being is clearly not a whole or totality; it implies something else, some other being on which it depends. It cannot depend on a dependent being, although it may stand in relation to another dependent being as another link of its dependence. All dependence implies the independent being as the source of support. Take away the independent being and you remove the logical condition of the dependent being, because without something to depend upon there can be no dependent being. If one suggests a mutual relation of dependent beings, then still the whole is independent, and this independence furnishes the ground of the dependent parts.

3. The dependent being or links of being, no matter how numerous they are, make up one being with the being on which they depend, and belong to it.



4. All being is therefore either independent or forms a part of an independent being. Dependent being can be explained only by independent being, from which it receives its nature.

5. The nature or determinations of any being, its marks, properties, qualities or attributes, arise through its own activity or through the activity of another being.

6. If its nature is derived from another it is a dependent being. The independent being is therefore determined only through its own activity--it is self-determined.

7. The nature of self-existent beings, whether one or many, is therefore self-determination. This result, we see, is identical with that which we found in our investigation of the underlying presupposition of influence or causal relation.

There must be self-separation or else no influence can pass over to another object. The cause must first act in itself before its energy causes an effect in something else. It must therefore be essentially cause and effect in itself, or causa sui, meaning self-cause or self-effect.

8. Our conviction, at this stage of the investigation, is, therefore, that each and every existence is a self-determined being or else some phase or phenomenon dependent on self-determined being. Here we have our principle with which to examine the world and judge concerning its beings. Whatever depends on space and time, and possesses external existence in the form of an object conditioned by environment, has not the form of self-existence, but is necessarily a phase or manifestation of the self-determination of some other being. If we are able to discover beings in the world that manifest self-activity, we shall know that they are in possession of independence at least in degree, or, in other words, that they manifest self-existence. When we have found the entire compass of any being in the world, we are certain that we have within it the form of self-activity as its essence.

9. We should note particularly that self-activity, or self-determination, which we have found as the original form of all beings, is not a simple, empty form of existence, devoid of all particularity, but that it involves three important distinctions: (a) Self-antithesis of determiner and determined, or of self-active and self-passive, or of self as subject of activity and self as object of activity--and these distinctions may be otherwise expressed as the primordial for all particularity. (b) The subject or self-active or determiner regarded by itself is the possibility of any and all determination, and is thus the general or universal, and the primordial form of all that is generic or universal, hence the presupposition of all classification. (c) The unity of these two phases of universality and particularity constitutes individuality, and is the primordial form of all individuality.

10. There is here an error of reflection very prevalent in our time, which does not identify those distinctions of universal particular and individual in the absolute existence, but calls this absolute or self-existent being "the unconditioned." It thinks it as entirely devoid of conditions, as simply the negation of the finite. Hence it regards the absolute as entirely devoid of distinctions. Since there is nothing to think in that which has no distinction, such an absolute is pronounced unthinkable, inconceivable, or unknowable. The error in this form of reflection lies in the confusion which it makes between the environment and the underlying presumption. It thinks the antithesis of object and environment, of object and cause, but fails to ascend to self-limit and causa sui as the ultimate presupposition and logical condition of object and environment.

11. Plato, in the tenth book of his *Laws*, asks, in view of this self-activity, which he calls self-movement: "If we were to see this power [self-movement] existing in an earthy, watery or fiery substance, simple or compound, what should we call it?" And answers, "I should call the self-moving power life." Life is the name which we give to such manifestations of self-determination. Aristotle, who is careful not to call this energy self-movement, but considers it to be "that which moves others, but is unmoved itself," defines it likewise as the principle of life. The tenth book of Plato's *Laws* is perhaps the source of most thinking on the necessity of the divine as the presupposition of the things of the world. Aristotle has treated the thought again and again, but the seventh and eighth books of his *Physics*, and the celebrated seventh chapter of the eleventh book of his *metaphysics*, are the chief sources of the intellectual view of this necessity. Aristotle in the latter passage gives his grounds for recognizing in this pure activity of self-determination God "as an eternal and the best living being." He possesses the activity of reason, of pure thinking and of eternal life and is always his own object. The ground of his identification of self-determination, or of energy which moves but is not moved, with reason or thinking being is seen when we consider that this self-distinction which constitutes the nature of self-determination or causa sui is subject and its own object, and this in its perfect form must be self-consciousness, just as any lower manifestation of self-activity is recognized as life--even in the case of the plant or the animal. In the plant there is manifestation of life wherein the individual seed develops out of itself into a plant and arrives again at seed, but not at the same seed--only at seeds of the same species. So the individual plant does not include self-determination, but only manifests it. The mere animal as brute manifests self-determination more adequately, for he has feeling and locomotion. But as mere animal he does not make himself object, and hence the causa sui which is manifested in him is not included by his consciousness, but is manifested only as species. Man can





make his feeling in its entirety his object by becoming conscious of time and the other presuppositions, and thus he has an age that is conscious of its own individuality and can grow through education.

The presupposition of man as a developing individuality is the perfect individuality or the absolute reason which we call God. How a world can possess free and immortal beings is the object of consideration in the next three lectures of this course, and on Friday morning I will try to discuss the first part of the subject in the philosophical thought that corresponds to the religious dogma of the Holy Trinity.

At the evening session Mr. Denton J. Snider gave the first of a course of four lectures on "Homer and the Greek Bible." His special subject for the evening was "Literary Bibles." It is one of the significant facts of our European history, he said, that certain books have been written which we feel to be transcendently the best, so that in thinking of them we always put them into a class by themselves. The difference is not merely one of degree; they are different in character from other books. A certain reverence attaches to them which is felt by all men. These books have a peculiar stamp, and mean more than they say. The veneration which they excite is biblical, and corresponds to that which we feel for a holy book. We may, therefore, name them bibles, of whose essence they participate; yet it is important to distinguish them from the class of bibles known as religious, which have quite a different origin, form and purpose. Let these be called literary bibles, inasmuch as they belong to, in fact, create and perpetuate, literature. Literary bibles we count to be four. The first one seems to usher in European being in its spiritual phase. That is old Homer, placed at the entrance of our European temple, and guiding the civilized world thereto. He really sings of the rise of the Occident, and his song contains all the germs of our Western development. His two heroes are still the typical men of our time, so true has he gone to the very bottom of our nature. On the whole, perhaps it is the greatest of these literary bibles, as it originates them and gives the pattern. Still Homer is the heathen poet as opposed to Dante the Christian poet. Shakespeare may be called the institutional poet, and Goethe comes fourth with his devil, who denies both church and institutions.

It is the Orient which has given us the religious bibles. The West has never produced a religious Bible, Joe Smith's is the best it has done in that line, yet it has accepted some from the Orient, notably two of Hebrew origin. Max Müller has published 10 of these Oriental bibles in English translation, or is still in process of doing it. What are some of the characteristics of literary bibles? First, it seems to be the attempt of some of them to teach man's redemption. Second, each one of these literary bibles rests upon a mythus, which is a deep necessity. Third, the mythus is a song; it takes the form of rhythm and music, its utterance sings itself

into being. It is one of the insights belonging to the nature of literary bibles that they are of necessity song. The literary bibles are all poems. Fourth, all literary bibles are notable for their structure, differing thereby from religious bibles, which are of a fragmentary character. In striking contrast to these, the literary bibles are all wonderful specimens of architecture; each fragment reveals itself as belonging to a whole. One must see the whole of a literary bible before he can truly see even its parts; it was built with that whole in mind, and we must see it consciously. Fifth, when we come to the author of a literary bible we must pronounce him in every way a notable man. To write a literary bible is the complete, final bloom of the human kind. These literary bibles have been written in different tongues; no language can boast of two. They establish speech. They fix what was before uncertain into permanency in the floating dialect of the people. Quite the first effort of Greek speech is Homer. Speech, too, gets its immortality from these books. Sixth, the literary bibles are therefore to be studied as such, singly and above all in connection. A knowledge of them would seem indispensable to the modern man and all he has been and may be.

(19) July 27, 1883. CONCORD PHILOSOPHY. YESTERDAY'S PROCEEDINGS AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL. THE REV. C. A. BARTOL ON OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM--PROFESSOR HOWISON'S THIRD PAPER ON THE ISSUE BETWEEN HUME AND KANT --THE KANTIAN THEORY.

CONCORD, MASS., July 26, 1883.--This morning's session at the Concord School of Philosophy was largely attended, the speaker being the Rev. Dr. Bartol of Boston, who delivered a very interesting lecture on "Optimism and Pessimism--a Personal Equation." This evening Professor Howison gave the third lecture in his course on the "Issue between Hume and Kant," his special subject for the evening being "The Strength and Weakness of Kant's Methods and Results." He said: In order to form any just estimate of whether Kant has really met the difficulty raised by Hume, it will become important to fix with precision exactly what that difficulty is, by a brief recapitulation of it, and a repetition of Kant's answer. The substance of what Hume puts is this: The principle of empiricism necessitates, first of all, the artificial character of all the principles of combination in thought. Hume's doctrine, in the first place, is that there cannot be anything valid that does not come by sensuous impression; that all the combinative principles of thought are artificial; that, therefore, in the second place, the second consequence is the disappearance of certainty; and not only so, but this disappearance of certainty affects those elements exactly to which we in the spontaneous life attach the profoundest importance, --the conviction, first of all, of the causal unity of nature, that nature is something more than a mere string of parts, and that all these parts are connected together by causality; that there is no event without a cause;



that there can be no event, either, without an effect. There disappears, too, the ground for the belief in the existence of God, and, worse than all, the ground for belief in our own personal identity as an abiding principle that remains unchanged amid all changes. If these three principles become uncertain, then comes the greatest uncertainty in all things. According to this doctrine, there can be no such thing as a standard of morality which expresses the absolute will of God.

Kant's answer to Hume may be summed up thus: In the first place, with regard to the downfall of morality and the foundation of religion, in the belief in God, and the belief in our personal identity as responsible and immortal beings, we shall find the solution to this, and shall obviate the consequences by recognizing that reason does not find its fundamental principle until it comes to the plane of morality. Kant would say that Hume has endeavored to solve this difficulty by reference to mere intellectual principles. Kant would also say that Hume had ignored that principle of reason which he calls the practical. Common sense is not the final standard of truth. Kant's hypothesis is that objects, instead of being self-existences ("things in themselves," as he phrases it), must, in order to make experience possible, be products of the mind. This is the second striking point in Kant's reply to Hume. Kant's position may be summed up thus: First, that in considering reason we must consider practical reason as having a primacy over reason as theoretical; secondly, that in considering theoretical reason we must consider it as the producer of the world of contemplation. What import shall we attach to this reply? The difficulty raised by Hume is real. Does this theory of Kant meet the difficulty? This question naturally subdivides itself into two others; do we admit that Kant has argued the case correctly? Secondly, supposing that he has, does the conclusion reached solve the difficulty? I shall confine myself to the second of these considerations.

First, does the theory of the primacy of practical reason meet the difficulty of the transit from the sensible world to the super-sensible world? Will not the doctrine of the severance between the theoretical intellect and the practical intellect destroy the validity of practical reason itself, and is not Hume's presupposition in this respect the true one, namely, that the limits of conduct are the limits of human knowledge? I think we must draw the conclusion, at any rate, that any argument to the contrary that has been furnished by Kant is invalid. Let us see, now, whether the other part of his theory, that of transcendental idealism, is any better adapted to meet the difficulty, and dispensing with it in regard to practical reason? Is this theory strong for the purpose for which it was brought forward, namely, for overcoming that part of Hume's difficulty which refers to our power to predict the future from the past? It is very desirable to be able to establish the power of reason to predict the future

from the past. If we were obliged to confess that we have not this power, then we must admit that we constantly act irrationally.

There is another rift in the Kantian theory, that between sense and understanding. This distinction is not simply in degree, but in kind, and the difference in kind lies in the fact that sense has the element of sensation. When we pass to the other element, and remember that, until we add such conceptions as quality, quantity, relation, and modality, it is not an object, as we experience it, at all, and that we cannot, at any rate, raise it up into any object of general experience, then, we see, comes the difficulty of seeing how the mere persistence of the principle of time, through a mere phenomenal Ego, really solves the difficulty. Therefore, I think we are obliged to say that, even if we make the assumption that Kant's argumentation is without a flaw, the theory he has broached, modified and expressed, does not meet the difficulty at all, and that, on both hands, the question remains precisely as if he had not touched it.

The following changes in the published programme are announced: July 27, evening, Mr. Blake instead of Mr. Sanborn, "Readings from Thoreau"; August 2, morning, Mr. Sanborn, in place of Miss Peabody; August 9, morning, Mr. Edward W. Mead, in place of President Porter, who probably will not lecture at all. August 10, morning, Miss Peabody, in place of Mr. Sanborn; August 10, evening, Mr. Sanborn, in place of Mr. Blake.



FRANK B. SANBORN, OF CONCORD, MASS.







(20) July 30, 1883. THE PHILOSOPHICAL TRINITY.  
DR. HARRIS'S DEMONSTRATION OF THE TRINITY IN  
THE CONCORD SCHOOL--READINGS FROM THOREAU.

CONCORD, Saturday, July 23. Yesterday's proceedings in the School of Philosophy presented the strongest possible contrast at the two sessions,--for in the morning Dr. Harris, by logical demonstration, and a strict use of the insights and presuppositions of philosophy, proved the existence of the Christian Trinity in one substance and three persons; while, in the evening, Mr. Blake gave one of his annual readings from the journals of Thoreau, in which theology and systematic philosophy are steadily ignored, and the free play of the mind on all possible subjects is fully allowed. Consequently we find profound thoughts and picturesque observations, but quite disconnected with each other,--the passages being selected by Mr. Blake because they pleased his own fancy. Dr. Harris also read passages from St. Anselm, from Albertus Magnus, the theological instructor of Dante, and from other scholastic theologians of the middle ages, to show what view they held of the Trinity,--a subject with which Thoreau never much concerned himself. Mr. Blake himself had been struck with the apparent incongruity of reading the observations of Thoreau, the untamable, in such a connection, and in opening the subject he spoke as follows:--

"As I listened to some of the lectures given near the opening of this year's school,--lectures so abstract, metaphysical, and carefully thought out, it seemed a sort of incongruity to read anything from Thoreau here, and particularly from his journal; his way of thinking and study being so different. It seemed as if he might be regarded by those who so wrote, and by an audience who thoroughly enjoyed what they wrote, as a mystic and dreamer whose thoughts were loosely put together, and whose dreams were hardly worth attending to. But this was a passing mood with me; I remembered that there was a lecture to be given here on the 'Ideal and Vital Philosophy'; that there is another way of studying the problems that are of deepest interest for us,--a method of study not merely by the intense application of the intellect, but by the brooding of the whole nature over them, studying them, as it were with one's best life,--or, according to the old Greek expression, 'with the flower of the mind.' This method may be easily travestied by careless lovers and thinkers, and become ridiculous; so that the oracles of the mystics are sometimes deservedly treated with little or no respect. But where the observing faculties are so acute, the intellect so penetrating and the character so earnest as Thoreau's, the results

are worthy to be attended to in any school of philosophy which is not limited to metaphysical speculations. It would be hard to find one who has shown himself more ready than Thoreau to make every sacrifice in the pursuit and practice of wisdom in the largest sense. So, though hesitating at first, I have consented to read again from a collection of extracts made some years since, trusting you will find in some of them, at least, more or less of that charm which has attracted me. Much that is said may seem extravagant. Thoreau did not aim to be careful and impartial in his statements, so much as to be emphatic. He defends extravagance on principle, thinking we cannot be up to the occasion without it. Still the charm is there. So far as it depends on his individual nature, it can, of course, hardly be described. So far as I can understand it in my own case, it consists mainly in this, that I feel in the personality of this man, as perhaps nowhere else, the presence of an original and convincing witness to that infinite element in our nature which the metaphysicians rise to set forth logically, and which alone gives value to life."

A view somewhat similar, but relating more distinctly to the poetic nature of Thoreau, was taken by Dr. Harris, Miss Peabody, Mr. Sanborn, Mr. Snider, etc., in the conversation that followed the reading.

In the morning session there was also a conversation of some length, following the abstruse lecture of Dr. Harris, in which most of the speakers assented to the philosophical Trinity as a mode of viewing the relation of God to the created world, rather than as a dogma of the Christian church. An abstract of the lecture, though harder to follow than the full discourse, is here given. Its subject was, "The Triune Nature of God; Justice and Grace in the Divine Nature"; and Dr. Harris said: Philosophy is not religion nor a substitute for religion, any more than it is art, or a substitute for it. There is a distinction also between philosophy and theology, although philosophy is a necessary constituent of theology. While theology must necessarily contain a historical and biographical element and endeavor to find in that element the manifestation of necessary and universal principles, philosophy on the other hand devotes itself exclusively to the consideration of those universal and necessary conditions of existence which are found to exist in experience not as furnished by experience but as logical, a priori conditions of experience itself.

Philosophy finds time, space, causality, self-activity, and it arrives at the consideration of self-activity as the only possible basis of time, space and dynamic influence at the idea of God as a necessary being. The ideas of time and space which all conscious beings find as a priori factors of experience justify such general ideas as are expressed by the words "world," "universe," "nature," "history," "society," etc., which are regarded as factitious or artificial by those who have not noticed that all experience possesses in addition to finite, sensuously present objects, also the universal and logical conditions of that experience. The idea of self-activity is the deepest of these presuppositions which make experience possible and which make existence of the world possible.

The idea of self-activity, as we tried to show in the last lecture, is the source of our thought of God. If a man





lacked this idea of self-activity, and could not attain it, all attempt to teach him theology or to reveal to him divine truth would be futile. He could not form in his mind, if he could be said to have a mind, the essential characteristic idea of God; he could not think of God as a creator of the world, or as self-existent apart from the world. If the doctrine were revealed and taught, and he learned to repeat the words in which it is expressed, yet in his consciousness he would conceive only a limited effect, a dead result, and no living God. But the hypothesis of a consciousness, without the idea of self-activity implicit in it, as the pre-supposition of all its knowing, and especially of its self-consciousness, is a mere hypothesis, without the possibility of being a fact.

A precondition of divine revelation is the creation of beings who can think the idea of self-activity. The idea must be involved in knowing, as logical condition, although it need not become explicit without special reflection. Philosophy is a special investigation, directed to the logical conditions of existence and experience, and so likewise theology, and even religion, are special occupations of the soul. The soul must find within itself the idea of the divine before it can recognize the divine in any manifestation in the external world. In discovering and defining the *a priori* ideas in the mind, philosophy renders essential service to religion, because it brings about certain conviction of the objects which religion holds as divine, and conceives as transcending the world, although it has not yet learned their logical necessity. It imagines, perhaps, that the mind can have experience without presupposing in its constitution the divine doctrines which it has received through tradition. But philosophy may arrive at certainty in regard to the first principle and the origin and destiny of the world and man without making man religious. He must receive the doctrine into his heart--that is the special function of religion. To know the doctrine is necessary--that is philosophy and theology, --to receive it into the heart and make it one's life is religion. I have mentioned this because philosophy has suffered under the imputation of too much ambition--aspiring to "take all knowledge for its province" or to usurp the place of religion and destroy the church.

We have seen in our previous discussions that the mind possesses *a priori* logical conditions, which enter experience and render it possible. We have seen likewise that the mind, in its first stages of consciousness, does not separate these from experience and reflect on them as special objects. It does not perceive their regal aspect, nor recognize them as fundamental conditions of existence. Nevertheless it sees what it sees by their means, and may by special reflection become conscious of their essential relation. But this higher form of reflection is preceded by many stages of spiritual education in which partial insight into these *a priori* ideas is attained. Special phases, particular aspects of them, are perceived. In the acquirement and use of language; in the formation of ethical habits; in the creation and appreciation of poetry and art; in the pursuit of science and especially in the experience of the religious life, these *a priori* presuppositions appear again and again as essential objects under various guises--a sort of masquerade in which these "Lords of Life," as Emerson calls them, pass before the soul.

The knowledge of these *a priori* elements in experience, although a special one, is the most difficult of acquirement,

and it is not a field that can be exhausted any more than the field of mathematics or the field of natural science or that of social science. New acquisitions are new tools for greater and greater acquisition.

We must expect therefore that the idea of self-activity, which we have found as the first principle, will yield us new insights into the nature and destiny of nature and man so long as we devote ourselves to its contemplation. To-day we will continue our study of its nature as the idea of God which we began in the last lecture, and note especially its bearing upon the doctrine of the Trinity.

The view current in our time that the theological doctrine of the Trinity is a useless subtlety, may be found altogether rash and unwarranted by philosophy. It is true that, while it makes these distinctions in the divine nature, theology has often disclaimed the ability to conceive or think them, but it has never proved that they were unthinkable. Theology has tried to find all of its dogmas in the intellect and to base them on the nature of reason. Some have been thoroughly demonstrated, others have been only partially expounded. In the history of the development of Christian dogmas one will find all the phases and aspects of the speculation by which the intellectual insight into the triune nature of God has become a possession of the church.

In philosophy we shall find that this distinction forms the basis of the true theory of the existence of the world, and of man's freedom and immortality. Without independence of persons and oneness of the person of God there could not be finite temporary existence nor immortal individuals.

Leaving this dogmatic statement of results and relations, let us consider the necessary inferences involved in the thought of self-activity. Self-activity has been distinguished into determining and determined, or active and passive, subject and object of activity. We identified the subject as universal, the antithesis between subject and object as the particular or special, and the total as individual. These were seen as the primordial forms of the universal, the particular and individual.

1. The self-determining, as self is pure active. Admitting that the self-active is vital and living and thinking, it is essentially self-knowing as self-active.

2. It is not adequately expressed as self-active or self-knowing, because this involves an activity that makes it self passive, or a knowing that knows itself not as subject but as object.

3. To act, simply to produce passivity within itself, is the act of self-annihilation or of self-contradiction. To know as subject one's self as object, and not as subject, is also not to know one's self purely, but to know what one is not. We see, therefore, that the explication of self-activity, or self-knowledge, or pure absolute self-consciousness, demands that the self-active shall determine itself as self-active, or that the self-conscious shall know itself as self-conscious, and that the free shall know itself as a free being.

4. It follows, therefore, that the independence of persons arises in the primordial self-active one. In order to be self-active and self-knowing it is creative and creates another which is the same as itself. In our finite knowing our thoughts and fancies exist for us, but only subjectively. In the absolute their existence as thoughts is absolute existence. Hence knowing and willing are one in God. This indeed is the ground of explanation which





theologians have used, again and again, in treating the Trinity.

5. A first absolute self-activity begets a second independent, free, perfect self-activity. The second is creative--his will and knowing are one. In knowing himself he creates a third, equal in all respects to him. But the second is begotten while the first person is unbegotten. In knowing himself, therefore, the second person makes an object of himself, not only as he is, but he makes an object also of his relation to the first, which is that of being begotten or derived from the first. In the idea of derivation and begetting there is the idea of passivity. If the second were only derived and begotten, he were only passive. But he has made himself self-active from all eternity. The passivity which is implied in derivation has been eternally annulled, but it is nevertheless an element in the self-knowledge of the Son, and, as an object known, comes to exist as created. In thinking his relation to the first person, he therefore creates a world of finite beings extending from the most passive to the most active. It is a world in which all is process of evolution--no finite existing absolutely, but relatively to the development of a higher being. All below man pass away and do not contain individuality. Man is self-determining as individual, and hence includes his own development within himself as individual, and hence is immortal and free.

6. It is the thought of a becoming, from passivity to perfect activity, involved in the recognition of the derivation of the second from the first person, that is the basis of the world. All stages of finitude are passed through. The thought of what is merely object--the thought of the mere passivity is the thought of simple externality or space. Space is the thought of one point outside of every other--no participation--simple exclusion--mere object outside the subject. Space is the first thought of the creation, the lowest thought in the divine knowing of the second person. (The mechanical, chemical and organic phases of nature we shall discuss in the next lecture.)

7. The second person knows himself as externally elevated above all finitude and passivity, although his derivation implies passivity as a logically prior condition. And as he knows this perfection as having this logical prior condition, he knows his perfect self as existing as the consummation and summit of creation. The theology calls this a procession and a double procession. Because the first person knows in the second his knowing as his own true object, hence he knows the perfect creation, and the perfect creation is a double procession.

8. What is this third perfect personality? It is the spirit of the invisible church. It is the archetype of all institutions. Man, as individual, progresses or develops by social combination with his fellow-men, and thence arise institutions of civilization--the family, civil society, the state, the church. Historical institutions being finite, and having limitations incident to organization, are perishable. But their archetype is the invisible church, into which go, or may go, all souls after death. The principle of social combination or co-operation is altruism, charity or love--the principle which sacrifices self for one's fellow-men. In that principle alone can perfect organization exist. The spirit of the invisible church, the archetype of the visible church, and of all other institutions of civilization, is the third person of the divine being,--the

spirit of love and co-operation organized into the greatest reality of the universe. For it includes all souls that have lived in the universe from the timeless beginning of the consciousness of the Eternal Word. From this view we find the world to be the process or evolution of souls so that this is the present, past or future purpose of each and all spheres in space.

9. The first self-active being, in its self-knowledge, knows no passivity, no imperfection, and hence no finite beings. The world is not to be explained from his self-knowledge except by mediation of the second person called the Eternal Word. The relation of the first person is or may be expressed therefore by justice. Justice returns the deed upon the individual and gives each its due. The due of a finite or negative being, whose individuality exists through separation and exclusion and negation of others, is therefore self-annihilation; and such is the fate of all finitude in the thought of pure self-activity, except it is saved through the intervention of the thought of the second person, who thinks his relation to the first as derivation or sonship. But the Eternal Word thinks his origination from God eternally, as an annulment of passivity, and a rising into the perfect being of the church. Here we have the form of perfect grace: A perfect being whose entire inactivity brings up from nothing finite beings, and gives the existence and progression, in order to culminate in man, who can carry out this development by uniting with his fellow-men in social union and ascend into the invisible church.

The lecturer closed by quoting passages illustrative of the kind of thinking done by the Christian fathers on this abstruse theme, quoting passages from Eusebius of Cæsarea, St. Anselm, Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas and others. He held that the concentration of thought on this problem of existence for hundreds of years had made clear what would seem at first sight to be utterly insoluble.

Among the persons present at the school in the past week have been Gen. Eaton of the national bureau of education, Dr. Rowland G. Hazard of Rhode Island, Mrs. D. A. Goddard of Boston, Mrs. H. H. Robinson and Mrs. H. R. Shattuck. Next week Julian Hawthorne will come to read his lecture on Novels. Mrs. Albee will lecture twice and Mrs. Cheney will lecture on Nirvana. Mrs. Howe's conversation which was set down for the 1st of August, will be deferred till the 9th.

(21) July 31, 1883. CONCORD PHILOSOPHY. MR. WASSON'S LECTURE BEFORE THE SCHOOL YESTERDAY. HERBERT SPENCER'S QUALITY AS A PHILOSOPHER CONSIDERED--HIS "PRINCIPLE OF BIOLOGY" CRITICISED, AND ITS ABSURDITIES SHOWN--THE LAWS OF SEGREGATION AND AGGREGATION.

The following is an abstract of Mr. Wasson's lecture before the Concord school of philosophy yesterday morning: Herbert Spencer, in the fifteenth chapter of his "First Principles," announces and undertakes to establish a law of unsurpassed and unsurpassable importance. As referred to and compactly formulated in the "Principles of Biology," it runs thus: "An incident force falling on an aggregate containing like and unlike units, segregates the like





units and separates the unlike." According to Mr. Spencer, all formation, inorganic, organic, mental, social and so on, takes place in accordance with this law, while at the same time it explains the entire process of evolution, the cause of all differentiation and disintegration is here given. We propose to test in some degree Mr. Spencer's quality as a philosopher. At the outset, it is to be observed that the proposition as it stands cannot endure examination for a moment. For countless ages winds have vexed the sea without separating the salts it contains. Incessantly the atmosphere presses upon the earth, an incident force falling on an aggregate mass of like and unlike units, and causing no separation or segregation of such units. Mr. Spencer's proposition is too big, and says more than he means; as evolution appears only in formative processes, and as his alleged law is designed to explain evolution, what he means to say is that an incident force produces such effects only when there is a definite formation. We take him as a means, and to get his meaning exactly, will here bring in a condition expressly stated by him. The incident force is one that acts indiscriminately on all parts of the mixed aggregate in question; a proposition, therefore, which would express the alleged law with entire precision would run thus: Wherever a formation takes place it is caused by an incident force which, falling on an aggregate of like and unlike units, and acting indiscriminately on all parts of such aggregate, segregates the like units and separates the unlike. This is the law which we are to examine.

We first observe that the so-called law is curiously and even ludicrously out of relation with the evolution it is to account for. The starting-point of evolution, as described by Mr. Spencer, is universal homogeneity or sameness, and out of this sameness, difference, diversity, emerges. Mr. Spencer accounts for this original and continued emergency of difference by telling us that things already different are locally separated; the starting-point of his former law of evolution is absolute and unbroken homogeneity, while the starting-point of his causal law of evolution is the actual world with all its diversities; on the other hand, there is an incessant integration of diversities, which, amid all differentiation, maintains the unity of the world. Mr. Spencer accounts for this integration of unlike things by saying that like things are integrated, or are loosely collected, or at least remain together, being already collected; thus his former law of evolution and his causal law of the same are wholly out of relation with each other; instead of covering the same universal ground, they have simply no point in common. As accounting for evolution, therefore, Mr. Spencer's great law is here to be dismissed from consideration. But we have still to inquire whether he has discovered a universal formative law, and if it appears, as it quickly will, that he has made no such discovery, we shall look to see by what trick of statement he has made a verbal show to such effect.

Mr. Spencer's attention has been drawn to some distributions of matter made by rivers, ocean waves and winds, as, for example, in the case of rivers, an accumulation of sand at one point and of mud at another. The general fact in such cases is that two forces, the one tending to displace and the other to locate, act upon a certain mass of material whose component parts differ in a single particular, as, for example, in the proportion of surface to mass or weight. Such is the point of difference in all these cases, and, owing to it, a portion of the aggregate is subject to one force, and the remaining portion to the other force, a separation, of course, ensues. It is to be observed that nothing but an incoherent collection or amorphous heap is ever found in this way, nor by any means, all collections of this sort. Mr. Spencer's law applies imperfectly to this very limited class of phenomena. It is consequently this relatively small fact which he is to blow up into a universal formative law. The process of enlargement begins at the outset. Of the small miscellany of examples which he collects to proceed upon several are flagrantly out of keeping with the conditions named; for instance, he mentions as in point the "Sheffield grinders' magnetic gauge mask," which catches the steel dust and suffers the stone dust to pass; Mr. Spencer's law requires that the separating force should act indiscriminately on all parts of a mixed aggregate. Would he have us believe that the magnetism acts indiscriminately upon the steel dust and the stone dust? If he means to say so and would sustain his assertion that magnetism acts infinitesimally and appreciably upon the stone dust also, as upon all matter whatsoever, he juggles with words, and is dishonest. If he does not mean this, what are we to think of his observation? And this is but one instance of several. Next he passes to an a priori statement designed to show what a force must do; the main proposition here is, that "a force produces like motions in units that are alike, and unlike motions in units that are unlike." Here is an enormous piece of verbal stretching. No sane mortal would give the name of like units to a swollen dead horse, an apple, a log of wood, a bundle of hay well soaked, a straw hat and a cask of brandy, yet all these might be seen borne along together by the current of a river, for all these, though grotesquely unlike, agree in the single point of their specific gravity, which is such that they float with the current, and with about the same degree of submergence. In order to make room for his law, Mr. Spencer enlarges this small special point of agreement into a total similarity, and thereupon pronounces them like units. And this egregious and absurd verbal stretching is a chief part of his philosophy as exemplified in this chapter.

We pass next to the structural formation as in crystallization; three examples of this are mentioned by Mr. Spencer, but are strewn about among facts of a quite different sort, and so manipulated as to conceal their distinctive character; yet who but looks for a moment at the fact must see that a





crystal is not formed by any sweeping force acting indiscriminately on all parts of a heterogeneous aggregate, but, on the contrary, by forces operating with exquisite discrimination between particular particles and not between those and others? Mr. Spencer, however, does not see, and this is but a portion of his not seeing in that connection. But his other obfuscations in treating of this matter cannot be noticed in this abstract.

Passing now to organic formation, we come upon somewhat still more curious. Mr. Spencer confesses that he can find his law only in the more mechanical parts of an organism, which, however, does not prevent him from confidently assuming its presence where he cannot find it. He professes to discover it in the spine and limbs. It will be sufficient for us to speak of the spine only. Here he sets out with a sounding proposition, whose apparent truth lies solely in the relation of words to words, with no relation of the whole to any known fact whatsoever. Proceeding, he brings forward some facts to prove, what everybody knows, that there is a general correspondence between structure and function. His facts really go not a jot farther, but he goes on to intimate vaguely that the vertebrate form is brought about by the method of "adaptive changes;" that is, the spine is subject to certain "muscular strains and tensions," and the vertebrate form is due to these. This means that the strains and tensions cause a demand for the vertebrate form, to which the spine responds by assuming that form; this theory has been pretty well exploded by Mr. Darwin, and Mr. Spencer adduces no evidence nor show of evidence in its favor; yet suppose we admit its truth and then bring forward Mr. Spencer's law which he here keeps well in the background; this law would say that the said muscular strains and tensions instead of merely making a demand for a certain form, themselves directly create it by separating certain like units from a certain aggregate of like and unlike ditto, conveying them to the spot and placing them in position, as the current of a river bears forward the grains of sand which gradually form a sandbank; this is simply ridiculous, and the whole argument with it.

Next, Mr. Spencer proceeds to mental action, in order to show that scientific generalizations are formed in the same way with sandbanks and mudbanks; he takes the case of a botanist making a classification; here after some skirmishing he set aside his main proposition, and substitutes for it a collateral proposition, one of several previously introduced as side props; the proposition is that "unlike forces are segregated by the reaction of uniform matters." This universal proposition comprehending all forces whatsoever, rests upon nothing but two separations--not segregations--of the various rays contained in a beam of light, and even with regard to light it is very far from holding good generally; window glass is uniform matter equally with a prism, a fact which Mr. Spencer seems to have

forgotten along with many other facts equally familiar in constructing his proposition; in short the proposition is trash, but it is to stand for Mr. Spencer's law in the present instance. He asserts in substance that a botanical classification is formed in the same way with the solar spectrum. Groups of forces proceeding from a variety of plants enter the botanist's head--as 'twould seem simultaneously and in a body. In passing through the "organs of sense and percipient centres," these are by the said organs and centres so separated, that the like groups remain together and the unlike ones apart; this representation is simply fictitious; it's an audacious fabrication of facts to suit the writer's purpose. We have no space in this abstract to name in detail the absurdities it involves, but as a specimen we may observe that Mr. Spencer assumes as the basis of the entire representation that so complex an organ as the eye, together with the optic nerve and optic sensorium, is a "uniform matter" like glass! Mr. Spencer proceeds to farther applications of his wonderful law, but as what follows is not conspicuously better and could not be worse than the foregoing, we will here take leave of him.

#### (22) Aug. 3, 1883. READINGS FROM THOREAU'S MANUSCRIPTS.

At the Concord School of Philosophy, on Friday evening of last week, the exercises consisted of readings from the Thoreau Manuscripts by Mr. Blake, after which a general and very interesting conversation ensued. The selections which were given have for the most part never appeared in print, although portions of a few of them have already been published.

Mr. Blake prefaced his reading with a few remarks to the effect that, having attended some of the lectures that had been delivered at the school, and having listened to the discussion of the abstruse subjects there presented, he had felt some hesitancy about appearing before the attendants of the institution in his present capacity. Continuing, he said, "It would be hard to find one who has shown himself more ready than Thoreau to make any sacrifice in the pursuit and practice of wisdom in the largest sense. So, though hesitating at first, I have consented to read again from a collection of extracts made some years since, trusting that you will find, in some of them at least, more or less of that charm which has attracted me.

"They may be thought extravagant. Thoreau did not aim to be careful and impartial in his statements, so much as to be emphatic. He defends extravagance on principle, thinking that we cannot be up to the occasion without it. Still, the charm is there so far as concerns his individual nature. It can, of course, hardly be described. To me it consists mainly in this--I feel in the personality of this man, as perhaps



nowhere else, the presence of a convincing witness to the element in our nature which the metaphysicians seek to set forth logically and which alone gives value to life."

The following are a few of the selections which were read by Mr. Blake:

"As I walk the railroad causeway I am disturbed by the sound of my steps on the poor ground. I wish to hear the silence of the night. I cannot walk with my ears covered, for the silence is something positive and to be heard. I must stand still and listen with open ear, far from the voices of the village, that the night may make its impression on me--a fertile and eloquent silence. Sometimes the silence is merely negative, an arid and barren waste in which I shudder, in which no ambrosia grows. I must hear the whisper of the myriad voices. Silence alone is worthy to be heard. Silence is of various depths and fertility, like soil. Now it is a mere Sahara, where we perish of hunger and thirst; now a fertile bottom or prairie in the West."

"As I leave the village, drawing nearer to the woods, I listen, from time to time, to hear the hounds of silence baying the moon to know if they are on the track of any game. If there is no Diana in the night, what it is worth? I hark the goddess Diana. The silence rings. It is musical and thrills me."

"I remember a night when the silence was audible. I heard the unspeakable. If night is mere negation of day, I hear nothing but lying steps in it. Death is with me, and life far away. If the elements are not human, if the winds do not sing or sigh as the stars twinkle, my life seems shallow. I measure the depths of my own being."

"I must walk more with free senses. It is as bad to study stars and clouds as flowers and stones. I must let my senses wander as my thoughts. My eyes see without looking."

"Carlyle said that 'how to observe was to look up.' I say that it is rather to see, and the more you look the less you will observe. I have the habit of attention to such excess that my senses get no rest, but suffer from a constant strain."

"Be not preoccupied with looking. Go not to the object; let it come to you."

"When I have found myself ever looking down and confining my gaze to the flowers, I have thought it might be well to get into the habit of observing the clouds as a corrective. But no! that study would be just as bad. What I need is, not to look at all, but a true sauntering of the eye."

"My friend is one who takes me for what I am; a stranger takes me for something else than I am. We do not speak, we cannot communicate till we find that we are recognized. The stranger supposes in our stead a third person whom we do not know, and we leave him to converse with that one. It is suicide in us to become abettors in misapprehending ourselves."

"Suspicion creates the stranger and substitutes him for a friend. I cannot abet any man in misapprehending myself."

"What men call social virtues, good fellowship, is commonly but the virtue of pigs in a litter, who lie close together to keep each other warm. It brings men together in crowds and mobs in bar-rooms and elsewhere, but it does not deserve the name of virtue."

"Now man is the devil,  
The source of all evil."

"Methinks that these persons, with their saws and their laws, do not know how glad a man can be. What wisdom, what wrong can prevail against gladness? There is no law so strong which a little gladness may not transgress. I have a room all to myself; it is Nature. It is a place beyond the jurisdiction of human governments. Pile up your books, the records of sadness, your saws and your laws. Nature is glad outside, and her many rooms within will ere long topple them down. Nature is a prairie for outlaws."

"There are two worlds, the post office and Nature. I know them both."

The conversation which followed the readings was participated in by Professor Harris, Mr. Blake, Mr. Sanborn, Mr. Snider, Mr. Emery and Miss Peabody. It was substantially as follows:

Mr. Emery--There is one phrase in these selections which you have read, of which I would like to know the meaning, Mr. Blake. What does Thoreau mean by "swearing through a glass"?

Mr. Blake--I suppose he meant that he did not want any other person's experience but his own in regard to a matter.

Mr. Emery--I thought that that was probably the sense in which he used the phrase.

Mr. Blake--Is not the phrase used in law?

Mr. Sanborn--It is a legal tradition, you know, among people that if you testify to anything which you see through a glass, the testimony is of no value.





Mr. Emery--That is, it is an old saying among people?

Mr. Sanborn--Yes; it is a maxim. There is such a proverb among people. I have heard it, but have never noticed this expression in Thoreau before, although I have heard it remarked upon. Your extracts, Mr. Blake, produce, most of them, a peculiar effect of beauty, more than I have been accustomed, from so long a reading of Thoreau, to see. I presume you selected them with some reference to their beauty?

Mr. Blake--I have not had that object particularly in view.

Miss Peabody--You would naturally take the beautiful things.

Mr. Blake--I suppose some persons might have selected those passages which show his faculty of observation, for instance, of natural objects.

Mr. Sanborn--I was struck, in listening to these selections, with what they suggested to me in regard to the criticism which has occasionally been made upon Thoreau, namely, that he was not a good observer. That remark has been made.

Mr. Blake--Yes, it has.

Mr. Sanborn--It is, perhaps, because the person who made it happened to find two or three instances in which he thought he had made a closer observation than Thoreau had. But no one could have painted that picture of the old man carrying home apples in his shoes, as given in the selection which you read, except a very close observer. It is exactly like a most minute painting. And the same is true with regard to a great many other things that occur in Thoreau's writings. I suppose that nobody in New England ever saw more clearly than Thoreau did the actual, homely existence of the New England farmer, or ever described it better. He had a distaste for anything that put itself forth ostentatiously, but, to him, the barefooted farmer, plodding along the road, would be a part of Nature.

Mr. Emery--It seems that farming as an amusement strikes one as rather surprising as coming from one who was familiar with New England homes solely.

Miss Peabody--Yes; but he suggested that they were intemperate in their amusements.

Mr. Emery--Yes; too much of a good thing.

Miss Peabody--They were thoroughly intemperate, I think.

Mr. Emery--It is an excellent and suggestive statement that making a living is a fine amusement if one does not engage in it immoderately.

Miss Peabody--Yes; lose his self-respect, perhaps.

Mr. Emery--There is one singular sentence which I noticed: "If the humming of the gnat is not as musical as the music of the spheres, and the music of the spheres is not as musical as the humming of the gnat, they are naught to me;" that is, I suppose, if I do not recognize the connections between the highest and the lowest things, I have not seen them at all. I suppose, at any rate, that that was the significance that it had to him, the hum of the gnat being a rather good illustration of the idlest and least significant things.

Professor Harris--It is very interesting to hear about his going to see what Nature has prepared for him. It is very delightful, too, where he speaks of the hymn which Nature had begun to sing within three weeks. He was a person who was conscious, analytically, of the sounds of Nature.

Mr. Snider--Also, he was the only man, or woman either (for I suppose you embrace them both in that category), in Concord who saw the orchis.

Mr. Blake--Yes; at that time he was.

Mr. Snider--That is rather significant in a man.

Mr. Sanborn--That was probably literally true at that time. Botanizing had not then become so general as it has since. There might have been two or three persons who saw it, but probably he was the only one.

Mr. Snider--These extracts are certainly very beautiful, and they are selected, perhaps, with reference to that fact. However, they ought also to reveal another thing, namely, the spiritual principle of the man. However disconnected they might be otherwise, they ought certainly to show what is going on within him, and as Thoreau himself intimates, they ought to find their unity in him and in his character. I have been thinking of how we would generalize that principle on which he lays such stress; for we all of us feel that there is something unique, that there is a unit, in all these extracts. By so doing, we shall find a spiritual principle connecting them together. Thoreau himself, to a degree, has formulated it in one of these extracts almost abstractly. It is in the idea of a quitting of and flying from institutions. He does not like them, apparently, or he does not feel at home with them; and so he leaves them and goes to Nature. He uses that term "institution" and generalizes the sum total of society under that word, I think, in one of his extracts, does he not?

Mr. Blake--Yes; in several passages I think he does. He says that he loves Nature apparently, because she is not man.



Mr. Snider--She is not man, and she has no institutions. Well, this is not only a feeling with Thoreau, but it seems, by these statements, to be also a conscious principle with him. And so he goes to Nature--and to that Nature which does not reflect the institutions of man, because Nature may be transformed so as to do so, but he does not, apparently, want to see that phase of her. He goes to Nature as such.

Well, what is the significance of that? He himself, in other extracts, gives the positive side, and we find that he makes Nature there the bearer of all that is going on within him, the means of his own culture and the expression of it.

The culture of himself and the expression of himself is through Nature. Even a Turkish war must find some expression in him, must have, in reality, a little nook in his soul; otherwise it does not mean anything at all to him.

So it is with regard to society. He feels that it drags him down. He will flee from it and go to Nature, not simply, as it seems, for the sake of Nature herself, but for the sake of himself.

Now, in all these things, therefore, the positive side seems to be the value of the individual. He lays infinite stress upon that point of the value of the individual to this world, and he elaborates it; and it lies at the basis, as well, of his negative conclusions. And from his point of view, what he writes is certainly very refreshing, and it is particularly valuable to us as a people, as we have a tendency to become absorbed the other way.

Take the expression which he uses when he says, "Fame is unjust." Probably the significance of that saying is that he don't expect fame or anything which comes from men. But go back to Nature, and, through her, get the revelation of yourself. He don't like abstractions either. Apparently Nature, in her lower forms, seems to express more to him than even in what we might call her human forms. Yet we cannot assert that, because, in the passage detailing his meeting with the old farmer, which we would probably call the best passage in these selections, he gives way to a simple delight in the natural man as near as he can be found in this New England society. He delights in him in so far as he has shaken off the conventionalities of the world, delighting in him even down to his shoes. So that, if we would see Thoreau from these two points of view, and would generalize these manifestations of him which we have had tonight, we should see that, with institutions, with society, he seems to have fallen out, and that from society, at least, he has reacted and gone back to Nature, --and Nature used as the instrument of the culture of the individual; and he lays great stress upon that side of the matter--the individual side. And that is the great significance of him in our time.

Mr. Emery--Thoreau uses one phrase that hardly coincides with that view, and one which indicated an occasional looking the other way. This is when he says that "a man is wise with the wisdom of his age, and ignorant with its ignorance," recognizing, apparently, that a man's wisdom does not come from his own activity except as he gets it from the completed relation of his age.

Mr. Snider--Only as he participates in the historic element of his time.

Mr. Blake--He considers that as a witness, I suppose, we are ignorant with the ignorance of our time as De Quincey was with his.

Mr. Emery--As Christ was with his, is the reference he makes, I think.

Mr. Snider--The expression might be interpreted otherwise according to the occasion. Men are wise (that is, the generality of men, but perhaps not I, Thoreau), and are ignorant with their age. That is their trouble. They do not know how to separate themselves from their age. I don't know that he means that, only, if he does, it would, of course, accord with the general notion of Thoreau that has been given.

Miss Peabody--I do not think you should understand Thoreau as condemning institutions if they were ideal and did justice to the social principle of the cultured man as he should be. He writes these things about the condition of society as it is. It is a momentary impression, and it is a criticism upon society. He makes Nature the standard, judged by which a man is not what he ought to be or what he should be ideally in his institutions. But he considers Nature as complete, and he brings that up as a criticism on the time. He is the critic of his time.

Mr. Blake--Yes, and one feels that he would be the critic of every time.

Miss Peabody--Don't you think he had, over and above all this, a spirit of humanity?

Mr. Blake--Oh yes, he had.

Miss Peabody--It was because he had so high an idea of humanity that he was so impatient with what he saw.

Professor Harris--There is hardly a syllable or sentence that he has ever written which does not have that profound suggestion. These passages which have been read tonight have it.

The suggestion of Mr. Snider, that the biographical element comes in, is important.

If we could have given to us Shakspeare's reflections as he should walk along through the streets or





the fields here, we know that the most wonderful things would be said. They would be valuable because they would open up to us the doors and vistas of his mind. The poet is able to construct the whole of life from a very small piece of it, just as Agassiz would construct a whole fish from a few bones.

We see that when Thoreau looks out and sees anything in Nature, he is not so negative and critical. I formerly considered this to be a protest on his part against the mechanical view of life and the slavery of one to it. I used to think that he was attempting to show that a poet could live here in America, where the iron mills rule and have sway. But the more I think about it the more am I convinced that he cared less about it, and the more I think that he really is a man who sees correspondences--and especially correspondences in Nature. He is a great soul, full of correspondences. So, when he looks down and sees some ants running about furiously, he sees that there is a great battle going on there, and he says, "Let us see how this is done." And so he writes an account in his "Walden" about that great battle of the ants. At last he takes two of them that are fighting furiously, and puts them on a chip on his window, and watches them until they eat each other up, and he makes a great poem about it.

Again, this is noticed when he takes a trip down the Concord River. "Two Weeks on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" is a wonderful book. There is poetry all through it, and also the wonderful elevation that the works of great genius have. For the poetic form of elevation, and for making you feel that you have been walking with one of those great geniuses that see the whole of soul in the slightest thing, you can find scarcely a book written in modern times that will give that impression so much as Thoreau's "Two Weeks on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers."

So my point is, that the more I know about Thoreau, the less I think that that conclusion about institutions and all that matter amounted to.

I once thought that was his chief point--that he was making a protest against the rage for making money which prevails in this country.

Miss Peabody--I know that the time when Thoreau came out of college was when Mr. Emerson first began to teach, and that there never was a time, in all the history of New England, in which the social question, the ideas about society, the question of organization, the value of institutions and the evil which might arise from institutions, were causing so much discussion as they were then. It was a most intense time. Just then Thoreau began, as it were, to make his plans and thoughts about life.

Nothing seems to me more perfectly natural than this perpetual protest that he makes about men and things as they were considered at that (to him) ideal time of life when he wants to conquer the world with his own idea.

Professor Harris--He seems to protest against mechanism, against the person who merely conforms to a humdrum life, and he very often makes us think that he is caricaturing such a person.

Mr. Sanborn--I have an impression that Thoreau will be regarded, when we get a little greater distance from him, something as we now look upon Wordsworth in England. The two men were very unlike in some respects, and especially in the fact that Thoreau had a great deal of wit and humor, while Wordsworth had little or none. Yet they both took a position exactly the same in regard to Nature, and both of them had the poetic faculty,--poetic gift, possibly I had better say,--developed to a very high degree. That is the quality in Thoreau which impresses itself more and more upon me as I hear these things read and as I read him myself. I find that he was essentially poetic. He had very little of the poetic faculty in a literal sense; that is, he did not write many good verses. Wordsworth had a great poetic faculty as well as a poetic gift. He not only wrote spontaneously, by inspiration, extremely well, but he had the art of "building" verses, as the ancients say, more than any modern poet has had. Nobody, except Landor, ever attempted it in the same degree that Wordsworth did. But when you come to prose, in which the poetic gift may be shown to a great extent, I scarcely know a writer of English, not only in our own time, but for centuries, who has written so poetically, so eloquently, as Thoreau. His sentences have the rhythm and balance and suggestive force of the best English prose, of the best French prose, and of the best Latin prose. They are simply perfect in their form. That, of itself, is a great thing; and when, added to that, there is this extreme originality and suggestiveness to which Professor Harris has alluded, we have qualities that I think will make Thoreau remembered far beyond those who, in his day and in our time, have a much greater reputation. I think I see, as well, evidences of his taking a position very high among the writers of prose in our time by virtue of this poetic gift, expressing itself in the writing of prose.

Miss Peabody--Do you think you know of any who approached him?

Mr. Sanborn--No; I think he is a better writer than Mr. Emerson. Merely in respect to style and the mastery of the English language I have for some years past thought him a better writer than Mr. Emerson. He has not the spiritual fire that Mr. Emerson has.

Miss Peabody--Emerson is a poet, and I do not think we ought to judge him by his prose, but by his



poetry. Because he had this poetical faculty he did not write such beautiful prose.

Mr. Sanborn--I look back now upon my own view of Thoreau when I first read him and heard him speak, and I wonder that I could then have thought him dull and uninteresting. He wrote with as much art as Gray and with as much eloquence as Addison, and yet he had a strength of mind far beyond either of the above. He also had an original force which made that exhilaration subservient to his thought, and brought him into the category of writers like Milton.

Miss Peabody--When I spoke of no one being his equal, I must say that I forgot Milton.

Mr. Sanborn--Thoreau was too stately sometimes when he should have been a little more familiar.

This closed the conversation. F. A. Nichols.

(23) Aug. 3, 1883. PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA. LECTURE BY MR. SANBORN UPON BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AS A PHILOSOPHIC PHILANTHROPIST--HIS BALANCE AND STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.

CONCORD, MASS., Aug. 2, 1883.--At the Concord school of philosophy, this morning, Mr. F. B. Sanborn delivered the second of his course of four lectures upon the "History of Philosophy in America," his subject for the morning being "The Philanthropic Philosophy: Benjamin Franklin." The following is an abstract: "I have sometimes had occasion to say," wrote Franklin to an English friend in 1786, "that it is prodigious the quantity of good that may be done by one man, if he will make a business of it." No better illustration of this saying was ever seen than the career of Franklin, who, in his long life, from 1706 to 1790, devoted himself to philanthropy as other men do to the acquisition of money, or the pursuits of ambition. Franklin's chief ambition was to do good, and his genius was such that he could do it on a grand scale.

He was born a Puritan, though he did not long remain such; and he grew up under the strong impressions of Puritan discipline, which, though favorable to philanthropy in the next generation, did not naturally produce it. The school to which Franklin belonged was of a more practical kind than that of Edwards, and sought directly the "relief of man's estate," rather than "the glory of the Creator." Franklin was no saint and no martyr, though honest and courageous enough, and far above the low moral level of the century in which he lived, and to which he contributed its most characteristic impulse.

Such good qualities as Franklin possessed are not based on mere goodness of nature, but they rest solidly on the convictions of philosophy, which con-

victions, in his case, were mainly ethical; the speculative element did not enter largely into them. The sovereignty of God, as taught by Edwards, would have seemed to Franklin too metaphysical. In one of his writings Franklin makes the distinct statement that human happiness is the test of what is right, a fearful heresy in the Puritanic scheme of philosophy, and a statement which made the wide variance in feeling between Franklin and Edwards. Our eudaemonistic philosopher lived to modify his system, but I fancy that he adhered to it in the main. It could hardly be said of any man so emphatically, as of Franklin, that he did not live in vain, even taking into view his material achievements alone. Franklin, first of all the great men of his century, seems to have understood what democracy signified and what it would grow into; nor did he ever shrink back from its consequences, provided it took effect in an "enlightened" country. He was fond of the word "enlightenment," and did not consider it as standing for a shallow knowledge and vain hopes. The lecturer here cited "The Parable Against Persecution," as arranged by Franklin, as an illustration of the advantage which the philanthropic philosophy has over some others, in that it can use wit in its demonstrations and inferences, to an extent not admissible in the stricter methods of speculative thought. Franklin's philosophy would have allowed as many kings in heaven as Dr. Watts saw there; but his political principles were firm, and the light of his wit, playing about them, only revealed more clearly their immovable basis.

The direct continuation in America of Franklin's political philanthropism was Jefferson, who had the good fortune to carry it forward into an organized and firmly established system of government, differing in many particulars from that which Franklin favored, but resembling it in the main feature,--a profound trust in the people. Franklin was first of all the embodiment of self-help. He was the most generous, the most honorable, the most amiable and companionable of men. The lecturer closed by dwelling at some length upon Franklin's personal qualities, giving as his reason therefor that, on the whole, no American has so strongly or permanently influenced the philosophy of his countrymen as Franklin has done, and still does.

The evening lecture was by Mr. Denton J. Snider upon "The Odyssey."

(24) Aug. 4, 1883. CONCORD PHILOSOPHY. LECTURES YESTERDAY BY MESSRS. SANBORN AND HARRIS. THE FORMER DISCOURSES ON AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY AND REFERS TO THE PRO-SLAVERY EPOCH--THE LATTER EXPLAINS THE LAWS OF THOUGHT--NO SESSION TODAY.







CONCORD, MASS., Aug 3, 1883.--At the summer school of philosophy, this morning, Mr. Frank B. Sanborn delivered the third of his course of four lectures, his subject being, "The Negation of Philosophy." In beginning, he said that in using the word "philosophy," he meant philosophy of life, not a speculative system of thought or intellectual knowing. After describing the condition of the country during the period ending in 1850, especially as relating to the denial of those fundamental principles of liberty on which the government was founded, he said: This period, then, I call our national negation of philosophy, and I find its explanation, in part, the speculative defects of the two philosophies that had preceded it, --the puritanic and the philanthropic, --neither of which was grounded on a correct view of the origin of human knowledge as the objects of human life. Noble as was the puritan principle of self-abnegation before the unlimited sovereignty of God, and generous as was the sentiment inspiring Franklin, Jefferson, and the other philanthropists who sought the earthly happiness of mankind, both schools omitted to consider certain facts in the human constitution, which, if neglected, would cause the Puritan to degenerate into a formalist or a selfish despot, and change the friend of mankind into a mere materialist, pursuing his own egoistic aims, or contriving for others an imperfect realization of their high destiny. It required great elevation of soul to prevent the philosophy of the eighteenth century from sinking into Epicurean materialism, and though, Franklin and Jefferson held themselves above this, they were yet, in fundamental opinion, of the school which Hobbes and Locke founded, and which Hume carried to its culmination.

The lecturer quotes passages from the writings of Jefferson and Adams in evidence of this. He then continued: Bear in mind that at this time, 40 years after Kant had published his greatest work, neither Jefferson nor Adams, who had both lived in Europe for years, knew anything whatever of that philosopher or of any of his successors. And their ignorance, which was that of learned and thoughtful men, was repeated with more profound darkness in the minds of their countrymen. It was not till after 1820 that any of our Americans had any practical acquaintance with Plato or the German philosophy, though from boyhood Emerson had found Plato a fascinating author. It was Plato who said that "the problem of philosophy is to find a ground unconditional and absolute for all that exists conditionally." This was precisely what our countrymen, in the period of which I speak, not only did not, but what they hardly thought of doing. They lived in the present and for the present; their only strong interest and common ground being patriotism, and a devotion to "the Union," or that form of national life which their fathers had invented, and they were themselves maintaining and extending. To this national form they sacrificed ideal virtue at every opportunity, and to this they were ready to sacrifice, so far as could be judged by their utterances, all those principles, one after

the other, which their fathers had carefully laid at the foundation of the national structure. They therefore appeared to be ignorant even of "the ground unconditioned and absolute" of their own existence as a people, and to be perpetually at war with their own Declaration of Independence, which the two great philanthropists, Jefferson and Franklin, had drawn up.

This deep internal negation at the heart of the national life showed itself most openly, of course, in the institution of human slavery and all that gathered about it. Against this institution the philanthropists had early and strongly declared themselves, --Jefferson in the Declaration itself, by a clause which the slaveholders and slavetraders struck out; and Franklin by that excellent satire written on his deathbed, in which he compared the slavery of the blacks to that imposed on white Christians by the Algerines. The supposed member of the Divan of Algiers, who there opposed the petition of "the sect called Erika, or Purists, praying for the abolition of piracy and slavery as being unjust," used in Franklin's satire the very arguments we so constantly heard in our youth in favor of Southern slavery: "Is their condition, then, made worse by falling into our hands? No; they have only exchanged one slavery for another, and I may say a better; for here they are brought into a land where the sun of Islamism gives forth its light and shines in full splendor, and they have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true doctrine, and thereby saving their immortal souls. Nor can the plundering of infidels be in our sacred book forbidden, since it is well known from it that God has given the world and all that it contains to his faithful Musselmen, who are to enjoy it of right as fast as they conquer it. Let us then hear no more of this detestable proposition, the manumission of Christian slaves; the adoption of which would, by depreciating our lands and houses, and thereby depriving so many good citizens of their properties, create universal discontent and provoke insurrection, to the endangering of government and the producing general confusion. I have therefore no doubt but this wise council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a whole nation of true believers, to the whim of a few Erika, and dismiss their petition."

Franklin was himself one of these American Purists, but the wise council of his country did, year after year, dismiss their petition for justice to the blacks. But the slow and sure course of justice was thereby delayed, not prevented; and it was only by the goodness of God, and by a return, sudden and sharp, to the philanthropic and puritanic principles of mercy and justice which had founded our nation, that we were able, through war and emancipation, to preserve it from the fate which Wordsworth had symbolized in his great poem of "Dion."

Ill-fated land! there are whose hopes are built

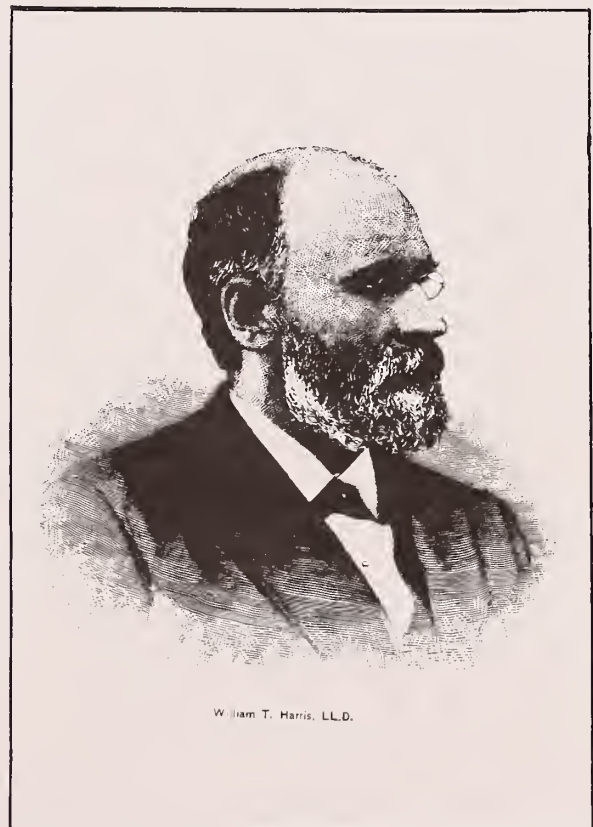


Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;  
 Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,  
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim!  
 O matchless perfidy! portentous lust  
 Of monstrous crime, that horror-striking  
 blade,  
 Drawn in defiance of the gods, had laid  
 The noble work of Franklin low in dust--

had not a better genius than that dark familiar of "Dion" protected America. This smothered injustice in our national compact, could not fail to show itself at every crisis, in the form of mortal danger; just as fire bursts forth at the windows of a house. It poisoned every act and motive at last; and the great republic became a burlesque on its own name. Every powerful person in state or church, came to this stumbling block, to be sooner or later broken to pieces on it, unless he saved himself by siding with the just and complaining minority, as John Quincy Adams did. Calhoun, Clay, Webster--the eminent divines of the popular churches--all had this experience, one after another.

In the evening Mr. W. T. Harris lectured on the laws of thought and the categories of knowledge. He said: Being thus has three distinct aspects, according to the stage of consciousness which thinks it. But common to all the senses in which it is used, it has the acceptance of a category of the greatest extent. Technically, therefore, in philosophy it may be employed to denote the category of the first stage of consciousness. The most immature mind thinks all objects as having being. All objects to it are coördinate and of equal validity in this respect. The moment we begin to observe relations, this coördination vanishes, and we make the terms of experience unequal. This object depends upon that object in some respect, and therefore is not coördinate, but subordinate to it. This belongs to that, and is only a manifestation of its energy or sphere of influence. Here we come to the categories of essence and cause. Essence and cause imply the second stage of consciousness in that they express a dualism of object and environment. Essence is technically used to express the being on which another being depends. Cause expresses still more clearly the same thought. When we regard an object as modified through its environment we think energy which imparts the impulse as the essence and the modification effected as the manifestation or phenomenon. But, underlying the idea of cause as origination of influence, there is the idea of self-activity, causa sui or personality, as the pre-supposition of all. These categories, being, essence and personality, reveal to us again, therefore, the three stages of the development of consciousness. The science of logic states three laws of thought which correspond to these three stages of consciousness, although they may be looked upon as three statements of the same principle. These are the so-called principles of identity, contradiction, and excluded middle. The formula for the

principle of excluded middle tells us of two mutual contradictories; we can affirm existence of only one. This principle adds the concept of totality to that of identity and contradiction, and therefore relates to the idea of ground or logical condition, the third stage of consciousness. It is of the utmost importance in philosophy to recognize the negative in all forms that it assumes. It is the principle of limit, of specialty and particularity, hence of all distinction and difference; it is likewise the principle of all contrariety, and hence of essence, force, cause and substance. What is most wonderful is that it is the principle of life and thinking, only that in these realms it appears as self-related. It sounds absurd and pedantic in the highest degree to speak of self-negativity as the principle of mind. But, really, there is no insight possible into self-activity and the logical conditions of experience, without some recognition of self-negation; as self-negation is also affirmative, because it is identity as well as distinction. We must see that the categories of experiments and the world are not based on being, or even on essence, but that being and essence are based on this negative process of self-relation, which we recognize as pure energy, causa sui, or personality. This alone is the root of individuality, independence and freedom. The idea of God is the unfolding of its complete, positive import. There will be no meeting of the school today, as many of its members propose to visit Rocky Point.



William T. Harris, L.L.D.





(25) Aug. 6, 1883. THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AS A PHILANTHROPIST. MR. SANBORN'S LECTURE ON THE PHILANTHROPIC PHILOSOPHY--DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

CONCORD, Thursday, August 2. The lectures at the Concord school this week have been literary as well as philosophic, Julian Hawthorne's essay on "Novels" being a fine piece of literary criticism as well as a philosophic analysis of the art of the novelist, and the nature of the modern agnostic, who is not so altruistic as to be impervious to satire. "He can obey the superhuman requirements of the religion of humanity, before which angels might quail," said Mr. Hawthorne, "but cannot endure the least ridicule." The audience was the largest that has yet assembled, and everybody was charmed with Mr. Hawthorne's thought, and with the felicity of his statements. Mr. Snider's two lectures on Homer have also happily blended literature with philosophy, and last night Mr. Mead lectured very acceptably on Carlyle and Emerson. This morning Mr. Sanborn gave his second lecture, taking up Benjamin Franklin as the sequel and counterpart to Jonathan Edwards, and giving Franklin the distinction of standing at the head of the philanthropic philosophy so much in vogue in the 18th century, and which has culminated at last in democracy in America and Europe.

Mr. Sanborn began as follows: "I have sometimes had occasion to say," wrote Franklin to an English friend in 1783, "that it is prodigious the quantity of good that may be done by one man, if he will make a business of it." No better illustration of this saying was ever seen than the career of Franklin himself, who in his long life, from 1706 to 1790, devoted himself to philanthropy as other men do to the acquisition of money or the pursuits of ambition. Franklin was not without ambition, nor did he at all undervalue money; but his chief ambition was to do good, and his genius was such that he could do it on a grand scale. He had, indeed, a genius for doing good, as the poet has a genius for poetry, and the general for war. But this genius, and the singular opportunities for philanthropy which his life afforded, could not have resulted in such conspicuous service to mankind, had not the 18th century favored a philanthropic philosophy, of which we find few traces before Franklin's time. He was born a Puritan, though he did not long remain such; and he grew up under the strong impressions of Puritan discipline, which, though favorable to the growth of philanthropy in the next generation, did not naturally produce it. The Puritan, like the Mussulman, was too much occupied with the exercises of his own religion, and with his duty in protecting and extending it, to have much time for doing good to other men in the secular way; and even Edwards, with all his self-devotion, would labor a week for the doctrinal improvement and spiritual soundness of his hearers sooner than he would spend a day in care for their material good. "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness" was the voice to which he listened; but the school to which Franklin belonged was

of a more practical kind, and sought directly "the relief of man's estate" rather than "the glory of the Creator,"--these being, according to Lord Bacon, the two great objects of knowledge and human endeavor. It was Bacon indeed (in his essay on "Goodness of Nature") who first in England set forth the whole doctrine of philanthropy, and even brought the word out as language, nearly 300 years ago. "I take goodness," said Bacon, "in this sense,--the affecting of the weal of men--which is what the Grecians call Philanthropia; and the word Humanity, as it is used, is a little too light to express it. Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of mind is the greatest, being the character of the Deity, and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin." And then, after some prudent observations on the errors into which philanthropy may fall, Bacon says,--and his words might almost be taken as describing Franklin: "The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them; if he be compassionate toward the afflictions of others, it shows his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm; if he easily pardons and remits offenses, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot; if he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash."

Here, however, the portrait of Franklin stops, in Bacon's essay, and he goes on to name a tract which at once recalls the Puritan, and suggests Edwards and Hopkins, rather than the comfortable and comfort-bringing inventor of lightning-rods and Franklin stoves. "Above all," says Bacon, "if he have St. Paul's perfection,--that he would wish to be anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren--it shows much of a divine nature, and much of a conformity with Christ himself." At this point then we leave Franklin and come to John Brown, in whom, after a century's absence, the Puritan philosophy of self-sacrifice to the thought of duty and the foreordination of God re-appeared in all its austere greatness. The Puritan was not dead, as we thought, but only retired from the cities to men, to the cabin of the shepherd and the pioneer:--

Where he, though blind of sight,  
Despised and though extinguished quite,  
With inward eyes illuminated,  
His fiery virtue roused  
From under ashes into sudden flame.  
So Virtue, given for lost,  
Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,  
Like that self-begotten bird  
In the Arabian woods inobscured,  
That no second knows nor third,  
And lay 'erewhile a holocaust,  
From out her ashy womb, now teemed,  
Revives, reflowerishes; then vigorous most  
When most unactive deemed;  
And though her body die, her fame survives  
A secular bird, ages of lives.

Franklin was no saint and no martyr, though honest and courageous enough, and far above the low moral level of





the century in which he lived, and to which he contributed its most characteristic impulse. He both received and gave the philanthropic fire of the age; it would have been there without him, as the lightning would have been in the cloud which he tapped with his kite and key; but it was Conklin who taught that fire and that lightning to follow his plain and easy road, and plod along in the service of man. "He snatched the lightning from heaven and the scepter from kings," said Turgot; but I would prefer to say, "He coaxed the lightning from heaven and the scepter from kings,"--for the methods of Franklin were never abrupt or harsh, like those of Puritanism. They stole in upon mankind like the warm and unobserved but resistless breathing of spring.

So Vernon lived,  
Considerate to his kind. His love bestowed  
Was not a thing of fractions, half-way done;  
But with a mellow goodness like the sun  
He shone o'er mortal hearts, and brought their buds  
To blossom softly, thence to fruits and seed.  
Forbearing too much counsel, yet with blows  
In pleasing reason urged he took their thoughts  
As with a mild surprise; and they were good,  
Even though they knew not whence the influence  
came,  
Nor once suspected that from Vernon's heart,  
That warm o'ercircling heart, their impulse flowed.

It is a modern poet who has thus drawn the picture of Franklin without intending it; but Franklin himself in his toilsome youth, while a stranger in little Philadelphia, to which he ran away from little Boston, portrayed himself, with an instinctive foresight of genius. At the age of 23 Franklin thus described an imaginary person, such as the world acknowledged him to be 60 years later. "I believe long habits of virtue have a sensible effect on the countenance. There was something in the air of this man's face that manifested the true greatness of his mind; which likewise appeared in all he said, and in every part of his behavior, obliging us to regard him with a kind of veneration. His aspect is sweetened with humanity and benevolence, and at the same time emboldened with resolution; equally free from diffident bashfulness and an unbecoming assurance. The consciousness of his own innate worth and unshaken integrity renders him calm and undaunted in the presence of the most great and powerful, and upon the most extraordinary occasions. He always speaks the thing he means, which he is never afraid or ashamed to do, because he knows he always means well. He never contrives ill against his neighbors, and therefore is never seen with a lowering, suspicious aspect. A mixture of innocence and wisdom makes him ever seriously cheerful. His generous hospitality to strangers; his goodness, his charity, his courage in the cause of the oppressed; his fidelity in friendship, his humility, his honesty and sincerity; his piety, his temperance, his love to mankind, his magnanimity, his public-spiritedness, and, in fine, his consummate virtue, make him justly to be esteemed the glory of his country."

These eulogistic words painting the ideal of young Franklin in 1729 hardly come up to the actual description of old Franklin, as he moved among the factions of English party in the years preceding our Revolution, or received the homage of queens and nobles just before the downfall of

that splendid society of the old régime in France. Now such great qualities are not based on mere goodness of nature, nor on the custom and conformity of mankind, however polished; they must rest solidly upon the convictions of philosophy. These convictions, in Franklin's case were mainly ethical; the speculative element did not enter largely into them; but he accepted, to some extent, the Puritanic philosophy which I have hinted at in a former lecture. The sovereignty of God, as taught by Edwards, would have seemed to Franklin too metaphysical; yet in the main he held to that sovereignty in the Puritan sense. In that affecting speech which Franklin addressed to Washington in the convention that framed our constitution in 1788,--recommending daily prayers,--he said: "I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?" Three years later, and but five weeks before his death, Franklin wrote to President Stiles of Yale College: "I believe in one God, the creator of the universe; that he governs it by his providence; that he ought to be worshipped." But he added, as if containing the practical part of this philosophy: "I believe that the most acceptable service we can render him is doing good to his other children; that the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this," and it is plain that he thought the good of others was to be consulted quite as much for the sake of our own pleasure, as because it was acceptable to God; at least, that was the earlier and more selfish view which he took.

Mr. Sanborn went on to say that Franklin was the first man who fully understood the true nature and expansive force of democracy, and that he based his anticipations of the future greatness of America upon this insight which he had into the democratic idea in practical development. Nor did he shrink back, as many of his contemporaries did, from the ultimate consequences of democracy, provided it took effect in an "enlightened" country. He was fond as his contemporaries were of this word "enlightenment" which has now become a sort of reproach,--as if the period of enlightenment were necessarily one of shallow knowledge and vain hopes. It did not stand so in the capacious mind of Franklin; and whatever opinions he seriously entertained, it will be well for us to consider it seriously before we reject them. Writing in 1786 to an English bishop, he said of the new democratic government in America: "We are in the right road of improvement, for we are making experiments. I do not oppose all that seem wrong; for the multitude are more effectually set right by experience than kept from going wrong by reasoning with them. And I think we are daily more and more enlightened; so that I have no doubt of our obtaining in a few years as much public felicity as good government is capable of affording." "I have seen many countries," Franklin said on another occasion, "and I do not know a country in the world in which justice is so well administered, where protection and favor have so little power to impede its operations, and where debts are recovered with so much facility. Would this happen if we were such a collection of scoundrels and villains as we have been represented? And insurrections against our rulers are not only unlikely (as the rulers are the choice of the people) but unnecessary; as, if not liked, they may be changed annually





by the new elections." These arguments are now familiar, and experience has shown their sense; but they were reasonable to Franklin 100 years ago, as they are to the friends of popular government to-day.

The different manner in which government was regarded by the philanthropists and the Puritans will perhaps appear most striking if I cite here a letter from Franklin to Thomas Paine, before the latter published his books against the religion of his time. Franklin would dissuade him from doing so, but on grounds of prudence and propriety rather than because such a work would be a sin against God, and would hazard the salvation of men, which would have been the Puritan reason for suppressing it. Franklin wrote to Paine: "By your argument against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. Though your reasonings are subtle and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject; and the consequence of printing this piece will be a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you and no benefit to others. But, were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself would find it easier to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inconsiderate, inexperienced youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes habitual, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to religion originally, --that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talent of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother."

How just and kindly all this is! Yet how far from the Puritanic severity toward men who sinned in opinion!

The direct continuator in America of Franklin's political philanthropism was Jefferson; who had the good fortune to carry it forward into an organized and firmly established system of government, --differing in many particulars from that which Franklin favored, but resembling it in its main feature--a profound trust in the people. In this essential point Franklin and Jefferson were united; and it was the task of the younger philosopher to continue and develop the political system of the elder, upon this line of deep-seated faith in democracy. The European philanthropists of the 18th century were nearly all stopped short of democracy, either by natural limitations, or by a factitious horror into which the excesses of the French revolution had thrown them. Most of these European philosophers were aristocratic by position, like Shaftsbury and Bolingbroke; or by an esthetic bias like Voltaire and Burke; or by the accident of their political situation and social surroundings, like the Pitts, father and son, Turgot, Fox and Mirabeau, --if Mirabeau can be called a philosopher at all, and not a mere elemental human force, called into action by the exigencies of revolution. Jefferson, also, was aristocratic by position--for the gentry of Virginia, to which he belonged, were as proud and exclusive in spirit as the older aristocracies of Europe. But by nature Jefferson, like Franklin, was

democratic; and both fell easily into that strong movement toward democracy which they shared and largely directed. It was their felicity to have for their political stage a new country, whose every physical condition was favorable to the growth of the new idea; and to live in a century when the strong philanthropic bias in sentiment and thought gave theoretic democracy every opportunity. To reduce this theory to practice was the task of America, and in this work the endowments of many men found a place of usefulness. Franklin was, first of all, the embodiment of self-help and the standing reputation of what the fixed orders of society are supposed to exist for, --namely, to develop and bring forward talent that can serve the state. Here in colonial America were the church, the college, the magistracy, the accumulated wealth and social tradition such as could exist in a colony; but in disregard of all these avenues to distinction, nature obstinately put forward this poor Boston printer, --heretical in doctrine, doubtful in morals, without family or influence behind him, but distinctly and illustriously the son of his own achievements. And, strangest of all, this plebeian Poor Richard was found to possess more princely qualities than men born in the purple. He was the most generous, the most honorable, the most amiable and companionable of men; wherever he appeared men and women delighted in him; the aristocrats themselves took lessons from him in their own art of pleasing and governing mankind. Could we have, then, a more brilliant example of what human nature might be and do, if only these chains of custom, these weights of privilege were taken off, and the career of power opened to every man according to his talent? It was this question asked and silently answered which gave Franklin the otherwise unaccountable prominence which he took and maintained among the powerful men of his time, --which made Hume compliment him without envy, Voltaire embrace him as a son and Chatham lean upon him in the sharpest crisis of his political fortunes.

As the questioning scientist of this generation--wiser, as he fancies himself, than the children of light--looks back upon Franklin's scientific renown, he finds little on which to base it; and the political critic of our time makes himself merry with Franklin's mistakes in public economy and in the organization of government. Nevertheless, the world of Franklin's day was right, and our questioning critics are wrong in estimating the bulk of our great practical philosopher. They do not see him as he was, for they cannot behold behind him, and as it were, a part of himself, the strong and eager motion of his century toward democracy. He might say to them as Talbot said to the French countess who thought she had him in chains:--

No, no; I am but shadow of myself;  
You are deceived, my substance is not here;  
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,  
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,  
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Before the revolution, that began in 1775 and is still going on, Franklin might have said this to the aristocracies of Europe and America; and at any time since that revolution has taken effect--now here, now there, --he might say:--

How say you, madam? are you not persuaded





That Franklin is but shadow of himself?  
 These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,  
 With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,  
 Razeth your cities and subverts your towns,  
 And in a moment makes them desolate.

For, in truth, all the victories of liberty since 1775 have grown out of the movement which Franklin and his brother philanthropists set going,--which made Washington its willing and Napoleon its unwilling soldier, and which has known how to extract an equal good from the campaigns of Garibaldi, of Grant and of Bismarck. There are those who think these victories defeats, and who complain that with all their advance in liberty the human race is no better off than before. Such was by no means Franklin's opinion. He carried through life his youthful optimism, and was as sanguine of future happiness, both in this world and in that to which he was hastening, at the age of 82 as other people are at 22,--or at whatever early period of life we anticipate most and dismiss doubt from our minds.

(26) Aug. 7, 1883. JULIAN HAWTHORNE AT CONCORD. HIS LECTURE BEFORE THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

CONCORD, Friday, August 3. "Is Saul also among the prophets?" expressed no more surprise than many people of to-day will have to hear that Julian Hawthorne, a professional novelist of England and America, has been philosophizing among the sages and metaphysicians of Concord. This town was his father's home at three periods of his life--immediately on his marriage in 1842, when he occupied the Old Manse for three or four years; again in 1852, when he bought Mr. Alcott's Hillside cottage and changed its name to "The Wayside," and finally in 1860, when he returned from Europe to the Wayside, rebuilt the house with its tower, as it now stands, and occupied it till his death in 1864. As a boy, therefore, Julian Hawthorne knew Concord well, though he was born in Boston (in 1846) and spent his early childhood in Lenox. His school education was mainly in Concord, where in 1860-62 he was a pupil of Mr. Sanborn's at what was then known as the "Concord school," and he entered Harvard from Concord in 1863. He did not graduate with his class in 1867, but pursued engineering studies and athletic exercises at Cambridge until the autumn of 1868, when he went to Germany for two years, and since 1872 has lived mostly abroad, either in Germany or England. Returning home in 1882, he spent some months in his father's house here, but is now a resident of Morrisania, within the limits of New York city, though in the open country, where he is at present engaged on a biography of his father, which Osgood will publish next winter.

The occasion of Julian Hawthorne's lecturing at the school of philosophy was this: Having been invited to address the Nineteenth Century club in New York last winter, he gave there an essay on "Novels" which was reported in the newspapers, and attracted much attention. Coming under the eyes of his Concord friends, they found in it so much philosophic analysis that they agreed, when it was seen that Mr. Alcott could not lecture this summer, to invite Mr. Hawthorne to give this essay in place of one of the conversations which Mr. Alcott would have held. The

invitation was accepted, the essay re-written, so as to differ much from that which was read in New York, and was delivered here in the Hillside chapel on Tuesday morning to the largest audience which has this year listened to the Concord lectures. There was much curiosity to hear what the young novelist would say about his own art, and what criticism he would pass on his contemporaries in English and American fiction, and everybody went away delighted not only with the grace and wit of the lecture; but with the profound insight it displayed of the essential characteristic of fiction as an art, and of the general effect on art, in all its fields, of the present agnostic and self-analyzing tendency among cultivated persons. He pointed out that the novelists of America and our artists also are very susceptible to the new influences, and that the Russian Tourgenieff, whom he called "the parent of recent fiction," had very strongly affected Henry James and some other Americans of genius. Of the agnostics in general he gave a lively picture; quoting their definition of life as "the predicament previous to death"; and saying, "If the Bible turn out true, their disappointment will be an agreeable one,--if not, they will not be disappointed at all." Under the agnostic dispensation he thought that artists will become shy of justifying their own title; and he would advise them, if they must belong to this school, "not to be resigned or complacent agnostics." He stoutly upheld idealism in fiction, against all realism, especially what he calls mere "realism of texture," which he thought was too visible in the elaborate work of Mr. Howells. He praised the author of "Uncle Remus" as capable of writing better than most American novelists had done; thought well of Mr. Cable and his novels, but had not read them all; and had a good word for Mr. Crawford's successful books. In fact, his criticism of his brother artists was genial and not likely to give offense by its terms, though it might do so from the unsparing principles of art which he laid down for their acceptance.

This was the second time only that Mr. Hawthorne has lectured, and his success was such that he ought seriously to be considered as a new and available lecturer. His manner is very modest, without the painful shyness which his father had, and in appearance he now much resembles the elder Hawthorne, though hardly so large or so handsome. His voice is deep and pleasing, and by practice would become very agreeable to an audience; while few of the literary essayists who lecture have so keen and finished a style as this lecture displayed. It is to be published in autumn in the Princeton Review, whence newspapers will be apt to cut out for republication its pithy and suggestive sentences. Mr. Albee, the Newcastle poet, is the literary lecturer here next week; and the feminine philosophers--Miss Peabody, Mrs. Cheney and Mrs. Howe--will all lecture next week. The school will close on Friday with lectures by Miss Peabody and Mr. Sanborn.

(27) Aug. 7, 1883. CONCORD PHILOSOPHY. YESTERDAY'S SESSIONS--PROFESSOR HARRIS CONSIDERS THE ORDERS OF BEING IN NATURE.

CONCORD, MASS., Aug. 6, 1883.--The speaker this morning at the Concord School of Philosophy was Mr. John Albee, who delivered the first of two lectures upon "The Norman Influences in English





Language and Literature." The lecture was very interesting and was attentively listened to by the audience present. The evening lecture was by Professor Harris, and his subject was: "The World as Revelation of the Divine First Cause." The following is an abstract:--

It is our object in this lecture to consider the orders of being in nature in the light of the idea of creation already developed. Science in our time interprets the phases of nature in the light of the principle of evolution. In the "struggle for existence" one order develops into another. When we have seen how a species has arisen from a lower one and how a higher has ascended from it in this struggle we have explained it in the spirit of science in our day. Let us notice that this "struggle for existence" as a manifestation of self-determination is evident enough, and the adoption of this point of view marks the arrival at an epoch in which the orders of being will be seen as a progressive revelation of the divine:--

A subtle chain of countless rings  
The next unto the farthest brings;  
.....  
And striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the spires of form.

This is Emerson's statement of the doctrine in 1836. How does this idea of evolution agree with the idea of creation as we have found it in considering what follows from self-activity as the first principle? The self-active is self-determining and self-knowing, subject and object. But, as object, it is also self-knowing and self-determining. In this we find as yet no necessity for creation of finite beings. The All-perfect knows himself as all perfect, and his knowing is creating because will and knowing are one in the absolute. Knowing himself he creates for this self-knowing, self-willing and hence pure self-activity like himself a creator. But the second self-activity in knowing itself knows its relation to the first--a relation of derivation, and, in knowing it, creates it. It was in this contemplation by the second, of his derivation from the first, that we found the ground of creation of a world of finite beings. The second knows himself as pure self-activity, but as having made himself such from a state of mere passivity implied in derivation. The state of passivity has been transcended, must have been transcended, ever since the first came to self-knowledge. But as absolute self-knowledge is necessary in the first principle, the same has been attained by the second from all eternity. Hence the passivity involved in a derivation from the first is only a logical presupposition, and not chronological. It being necessary that this logically prior state of passivity should be known by the second person in recognizing his derivation from the first, it follows that he creates a third, not simply like himself, but as eternally proceeding from the depths of passivity.

The perfect which is a procession is eternally perfect, but the passive is an ascending series of orders of being in a state of becoming an evolution from passivity to self-activity. The becoming or evolution has necessarily the form of time, because there is change and decay. It has the form of space, because passivity involves externality or exclusion; for it arises only in what is self-active, but is its opposite and hence excludes it. But as this evolution is as eternal as the self-knowledge of the second person, the world in time and space is eternal, although of necessity its individuals exist only in a state of transition and loss of individuality. Suns and planets have their youth and old age just as animals and plants. But just as sure as there is a realm of perishable individuals the end of whose existence is evolution, just so sure there must be a realm of immortal individuals ascending out of the lower realm of evolution and belonging to a realm wherein self-evolution or education prevails.

Says Emerson: "It is a sufficient account of that appearance we call the world that God will teach a human mind," etc. Vanishing beings, such as belong to the realm of evolution, form together what may be called an "appearance," or manifestation of a process. The theory of evolution interprets the history of the individual by the law of the process which is that of the struggle for existence or the struggle for freedom and self-determination. This struggle is the school of development of individuality. There is no individuality where there is no self-activity. Individuality rises higher in the scale as it approaches the form of knowledge and will.

A compendious survey shows us three orders of being: (a) inorganic nature; (b) life, realized in plant and animal; (c) self-conscious intelligence realized in man. There are three principles in the first of these realms, progressively realized. They are first mechanism or externality, which is void of an internal bond of unity. Space and time, mere materiality, mere exclusion and impenetrability, in so far as they appear in nature, characterize this realm of mechanism. In so far as there appears dependence of one being upon another we have a principle which attains its typical form in chemical unity. Each manifests another. Gravitation, even, is such a manifestation. But in this phase of being, there is a mediation of one through another which in its highest type is teleological. Teleology is the third phase of the inorganic, and points toward life as its presupposition. Life manifests the phases of universal particular and individual--in a process in which there is species and individual and self-determination manifested. In the plant the species only manifests self-determination, each motion being the evolution of a new individual out of the old one. But in animal life there comes feeling and locomotion. On the scale of feeling there develops sense perception and representation in its two phases of recollection and fancy. When the animal



progresses beyond recollection and fancy to generalization he becomes immortal as an individual. This topic is reserved for the next lecture.

(28) Aug. 8, 1883. PHILOSOPHY AT CONCORD. LECTURES BY MRS. CHENEY AND MR. ALBEE. A STUDY OF NIRVANA--NORMAN INFLUENCES IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE--WHAT ENGLISH SPEAKERS OWE TO THE NORTHMEN.

CONCORD, Aug. 7, 1883.--Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney and Mr. John Albee were the lecturers at the school of philosophy today. Mrs. Cheney lectured in the forenoon upon "A Study of Nirvana." A full abstract follows:--

The acceptance of the doctrine of Nirvana by a large portion of the human race has been brought forward as an argument for pessimism, proving that annihilation is esteemed the highest good to be hoped for. This belief is contrary to the instincts of humanity, but the statement of its wide acceptance could not be disproved until modern scholarship revealed to us the real import of this word. Besides the knowledge of this religion gained from scholars we have now a familiar intercourse with many of the people professing it, and it therefore becomes of practical importance to us to understand this word in its relation to human life. According to Edwin Arnold this doctrine is professed by not less than 470,000,000 of the human race, and the testimony of travellers is that their religion is inwoven with their whole lives, and that the doctrine of Nirvana is accepted by all, and not in dispute by the different sects into which Buddhists are divided. The doctrine of Nirvana is negative in form, it lays its stress on what is escaped, or what we are freed from, but if we examine it carefully we find that it is not negative in substance, but is an affirmative resulting from negations, an attempt to reach the kernel by stripping off the husks, an assertion of the essential by a refusal to rest in the non-essential. This is a favorite form of expression with the Buddhist. The lecturer illustrated this point by several citations from Buddhist scriptures. Continuing, Mrs. Cheney said: Yet the opposite pole appears in every application of the doctrine to life, in the train of discipline which leads to Nirvana, and whenever the votary breaks out into warmth of expression and feeling. In all the earlier treatises, and in most of the latter, Nirvana is described in endearing forms of speech, and even the most condemned affirmation is used by Magazena, --"Great King Nirvana is." This effort to express the highest affirmation by negation is not peculiar to Buddhism, as is illustrated from many other writers. The negation of the Buddhist is carried so far as to destroy destruction. "The Matchless Island, possessing nothing, and grasping after nothing, I call Nirvana, the destruction of decay and death."

Nirvana is not like the limbo of indifference, where Dante leaves those souls who have never known the Christian redemption. They dwell in desire without hope, but in Nirvana is fruition without desire. Neither has it anything in common with the reckless acceptance of destruction by the sensualist--"Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." This point, of which numberless illustrations might be given, should be strongly emphasized, --that Nirvana never expresses a despair of life, a refuge from its sorrows into which one sinks from weariness; it is not a pitiful alternative of annihilation, to be accepted in preference to the tortures threatened by a cruel theology, but it is the consummate flower and fruit of existence, it is the end worth all the strivings and sufferings, not only of this one human life which we see and know now, but all the transmigrations through myriad forms, higher and lower, which the Buddhist believes the soul may be obliged to pass through before it attains to Nirvana.

Nor is the doctrine of Nirvana based upon contempt of human life. It recognizes all its misery and suffering, and always considers life as temporary and changing, but its purpose is to educate the soul for Nirvana. "From this shore he went to the other shore, entering upon the most excellent way, this way is to lead to the other shore, therefore it is called the way to the other shore." While the doctrine of Gautama seems to teach the annihilation of self, the destruction of all individuality, it really bases itself wholly upon individual life. Every man must gain Nirvana for himself, and that not even by his deeds, but only by the character which he builds up within himself. He is in Nirvana when Nirvana is in him. It is not a gift from God, it cannot be bought, it must be lived into. Of course, the doctrine of gaining Nirvana by personal merit has been perverted and corrupted, and worldly minded people strive to gain merit by outward gifts and ritual service, but the highest doctrine is that all fasts or penances, or receiving or giving of alms are not works of merit by which Nirvana can be bought, but only means for weaning the soul from earthly passions, and by affecting the man's inward feelings bringing him into a holy state.

"Neither the flesh of fish, nor fasting, nor nakedness, nor torture, nor matted hair, nor diet, nor rough skins, nor the worshipping of the fire, nor the many immortal penances in the world, nor hymns, nor oblations, nor sacrifice, nor observance of the seasons, purify a mortal who has not conquered his doubt." The Siamese minister says: "The holy religion of Buddha is perfect justice springing from a man's own meritorious disposition."

Nirvana is never an outward gift, place or condition. It is a state of the soul to be attained only by the purification and elevation of the mind itself. Yet everything in life helps toward it. The doctrine led to the extremes of asceticism and monkish absurdities, but the great teachers speak of the daily life





of righteousness as the true path to Nirvana. From this intense personality comes also a characteristic of the doctrine of Nirvana, which seems hard and unlovely. It is a lonely salvation which appears to ignore eternal relations. Every soul works out its own salvation for itself. Having attained to peace through activity, through love and self-sacrifice, through knowledge and the power of contemplation, the soul does not share its joy and peace with others, but dwells in effable solitude, in the silence, in the stillness. So it looks to us, but it is hard to say this of a faith so full of love that it represents its saints as even quitting Nirvana after it is attained, to help others to know the blessed path. Avalokitesvara takes an oath "to save every creature before permitting himself the repose of Nirvana," and there are passages which show that the longing for future reunion awaited its fulfillment in the peaceful life. It is a serenely republican faith. There are no elect. Every one must win his own salvation, and that directly and personally. "There is no difference between man and man but that which is established by superiority in virtue; and hence it is that the state of women among Buddhists is so very much higher than it is among Oriental peoples who do not hold by that faith. The Burmese woman enjoys many rights which her European sister is even now clamoring for."

The word which seeks to express this faith is necessarily vague and flexible, and is often differently interpreted by its votaries, but the essential ideas remain, and become more and more distinct as we study the varied expressions even of the different nations who have accepted the teachings of Gautama. The idea of Nirvana is so absolutely independent of place and time, is so purely the condition of the mind, that it is not necessary to pass through death to attain to it; in fact, death is by no means held to have any final effect upon human destiny; it is one of the many changes of existence. There are instances in Buddhist life where men attained to Nirvana while living, and Buddha himself is represented as rejoicing at having attained this extinction of desire, and travelling from place to place needing no other food than "the fruition of Nirvana."

We are told that, in Burmah, the religious feasts are very cheerful, and the whole teaching of Buddhism is of the tenderest love. Without charity, you cannot attain to the Nirvana.

The results of evil-doing are set forth with fearful power. There is no escape from the consequences of evil, but in the actual purification of the soul. The doctrine of Nirvana is more than a mere attempt to release the individual soul from suffering. It is an effort to express the grand aim of existence, to answer the question, For what cause was I born, and wherefore came I into the world?

But has this word really solved the question? Does it give us the answer for which every heart longs? Ah! if it did we should be no longer here, working and suffering still. The problem is larger and grander than these glorious dreamers could state, harder than they could solve. But it is much that they tried to do so, and that they did not rest satisfied with any merely outward answers, but were willing rather to rest in the cold, clean air of negations, than to assert anything which narrowed the path and shut out the possibility of the infinite and the eternal.

To us, to whom it is not endeared by long ages of reverence and love, to whom it is not entwined with all the joys of life, all the holy aspirations, all the sweet charities, the noble self-sacrifices, and richest spiritual and mental activities of humanity, this word seems cold and colorless, and we cannot penetrate its meaning or feel in it the comfort for which we seek in the sorrows of life. But let us remember that for 2400 years, to myriads of human souls, this word has represented the highest aspiration after blessedness and peace that their hearts could frame; it has given them direction and motive for love, disinterestedness and zeal, purity and earnestness for truth, tenderness, not only for man, but for all the vast universe of sentient creatures, and patience in suffering, and self-control. It has shut out from its promises none of any sex or race or nation, but has proclaimed final good for all who followed the path of good, and with unhesitating assurance has promised to all the sick and suffering, to all the penitent and sorrowful, to all those who are weary and heavy laden, a final and eternal rest, a purity and stillness which nothing can mar.

Is all this nothing? It is Nirvana.

This evening Mr. John Albee delivered the second of his two lectures upon Norman influence upon the English language and literature. He continued at first the subject of contribution to the English language from Latin sources, especially by the early missionaries. Then he spoke of the Danish element and its contribution of common and slang words. "By," which meant originally a single farm and then a town, is the ending of 600 words out of 1370 Scandinavian names of places in England. "Hustings," used for "elections," meant "a count of the house." Many common and low words are from the Danish, gammon, maw, nab, nag (to tease), nip (to sip), stumpy, swelter, duffer, lubber, skulk, and so on. The god Odin, by his other name, Nikarr, which means a violent stroke, gives us "the Old Nick." The Danes were called Northmen in France, and had a remarkably rapid growth in civilization. The Norman became a gentleman and a knight before he knew it. Mr. Albee here made a digression and criticism upon the present inefficient method of teaching grammar, and then continued, saying that the addition of words to a language and their alteration of form was a small matter compared with the change of structure which was going on through the Norman period. The language lost its inflections and became wholly



analytical in composition. A similar change had already occurred in the French, Italian and Spanish in coming from the Latin. Mr. Albee illustrated these changes in much detail, speaking also of the struggle of words for survival and the infusion of new words. The summing up of the two lectures was as follows:--

I have traced first the historical outline, showing the career, the race traits and some of the outward circumstances of the different people who lived and spoke in England from the sixth to the fourteenth centuries. I glanced at the mark left by each--Kelt, Latin, Saxon, Dane--upon our speech, until we come to the Norman-French, under whose domination and intellectual influence I have attempted to show the breaking up of our old manner of speech and largely of thinking, by the partial fusion of two distinct languages, and the formation and growth of a new, wherein we have seen how corruption and decay went on by mutilation and abbreviation of existing words, the wearing away and final loss of inflections, the surrender of old idioms, the disuse of words and phrases, and the repair of all this and the reconstruction, by putting together old materials in fresh combinations, the introduction of an immense number of new words for new things, and the retention of both new and old names for old things, until, notwithstanding we speak substantially the tongue of our forefathers, neither Saxon nor Norman would be able to understand us or we them. But all the same, we are in our old English home. You cannot see the framework of the house in which you live, so many ceilings, ornaments and conveniences overlay it; yet it is there, the substantial walls on which you may hang as much as you have to hang. And doubtless underneath all that is even alien and imitative must stand the solid and bonded timbers of Anglo-Saxon speech and thought. Solid, indeed, they are, but I should not like to say they were fairly finished; something of the tree trunk lingers in them, resinous, inflexible. Praise for our tongue there must be, but mainly because it was unloosed by the Normans. Some have written in it with the pen of angels. Some praise it as perfect; that praise comes from those who think that all which is required for a perfect instrument is a creative, thinking intelligence behind it. We have thought best to inject the art of expression, or, at least, not to cultivate it. Such as chance to be gifted in speech astonish us; it is seldom reckoned an acquirement, but the imposition of nature. The old idea of inspiration continues, "in that same hour shall be given you what ye shall speak." Do not take too much pains about the manner, either. If you have matter, no matter. All the rest is millinery, frosting and frippery. If any one succeeds, it is called genius, of which we expect no less than that it shall break all rules. It is our higher law of criticism that each must be judged by himself, by his own laws. This makes any criterion impossible, and the quality of literary work remains undecided until time settles it, --an ignoble, harmful postponement.

There are some natural causes of this in the antagonistic element out of which our race has been formed, which are not yet completely fixed. Our language is of precisely the same composite character; nor is it yet entirely welded together. It is not equal to man's highest thought and imagination. There are still impediments to utterance outside of imperfect corruptions. A few times Shakespeare broke through these, and was the master and not the slave of language. I recall an instance in the beginning of the thirty-third sonnet:--

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Platter the mountain tops with sovereign eye.

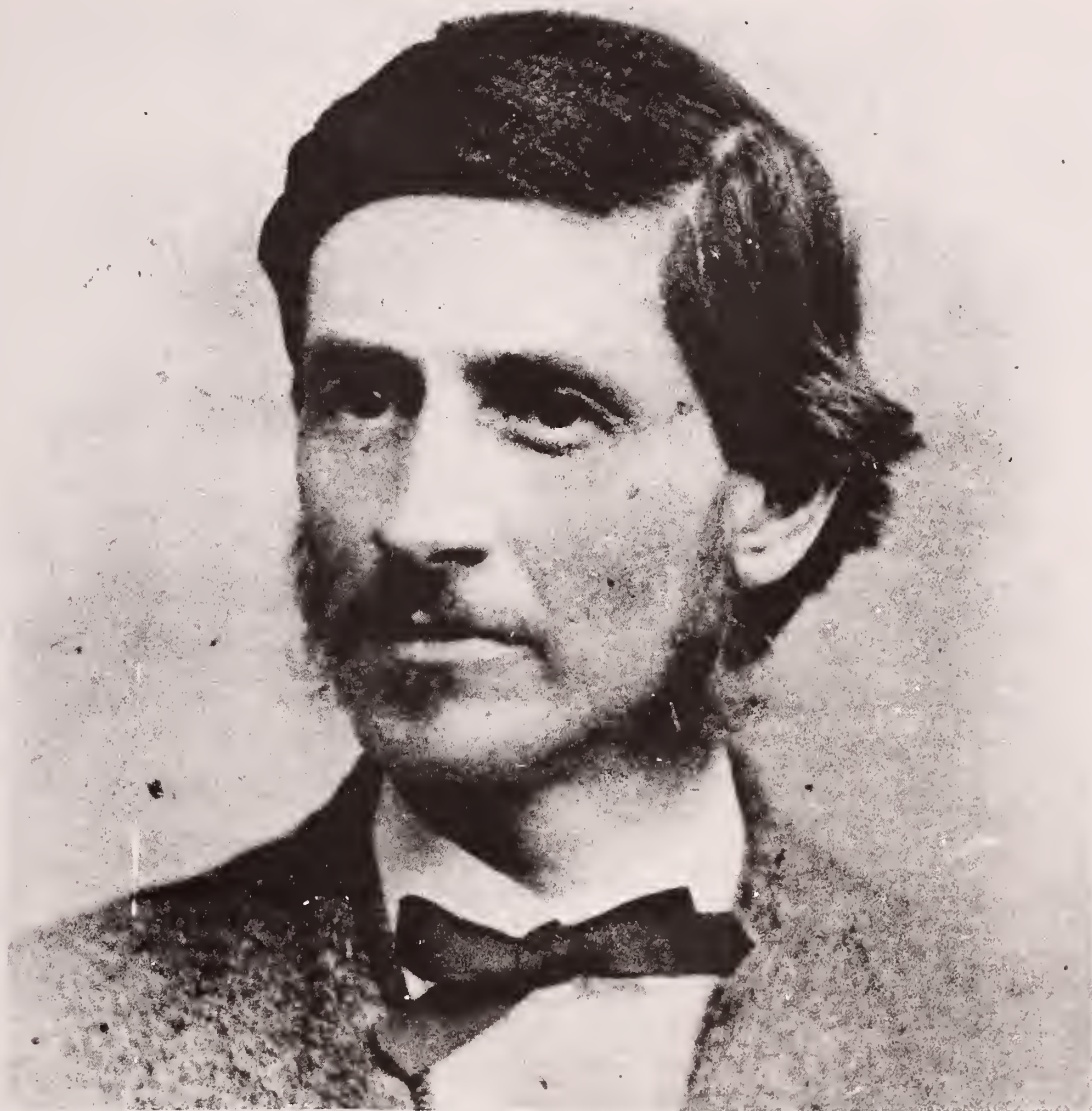
Such language is the ample, even luxurious panoply of the writing man; flowing, ornamental wholly, concealing the effort, whether it walks or flies.

Yet, in conclusion, everything of that nature was foreign to the Anglo-Saxon temperament. But the Normans had first a talent for organization, shown in the government of their own country, and afterward, in a higher degree, England. Next they developed an architecture--one of the chiefest signs of a gifted race, in another form the same love and talent for organization in material shapes. In fine, they had in its incipency the modern artistic sense of order and proportion, and the ornamentation of life and all its environments. They were fond of noble sports. They were a dark-eyed race, lovers of women after a new manner--the romantic, the knightly. They had sufficient pride to scorn labor and to maintain a certain loftiness of demeanor to their early piracies and their late conquests. Like the Kelts, they dressed themselves for battle, and sung at the outset high and inspiring songs. Unlike the Saxons, they were temperate in their personal habits. All these tendencies, transplanted, transferred with Teutonic blood, united to make the modern English gentleman, soldier, statesman, poet, with a distinctive cast of mind in action or reflection. When he thinks, he is sad; when in action, he is happy and contented. Every great English writer or poet has a vein of delicious melancholy, a strong subjective mood which measures the outward world by itself; impugns contemporary institutions, would reconstruct them and seek reconciliation in placing its ideals in the past, its hopes in the future.

Meanwhile the sturdy Anglo-Saxon temper in us works on in the present, contented with realities; with little intellectual and no literary light, a complacent and unconscious materialism. Anglo-Saxon also is our ancestor; and, compared with the historical development of most ancient and modern races, how brief is the period from Hengist and Horsa to Victoria! The savage instincts in us are not yet eliminated, but are diverted to labor and especially to the overcoming of physical obstacles. The sources of our poetry are found at a Norman well-head. Anglo-Saxon literature is barbaric in form







and sentiment. The sound of its verse is like that of a rough sea on a pebbly shore, sharp and rattling. Forceful are its short lines, unadorned save by a capricious and tiresome alliteration. The muse had but a single note, a song of fighting, with no pleasing human interests interspersed, such as redeem the epics and heroics of the Old World. I know no piece of literature so remote from the human as the epic of Anglo-Saxondom and the early Teutonic race called Beowulf. It might be the work of the missing link. But, fortunately, the Anglo-Saxon career was interrupted, its language overthrown, and a new scene opened upon its ideas and imagination, though in a mixed race like ourselves, and a language so composite and difficult to write, no man has thus far arisen who embraces so fully the nature of all and is possessed of so universal a speech as to be perfectly heard and completely understood. I refer exclusively to literary expression. In morals, in politics, in commerce, we are more of one mind, because all have been interested in the Protestant religion, in freedom and

in the means of living. But in literature we are at sea without a chart. Its genius is phenomenal in the English race. The vast majority know not what to make of it, and betake themselves to their sermons and hymnbooks, their newspaper and novel. Sometimes, at the end of an exceptionally long literary life, or from some lucky popular expression, a writer receives his due meed. But generally he must die first,

Then, if once he's fairly dead,  
There begins a spendthrift giving

as excessive as in the beginning it was meagre. But when we met the Norman and were overcome, a seed was planted whereof will grow in due season a thought that will have no want of expression, a strength which will also be firm and tender, a beauty that shall be one with utility.

Dr. Harris will lecture tomorrow morning, and Mr. Snider in the evening.





(29) Aug. 8, 1883. FURTHER CONCORD PHILOSOPHY, WOMEN LECTURING AT THE CONCORD SCHOOL. MRS. CHENEY ON NIRVANA, THE BUDDHIST HEAVEN--MRS. HOWE'S CONVERSATION--MISS PEABODY'S LECTURE NEXT FRIDAY.

CONCORD, Tuesday, August 7. By some chance, the only three women who lecture to the Concord philosophers this year all lecture in this, the last week of the term, -- Mrs. Cheney to-day, Mrs. Howe Thursday and Miss Peabody Friday morning. Mrs. Cheney has been a lecturer here from the first, and her lecture this year was a study of the Buddhist belief called "Nirvana." She said among other things: The acceptance of the doctrine of Nirvana by a large portion of the human race has been brought forward as an argument for pessimism, proving that annihilation is the greatest good to be hoped for. This belief is contrary to the instincts of humanity, but the statement of its wide existence could not be proved until modern scholarship revealed to us the real import of the word. Besides the knowledge of this religion gained from scholars, we have now a familiar intercourse with many of the people professing it, and it therefore becomes of practical importance to understand this word in its relation to modern life. According to Edwin Arnold this doctrine is professed by not less than 470,000,000 of the human race; and the testimony of travelers is that their religion is inwoven with their whole lives, and that the doctrine of Nirvana is accepted by all, and is not in dispute by the different sects into which Buddhists have divided.

The doctrine of Nirvana is negative in form; it lays its stress on what is escaped, -- on what we are freed from, -- but if we examine it carefully we find that it is not negative in substance; but is an affirmation resulting from negations, an attempt to reach the kernel by stripping off the husks; an assertion of the essential by a refusal to rest in the non-essential. This is a favorite form of expression of the Buddhist. Illustrations of this point were given from Buddhist scriptures. Yet the opposite pole appears in every application of the doctrine to life; in the train of discipline which leads to Nirvana; and whenever the votary breaks out into warmth of expression and feeling. "In all of the earlier treatises, and most of the later, Nirvana is described in endearing forms of speech;" and even the most condensed affirmation is used by Nagagena, "Great king, Nirvana is." This effort to express the highest affirmation by negation is not peculiar to Buddhism -- as is illustrated from many writers. The negation of the Buddhist is carried so far as to destroy destruction. "The matchless island, possessing nothing and grasping after nothing -- I call Nirvana; the destruction of decay and death."

Nirvana is not like the Limbo of Indifference where Dante leaves those souls who have never known the Christian redemption. They dwell in desire without hope; but in Nirvana is fruition without desire. Neither has it anything in common with the reckless acceptance of destruction by the sensualist: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It is not a gift from God, it cannot be bought, it must be lived into. Of course the doctrine of gaining Nirvana by personal merit has been perverted and corrupted; and worldly-minded people strive to gain merit by outward gifts and ritual service; but the highest doctrine is that all fasts or penances, or receiving and giving alms, are not

works of merit by which Nirvana can be bought, but only means for weaning the soul from earthly passions, and, by affecting the man's inward feelings, bringing him into a holy state. Thus it is said: "Neither the flesh of fish, nor fasting, nor nakedness, nor torture, nor matted hair, nor dirt, nor rough skins, nor the worshipping of the fire, nor the many immortal penances in the world; nor hymns, nor ablutions, nor sacrifice, nor observance of the seasons, can purify a mortal who has not conquered his doubt."

Nor is Nirvana ever an outward gift, place or condition; but a state of the soul, to be attained only by its purification and elevation. Yet everything in the Buddhist life leads to it or helps toward it. Hence the extremes of asceticism and monkish absurdities, but the great teachers speak of the daily practice of righteousness as the true path to Nirvana. A characteristic of Nirvana which seems hard and unlovely is this, -- that every soul works out salvation for itself, and then, having attained to peace through activity, through love and self-sacrifice, the soul emancipated does not share its joy and peace with others but dwells in the silence of ineffable solitude. At least, so it looks to us; yet it is hard to say this of a faith so full of love that its saints abandon Nirvana after its attainment to help others know "the blessed path"; and there are passages which show that the longing for future reunion awaits its fulfillment in the peaceful life. It is also a severely republican faith; every one must win his own salvation, and that directly and personally, "There is no difference," they say, "between man and man, save that which is established by superiority in virtue," and hence the state of women among the Buddhists is far higher than among other Oriental peoples. The women of Burmah enjoy many rights which those of Europe and America are now clamoring for.

The idea of Nirvana is so absolutely independent of place and time -- so purely a condition of the mind, that it is not necessary to pass through death in order to attain it; in fact, death is by no means held to have any final effect upon human destiny. There are instances in Buddhist life where men attained to Nirvana while living, and Buddha himself appears as rejoicing in this extinction of desire, and as traveling from place to place without need of other food than "the fruition of Nirvana." We learn that in Burmah the religious feasts are very cheerful, while the whole Buddhist teaching is of the tenderest love; without charity none can attain to Nirvana. Miss Bird's "Travels in Japan" show the influence of their faith in the daily lives of the people. Mr. Arkanatz, a liberal Buddhist, being asked what was the object of the Buddhist religion, replied, "To make men pure and to keep alive a belief in the immortality of the soul, which is the basis of all righteousness." "But has this word Nirvana really solved the question? Does it give us the answer which every heart longs for? Oh! if it did, we should no longer be here toiling and suffering still. The problem is larger and grander than they could solve; but it is much that they tried to do so, and that they did not feel satisfied with any merely outward answers, but were willing rather to rest in the cold clear air of negations than to assert anything which narrowed the path and shut out the possibility of the infinite and eternal." Such was Mrs. Cheney's conclusion.

It is understood that Mrs. Howe will read to the school some passages from her unpublished memoir of Margaret Fuller, as a text for conversation, Thursday morning.





Friday morning Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who has been a constant participator in the conversations from day to day, will read her one lecture on "Paradise Lost;" and on Friday evening the school will close for this year with Mr. Sanborn's lecture on Emerson as the representative of the "Ideal and Vital Philosophy." It is uncertain in the present state of Mr. Alcott's health, and in the absence of Dr. Jones of Illinois, whether any session will be held at Concord next summer; but there is talk of a winter session at Boston or in some other city, if the course of lectures can be well organized at that season of the year.

(30) Aug. 9, 1883. CONCORD LECTURES. WHAT WAS SAID BY DR. HARRIS AND MR. SNIDER. CLOSE OF THE COURSE OF EACH--INDIVIDUAL IMMORTALITY OF MAN --SELF-ACTIVITY THE HIGHEST PRINCIPLE--THE ILIAD --ITS UNITY AND HOMER'S GREATNESS.

CONCORD, Aug. 8, 1883, --Dr. Harris lectured here this forenoon, and Mr. Snider this evening, and each of them concluded his course. Dr. Harris's theme was "The Immortality of the Individual Man," and his course of thought, in condensed form, was as follows:--

We come now to consider the question of the individual immortality of man in the light of the principles which we have discussed in the previous lectures of this course. Our subject has two phases. First, we must inquire what are the conditions of immortality, and what beings in the world, if any, possess such conditions. Secondly, we must consider the question in the light of the first principle of the world as we found it revealed, as the supreme condition of existence and experience. In our previous lectures we have taken up and discussed in detail nearly all of the elements of our problem, and it remains for us now to gather them together systematically and draw our inferences.

How is it possible that in this world of perishable beings there can exist an immortal and ever-progressing being? Without the personality of God it would be impossible, because an unconscious first principle would be incapable of producing conscious beings, or if they were produced, it would overcome them as incongruous and inharmonious elements in its world. It would finally draw them all back into its image, and destroy conscious individuality. In our investigation of the presuppositions of experience we have found *causa sui*, or self-activity, as the ultimate principle, and we have in the intellect and will what is harmonious with that principle. Science, in teaching the doctrine of evolution and that of the struggle for existence, favors the doctrine that intelligence and will are the surviving and permanent substance. For intelligence and will triumph in that struggle, and prove themselves the goal to which the creation moves.

A survey of the orders of being in the world confirmed us in our conclusions formed in view of the

requirements of the principle of self-activity and its creation. For we found space and time and inorganic matter pervaded by the principles of mechanism and chemism. Organic being, whether plant or animal, manifests self-activity in various degrees. The plant possesses assimilation or the nutritive process. It reacts on its environment. It is a real manifestation of individuality. Perhaps one would say that the rock, or the wave, or the wind has individuality, and reacts on its environment. Certainly the plant possesses individuality in a less questionable form. The action of water, air, and mineral does not avail to assimilate other substances into its own form. The plant takes up some portion of its environment into itself and stamps on it its own form, making it a vegetable cell and adding it to its own structure. But it cannot conquer all of its environment in this way. It would have to become some world-tree Ygdrasil if it should.

The infinite, the absolute, the self-active must, as we have before shown, be its own environment. The plant form of existence cannot realize self-activity except to a limited degree. The portions of its environment which it takes up and assimilates, moreover, produce growth or expansion in space. This expansion implies separation of parts. The individuality of plants is rather of the species than of the particular plant. The individuality is in transition, being manifested by the growth of new limbs, twigs, leaves or fruit, sprouting out from the old as the first did from the earth. Because the plant is a constant transition from one individual to another, it cannot manifest identity except in the species. In the animal we have feeling and locomotion, and the unity falls in the particular animal as well as in the species. Feeling implies self-activity, not only in reaction on the environment as in nutrition, but in reproducing the impression made by the environment within the soul of the animal. Unless the animal reproduces for himself the limitation caused by the environment there is no perception. The reproduction is accompanied by an unconscious judgment or inference that transfers the occasion of the feeling to an external world. Thus time, space and causality are elements in feeling or sense-perception, but the subject is unconscious of them. The animal sees, hears, tastes, smells, or touches the objects of his environment, unconscious that he does this by reproducing within himself the shocks made upon his senses by them.

This activity of reproduction is only in the presence of the objects. But there is a higher order of reproduction which is free from the presence of impressions on the senses. This is called representation, and is in two forms, --(a) recollection of former perceptions, and (b) free fancy, in which the soul causes to arise within itself, by limitation, new combinations of perceptions recalled or entirely new objects. Although the activity of representation is a higher form of manifestation of individuality, and seems to be quite free from time and space, yet it is still limited, because the object is a particular



image, just as much as the perception of any particular object in the world. The being which perceives or feels is a self-activity in a higher sense than is manifested in plant-life, but it is not its own object in the forms of mere feeling, or sense-perception, or recollection, or fancy. Itself is a causal process, and therefore a generative energy, rather than a particular result or thing. When the self-activity, in reproducing an impression, perceives at the same time its own freedom or causal energy, then it becomes conscious of self. This takes place in the recognition of objects as belonging to classes or species. Here begins the immortality of the individual. Not before this, because the individual is and can be only a self-activity, and cannot know himself, except as generic. An individual that does not recognize individuality is not for itself, and its continuance of existence is only for the species, and not for its particular self. But with the recognition of species and genera there is the recognition of self as persistent, although at first only in the form of recognizing the objects of the world as being specimens of classes and genera.

Here begins immortality of the individual, with the recognition of the individuality in the form of species, and directly it manifests itself in the formation of language or the adoption of conventional signs to represent classes, processes and species. If any of the higher animals shall be discovered to accompany the act of sense-perception by recognition of the objects as examples of classes and to possess conventional means of expressing, not particular objects, but general processes and species, then it will become necessary to admit the immortality of such individual animals.

Above this first form of recognition of species the conscious mind rises to the stage of reflection and the stage of insight. We have already discussed these stadia as (a) the perception of objects, (b) their environment, (c) and their underlying presuppositions. It is only in this latter species of knowing that the soul comes to recognize itself in its true nature, and it signalizes this first in religion as a knowledge of God as Creator and Redeemer of the world. In our study of the idea of self-activity as the highest principle, we found the explanation of the world and its destiny, and this is the necessary complement to the psychological investigation of the question of immortality. The divine self-activity in whom knowing and willing are identical, so that its knowing is at the same time a creating of its object, knows itself, but this does not create a world of finite beings. He knows only himself, and creates or begets his own likeness, perfect being equal to himself, the second self-activity or person. The second person, equal in knowing and willing, creates a third equal to himself, but also creates a world of finite creatures in a process of evolution. Because the second knows his own derivation from the first, which is only a logical precondition, and not an event in time, so far as his perfection is concerned, in knowing it he creates it, and it

appears as a stream of creation rising from pure passivity up to pure activity. The inorganic nature and the plant and animal do not now attain true individuality, but man does. Man makes his environment into the image of his true self when he puts on the form of the divine second person. As that form is the elevation of the finite into participation with himself, so man's spiritual function is the realization of higher selves through institutions, --the invisible church which is formed of all the intelligent beings collected from all worlds in the universe. The social combination of man with man is thus the means of realizing the divine. The principle of the absolute institution which we call the invisible church is called altruism or love. It is the missionary spirit, or the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others. This is the realization in man of the occupation of the Creator, and is therefore the eternal vocation of man. If man were not immortal there would be a break in the chain of beings that reaches from the pure external and passive up to the pure active, and hence the external elevation of the second person into equality with the first person would be impossible, and therefore the first person would not know himself in the second, hence there would be no self-activity at all, and consequently also no derivative or finite being. But this is impossible. The immortality of man and the necessity of intelligent beings on all worlds at some stage of their process is manifest from this. The first divine knowing creates or begets the second, and sees in it the world of evolution and the third divine unity of blessed spirits in the invisible church as the Holy Spirit. The creation of the world is the result of knowing of the relation of the second to the first person, and as all this is within the self-knowing of the first, it is called a "double procession."

Mr. Snider closed his course of four lectures on Homer and the Greek religion with one this evening upon Homer and his great work, --the Iliad. An outline of the lecture is sketched below. It was a moment, on the clock of the world, rather the most pregnant moment of time, when that prehistoric Aryan branch broke from its parent stem and started westward out of the highlands of Armenia. It was the germ of history, of the world's history; civilization, science, the west, carried like children in the cradle, were now possible. It is idle to speculate upon the special causes of this grand separation; but the emigrants must have had a germ of improvement, of freedom, of reality, daring and adventure which was wanting to their brothers who had been left behind. In remote Asia, far back in the twilight of time, a people speaking one language, with one faith, got together and said, We are twain, different; let us separate. Or they fought, and one party drove out the other. At any rate the separation took place, this question being instinctively in their souls, -- Orient or Occident. Out of this difference our spiritual world develops; the one side moves west;







it seems to be the primitive description of the human soul; it is the condition of progress, of freedom, of civilization. It was the primal differentiation of our race into its two destinies; an ancient struggle, in which we can read so much, that the emigrants declare that they do not and will not belong to the east. Still the fact continues to this day; the one side moves west, keeps moving west; the last movement of that sort being quite as remarkable as any. In our own country the seed is planted; the movement, the separation is here too. "Go West, young man," said one of our recent oracles. One imagines that we shall soon get back into our primitive seats and complete the circuit of the globe. That enormous earth-serpent of Aryan mystery will yet get its tail into its mouth and hold the earth in its coil.

One of the many repetitions of this conflict of separation is recounted in the *Iliad*. The Trojans and the Greeks are of one stock; they have the same language, the same religion, the same gods. But the Trojans and their city are in an Eastern atmosphere; they are receding from the Western impulse. Aphrodite, with her sensual worship, Apollo, the light-god, are the Trojan divinities. Juno and Pallas, the stern housewife, the wise virgin, cannot be placated in Troy. The old Aryan battle has to be fought over again in the Trojan plain. But the poet is at hand to transmit the account of the struggle which, he says, is for the possession of Helen. Greek religion rises out of the pantheistic view of nature into the polytheistic, or gods as persons separated from nature, which again rise up to their ruler Zeus, monotheistic. For certainly, if there be one unlimited god, the others are not gods. All are found in Homer, pantheism, polytheism, monotheism.

The first difficulty which rises in our way in studying Homer is the gods. They come up before us as mighty determiners of deeds, vast mountainous shapes in the way of human freedom. But they are not eternal shapes purely which determine man by an iron necessity. They are the expression of his own inner self as well as that power which controls the outer world, for the Homeric world is essentially a world of freedom. When we see an interference of the gods, we must understand it to be some spiritual principle at work in and upon man. A main difficulty in Homer is this study of his divinity. But if we watch him faithfully we shall soon be indoctrinated into his theology. The gods in Homer are the very energy of the individual soul and yet the very energy of the outside world. Pallas is not merely the wisdom of Telemachus. She is also wisdom as universal. This is the fundamental doctrine of Homer's faith: The Gods do exist and control this terrestrial course of things. He is unintelligible without such a faith to men who have it not. Homer sees with all clearness that the divine, while in the individual man, must be freed from him and elevated into the great reality of the world. All persons may share in it. The poet throws up the human into the

divine world, where he is filled with the vision of spirit as the universal reality. His insight into the moment when this must be done is his genius. To become a member of the Homeric world we must for the time become Greeks and behold with Homer's eyes, transform nature into a myth-life with him, employ with reverence his symbols of worship; indeed, pray to his gods. In some such way we must treat every great book. We must not stand off and judge it from our assumed height. If we ask ourselves wherein Homer is so great we must in one way or another answer that he has a great thought and utters it greatly. The test by which one may tell a great book is: Does it create a world? It is in the course things that the first literary bible should sing of the rise of literature, or of that principle upon which that rise chiefly depends. This is the subjection of the Orient to the West. The march of man has here its great turning point, the *Iliad* strikes the key note. Hence the theme of this poem is of such abiding interest. With it the human race turns over a new leaf of the great book. On this leaf is written the *Iliad*. It is not the vivid description, the verse, the sublimity merely; it is the theme which makes the *Iliad* eternal.

Upon the unity and lack of unity of the *Iliad* much has been written. Undoubtedly there will always be men who will split up the Homeric poems in all sorts of ways, who will find many rhapsodies, many omissions and interpolations; nay, who will discover many Homers, as if the earth yielded such men, as the oak yields acorns, by the thousands, and all alike capable of becoming oaks. But the reader unbiased by theory or tendency will feel everywhere the one great soul of the book. The poet will see his own process and his own art in their highest perfection running through the whole. The philosopher will prove the necessary relation of its parts, their organic connection in thought. He will furthermore behold in every portion one underlying consciousness, one comprehensive view of the world, such as one age possesses, and but one man utters. Many people are inclined to consider the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* to be the work of different authors, but under all their diversity there is both felt and seen the great unity of the twins, as sprung from the same father.

The Homeric poems are the beginning of literature which made the very idea of literature as it exists in our Western world. This was to be the bearer of all the highest thoughts of the greatest men in their best expression. It were easy to show that they are also the sources of art, at least of Greek art, directly. Indeed, Greek philosophy is born of Homer. Plato, with his ideas, though he banished Homer from his republic, belongs to him as son. Aristotle is more remote, yet that golden mean of his is certainly Homeric. Homer has been the basis of all poetic revivals, the soul of the new renaissance. He has given the form, the possibility;



the new soul must add the context out of time and itself. We have seen the Roman, Italian, German renaissances as mighty world-movements. Homer prepares the ground for the new renaissance, --the American.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will hold a conversation tomorrow forenoon--it is not called a lecture--and she will have something to say of Margaret Fuller Ossoli and her unpublished writings. In the evening Mr. Lewis J. Black will lecture on "Platonism and Its Relation to Modern Thought." Friday will be the last day of the session, with a lecture in the forenoon by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody upon Milton, and one in the evening by Mr. Sanborn upon "The Ideal and Vital Philosophy: R. W. Emerson."

(31) Aug. 10, 1883. THE CONCORD SCHOOL. A CONVERSATION UPON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MARGARET FULLER.

CONCORD, MASS., Aug. 9, 1883.--The attendance upon this morning's session of the Summer School of Philosophy was larger than that upon any previous session, with the one exception of the morning upon which Julian Hawthorne delivered his lecture upon "Novels." Besides the regular attendants upon the school, there were present many Concord people, and also a large number from Lowell and vicinity. Owing to illness, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was deterred from being present and conducting the "conversation," which it had been previously announced that she would do. In her absence, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney and Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody took the lead in the conversation, which was intensely interesting, and which soon became somewhat general in its character. The topic for consideration was "The Life and Character of Margaret Fuller." Both Mrs. Cheney and Miss Peabody were well acquainted with the subject of the discussion, and were thus enabled to present to the audience some very charming and interesting reminiscences of her life. Some of her letters, showing her characteristics, were read to the school. Among them was the following, addressed to Mr. Bronson Alcott. It has never been published, and is taken from Mr. Alcott's private collection of letters, which he kindly loaned to the school for the purpose of this conversation:--

"GROTON, May 18, 1837.

Dear Sir, --I have passed many hours during the past week in the company of your journals, and would willingly pass many more in the same way but for the imperative call of various duties. In sending them to you, I escape from temptation. I thank you for the look you have esteemed me worthy to take into your views and feelings, and trust you will never have reason to repent your confidence, as I shall always rejoice in the intercourse which has permitted me with so fair a soul.

You will find on the first blank leaf of your journal a little poem which expresses some part of what has been suggested to me by the record of your life. You will, I hope, pardon the liberty I have taken in writing it there, as the leaf may easily be cut out if the thoughts there inscribed do not please you. I should like to have you read a little piece written by me about three years since for the "W. Messenger" on Bulwer's novels, where you will see an "over-estimate" of his aims, if not his powers, not unlike your own. Perhaps this mistake, made by persons of such dissimilar minds, points to something real in the object which could so suggest the ideal. I heard that Mr. Furness, too, sympathized with my effusion, which, as to manner, you will find very crude.

There are sad mistakes of the press, such as love of earth for love of Irath, but you will easily discriminate them. You do me the honor to ask my correspondence. Many persons are so good as to write to me and indulge me in all manner of neglect and irregularity. Neither can I boast that my letters, when they do come (and, with so many correspondents, they are not frequent), are either valuable or entertaining. But yours would be very valuable to me, and, if you can be as indulgent as my other friends, I can promise to be as attentive to you as I am to any of them.

I hope you are enjoying the birds, leaves, and Mr. Emerson.

With great respect and friendship, believe me  
yours, M. FULLER."

The Western Messenger referred to by Miss Fuller was then published in Louisville, Ky., and edited by James Freeman Clarke.

Another letter written from Providence to Mr. Alcott was read, as showing some of the characteristics of the writer; and also another to Thoreau was read, as exhibiting her manner of criticizing her friends. The following sonnet to Margaret Fuller, written by A. Bronson Alcott, was read:--

Thou, sibyl rapt! whose sympathetic soul  
Infused the mysteries thy tongue failed to tell;  
Though from thy lips the marvellous accents fell,  
And weird-wise meanings o'er the senses stole.  
Through those rare cadences with winsome spell;  
Yet, even in such refrainings of thy voice,  
There struggled up a wailing undertone  
That spoke thee victim of the sisters' choice, --  
Charming all others, dwelling still alone,  
They left thee thus disconsolate to roam.  
And scorned thy dear, devoted life to spare,  
Around the storm-tossed vessel sinking there  
The wild waves chant thy dirge and welcome home;  
Survives alone thy sex's valiant plea,  
And the great heart that loved thee brave and free.





The evening lecture was by Mr. Lewis J. Block, and his subject was "Platonism and its Relation to Modern Thought."

(32) Aug. 11, 1883. THE CONCORD SCHOOL. CLOSE OF THE FIFTH ANNUAL SESSION. MISS PEABODY'S LECTURE UPON MILTON--MR. SANBORN'S UPON EMERSON AND THE VITAL PHILOSOPHY--PLANS FOR THE COMING YEAR.

CONCORD, Aug. 10, 1883.--Today sees the close of the fifth annual session of the summer school of philosophy here. Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody occupied the morning hour with a lecture upon Milton, and Mr. F. B. Sanborn, secretary and member of the faculty, filled the lecturer's chair in the evening and discoursed upon the vital philosophy as illustrated by Ralph Waldo Emerson. After her introductory sentences Miss Peabody alluded to an expression of Mr. Albee, --that Milton was a Calvinistic poet, --and strongly opposed that estimate of him. She did not regard him as teaching the total depravity of human nature and the reprobation of a large majority of mankind. Nobody understands Milton who says so. Witness that great creation of his imagination, --the war in Heaven and its issue. What is it but a burning conception of the great process of spiritual life in its struggle for self-development to individual self-consciousness? Milton's imagination declares the forgiveness of love divine as settling the battle of the presumptuous will with the ideal in the experience of life. Who can doubt that it was the memory of his own experience? that he had lived the battle and won the victory before he sang them? Among the poets there is no more powerful prophet of the finite nature of spiritual evil than Milton, who teaches that, at its worst, evil is functional only, and not essential. But it was not Milton's, it never can be a poet's special purpose to represent the negative pole of a truth, abstracted from the complex unity of life, except provisionally to bring into view the positive pole, whose felt relation to it realizes a vital action. This heaven and hell and the battle, with the marvellous result of showing Heaven triumphant in human nature, was no childish play of the imagination for the amusement of his readers, but an artistic machinery which it took the totality of himself to create and clothe with all the beauteous forms of things, together with the contrasted shadows that define the terrible reality of finite evil when it becomes a fact of the human experience.

That Milton does not teach vindictive or everlasting punishment of human beings, may perhaps be still more plainly seen in the story of Adam and Eve which he tells. There the curse is explained by Adam himself as the blessing disguised in the form of labor for self-subsistence. Especially is it seen in the soliloquy of Adam, in which generosity (in the strict etymological sense) scourges self-respect with the whip of a restoring shame, as he dwells upon the inheritance of moral difficulty which he is going to entail on his posterity. Milton, perhaps, meant to express, in

Adam tempted by Eve, his own consciousness of irrefragable will to make his own individuality his supreme law. "Paradise Lost" is not the only conceivable variation on the primeval song of Adam and Eve which begins our Bible, but it is the most magnificent in form and rich in instruction hitherto sung.

In closing her lecture, Miss Peabody said: It is no part of my plan to go into any aesthetic criticism (the aesthetic is the only legitimate criticism) of the perfect art of Milton. Moral mistakes, if not infinite evils, are terribly real when made upon a ground which is a web of human heartstrings, and this Milton sets forth with wondrous power by making his magnificent pandemonium, and those that throng it suffer the tortures only to be symbolized by fire that is not quenched while the evil lasts. As long as the moral evil and blasphemy are persisted in, there must be fiery pain. Because symbolized by Christ's conquest on the plains of heaven--the triumph of the principle of sonship--the pain shall not be everlasting. Eternal love redeems each and every one from that doom, for he sees Satan and his host vanquished within himself sooner or later. The prodigal son, when he has tasted the husks which he has reduced himself to eat with the swine, will come to himself, and, returning to be a servant in his father's house, will find himself again an accepted son.

In the evening came Mr. Sanborn's lecture upon "The Vital Philosophy: Ralph Waldo Emerson." The opening sentences were these: "In the first of these lectures I had occasion to say that the Americans had been the followers of many systems of philosophy and the inventors of none, and this was true. But it is also true that every great American who has given his attention to speculative thought at all, has colored the system which he followed with a strong tinge of his own thought, and thus made it something more and very different. Thus Edwards, coming upon the half-understood arguments of Calvinism in regard to moral agency, God's foreordination, and the origin of evil, wrought them out into a far more consistent, logical, and, I must add, repulsive scheme than they ever exhibited before, doing this, too, with one of the most devout and poetic souls, save that of Milton, which had, till then, harnessed itself in the Calvinistic campaign." Benjamin Franklin was cited as a parallel instance, with his treatment of the English philosophical school, of the changes wrought by a great American in an established system. Coming then to the philosopher who was under his pen, Mr. Sanborn continued, saying that Ralph Waldo Emerson can scarcely be called the follower of any philosophical system, though strongly imbued with the thought of Plato and with the central principles of Calvinism; and though the German philosophy of Kant and his successors had an influence on him through Coleridge and Carlyle, Emerson was so



original in his genius that he was scarcely imitative even when he appeared to be so. On the other hand, this strongly original bent of his mind made him a mannerist, and held him firmly to one view of a subject in spite of what might be said on it by all the rest of mankind. That is one reason why it is so difficult to classify Emerson in philosophy. To Emerson, as to a migrating bird, there was none of a baggage-train or other impedimenta. That such was Emerson's way we learn especially from his allusions to his Cambridge lectures on philosophy, in 1869, in one of his lately-published letters to Carlyle. He wrote: "I have a fancy that a realist [himself] is a good corrector of formalism, no matter how incapable of syllogism or linked statement.... It is not the masters who spin an ostentatious continuity."

The Germanic element in philosophy in America began in New England, and with John Quincy Adams. While minister at Berlin he was forced to know something of the German language and literature, and it was Adams and his German dictionary which first opened the window in the direction of German philosophy for New England. The eyes of Ticknor, Everett, Bancroft, Emerson, Frothingham, Hedge and many others were soon turned to that quarter of the heavens. Emerson had taken from Channing a strong inclination toward the philanthropic philosophy. He went forward in his early manhood to the summits of philosophy, from which he never descended, except to bring, like Moses, the stony tables of the ethical law which largely occupied his thought in the years which followed 1850. From 1835 to 1850 we find Emerson involving his systematic philosophy and his unsystemable poetry. After 1850 his ideal philosophy became vital and ethical, and even his poetry grew more and more ethical. The philosophy of the little book "Nature" is a true philosophy, but with a strongly distinct and transcendent spiritual application. It is poetry and philosophy blended. The superior tone of Emerson's thinking drew attention. With much of the art and homely wisdom which characterized Franklin, there was combined in Emerson a lofty and distant mood which made his influence less familiar, but, perhaps, none the less powerful. He inspired, like Washington, a feeling of remoteness, as of a man always concurrent with high matters and at home with the stars. Quotations from Emerson's writings were read by Mr. Sanborn and the graceful compliment paid that each of them was in language itself of perennial beauty, so that we see revived in this Concord philosopher the charming style of Plato and with this addition, that where Plato describes beautifully, Emerson suggests still more beautifully, while his description omits nothing which is essential to the picture. Among the quotations was this:--

"When a noble act is done, --perchance in a scene of great natural beauty, --or Leonidas and his 300 martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once on the steep

defile of Thermopylae, are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed?"

Emerson argues that nature is chiefly discipline and that its previous use, --commodity, beauty and language, --are included as parts of discipline. In his first book, Emerson comes to that idealism which doubts whether outward nature actually exists, but he is not an idealist in the narrow Berkeleyan sense. His uses of "ideal" and "spiritual" are so nearly synonymous that they can be indifferently applied to this philosophy of which "Nature" was the first American exposition. The story of nature is not all told, --can never be told, but its function is evident. Its higher uses are all spiritual.

Mr. Sanborn read numerous extracts from Emerson of a kindred spirit, including this: "The happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship." Idealism is called vital because it lays so much stress on the purely vital methods. It carries upon its face, says Emerson, the highest certificate of its truth. Why? For this single reason, as some formal logicians would think it, because it animates me to create my own world through the purifications of my own soul.

Mr. S. H. Emery, jr., stated concerning the future of the school that it would not be held in any other place than Concord. A session is expected for next year, but it will depend somewhat upon Mr. Alcott's health. Probably it will not be devoted to the general subject of philosophy, but to one special theme, which will probably be Emerson's relation to philosophy and life. It will be an elaboration of the lecture of this evening by perhaps a dozen lecturers, who will deliver their lectures during the forenoon and evenings of one week. It has not been determined who will be the lecturers, but Dr. Harris, Mr. Sanborn, Miss Peabody and Mr. Alcott will be among them. Dr. Jones is in poor health, and it is uncertain whether he can be here.

The school has been better attended this year than last. For the last half of the term it has been nearly double what it was in 1882. Over eighty were at the lecture this morning; over seventy last evening and over 80 yesterday morning. Parties have come from different places to attend single lectures. For instance, yesterday a party was there from Lowell, and one the day before from Framingham. Others have been here from Hingham and Newton. Fewer lecturers have spoken than last year, and the courses have been better arranged than ever. The aim of the school was stated to be to bring together the persons who are interested in philosophy, for their mutual advantage, and if the public wish to come, they are cordially welcome. Owing to the fact that a larger price has been paid for each lecture than at first --\$15 for the last three years --instead of \$10,







as in the first two--the school has not paid expenses, and the deficit has been supplied from the fund of \$1000 given by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson. This fund is nearly exhausted. The school has attracted more notice than was expected, and, while there was talk of its discontinuance, many regrets were expressed by visitors to Concord.

(33) Aug. 12, 1883. THE CONCORD SCHOOL.

The season of the Concord School of Philosophy has been shorter this season than in previous years, and has had fewer of its regular staff of lecturers in attendance. Dr. Harris and Profs. James and Harrison have essentially sustained the reputation of the school for philosophical instruction, but nothing particularly new has been advanced, and the questions discussed a year ago have been left in the same undecided position in which they were then. The question inevitably comes up as to what the school has accomplished, and an adequate answer is rendered with increasing difficulty. The positions taken by the school philosophers are the familiar positions maintained by Kant and Hegel, and are in accord with the best spiritual thought of our time, and, in explaining and diffusing these ideas, the school has unquestionably rendered important service in the years that it has been established. It has had an influence in resisting the material tendencies of our time. Emerson said that it had taught good things, along with a great deal of nonsense, and this must be the not ungenerous conclusion of all who have attended any of its lectures. It has done good. But it has been from the first a limited institution, a venture of faith rather than a rostrum for philosophy, and, with any amount of seriousness among its promoters, has hardly done more than scratch the surface of the deeper questions with which philosophy has to deal. Its best work has been the presentation of a philosophical method. This has been Dr. Harris' contribution, and it may be said to be the only really valuable result that the school has contributed to the philosophical thought of America. He has shown how philosophy deals with first principles, and has done something to make the great German philosophers better known in the drifts of their thought. The school has never been truly a school of philosophy proper, and herein has been its weakness and probably the cause of its decline. It has largely depended upon Hawthorne and Thoreau and Emerson and Alcott for side shows, and has found these more attractive than the severer pursuits of philosophy, but in neither case could the interest be sustained. The Concord authors, dead or alive, are not an exhaustless subject, and when the school depended for its patronage upon sentimental women and make-believe students of philosophy and literary vagrants generally for its patronage, instead of striking out for a camping-ground of truly philosophical students, it leaned upon a band of curiosity-hunters rather than upon an arm of strength. This has probably had

a hurtful effect and hastened its dissolution. But, if the chapel shall no longer echo to what Mr. Alcott lovingly called his favorite science, "divine philosophy," thoughtful people will unite in a feeling of gratitude that an effort was valiantly made to transplant Plato's academy to Concord, and will look back with much affection to those who did their best both to entertain and instruct the varying companies of students gathered near Emerson's home. The thing was worth doing for its own sake, and has been done with a sincerity and earnestness on the part of its projectors which entitle them to great praise. It is questionable whether it could have been much better managed, on the whole, as a philosophical venture upon American soil, and, if it can be developed into a yearly trysting place for critical metaphysical discussion, there are many who will rejoice to see it continued.



A. BRONSON ALCOTT







(34) Aug. 13, 1883. THE CONCORD SCHOOL CLOSED. FINAL LECTURES BY MISS PEABODY AND MR. SANBORN --EMERSON'S PHILOSOPHY--NEXT YEAR'S SESSION.

CONCORD, Saturday, August 11. General regret prevails here to-day at the close of the fifth session of the school of philosophy, and the announcement made last night that the session next year is likely to be but a week and devoted to a single subject--the philosophy, character and poetry of Emerson. The audience last evening was very warm in its commendation of this year's course of lectures and conversations, which by general consent are voted as good as any yet given. The audiences have been large of late, and it has been a favorite drive for parties in the neighboring towns who come for a single lecture. The conversation on Margaret Fuller, Thursday morning, was very attractive to such parties, and was, indeed, one of the most entertaining of the whole series. Mrs. Cheney, who opened the conversation, and Miss Peabody, who took an active part in it, were both intimate with Margaret--one as a contemporary, the other as a disciple--and all they said was interesting. Miss Peabody, who was a few years older than Miss Fuller, spoke of her childhood and education; and of the heroic way in which she took upon herself the cares of the household when it became needful--giving up her long-planned residence in Europe, in order not to diminish the family estate, which her father's sudden death had left involved and not so large as was expected. The unpleasant relations between Margaret and the poet Lowell were spoken of, and the severe criticism on both sides was regretted, --neither of these two Cambridge children of genius quite understanding the other.

Miss Peabody has taken part in almost every debate in the

school this summer, and has always spoken to the point, and agreeably. Her lecture on Milton yesterday was not quite so good as her conversations, --for, like Mr. Alcott, she talks better than she writes. It presented an interesting view of the Calvinistic poet, however, who Miss Peabody insists was not a Calvinist, after all, and led the conversation into a fine statement, by Prof. Harris, of the doctrine of Dante concerning Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. Mr. Snider also added one of his fine comparisons between Dante and Shakespeare, but justice was scarcely done to the greatness of Milton, which Miss Peabody exalted, without making her position very strong or clear.

At the closing session Mr. Sanborn spoke for an hour on Emerson and his philosophy, confining his remarks chiefly to the first book, "Nature," but reading also from an essay on "The Method of Nature," published in 1841. The later and more ethical writings of Emerson were alluded to but not quoted; and his influence on the national life, which the lecturer thought would by and by exceed that of Franklin, and lie on a higher plane, was also but briefly spoken of. Mr. Sanborn said he had found his subject too great for a single lecture and had therefore only made a beginning with this early system of speculative thought, of which he gave a comprehensive account. Mr. Sanborn began this closing lecture thus: "In the first of these lectures I had occasion to say that the Americans had been the followers of many systems of philosophy, the inventors of none; and this was true. But it is also true that every great American who has given his attention to speculative thought at all has colored the system which he followed with a strong tinge of his own thought, and this made it something more and very different. Thus Edwards, coming upon the unconscious, or half understood arguments of Calvinism in regard to moral agency, God's fore-ordination and the origin of evil, wrought them into a far more consistent, logical, and, I must add, repulsive scheme than they exhibited before; doing this, too, with one of the most devout and poetic souls, save that of Milton, which had till then harnessed itself for the Calvinistic campaign. Again, Franklin, coming upon the bare negations, and perplexing criticisms, and sensuous perceptions of the English philosophic school, --Hobbes and Locke, --took a new turn in that maze of thought, and pushed straight for the higher welfare of mankind, while discoursing to them of Socrates, of pots and pans, and the small public concerns of the city where he found himself. The philanthropic philosophy was another thing in the hands of Franklin from what his teachers had taught him; and if we would see the difference between simple greatness like Franklin's, and great endowments without the saving grace of common sense, --let us compare Jeremy Bentham with Franklin. Bentham belonged to the English school, and he, too, had disciples in America, where in the period from 1820 to 1850, of which I lately spoke, the "utilitarian swine" (as Emerson called them in his haste) took a wide range through our fields and forests.

Toward the end of the little book on "Nature," which the lecturer said had prospered on its voyages when larger treatises had foundered and gone to the bottom, --Emerson introduced this passage: "The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God; a projection of God in the unconscious. But it differs from the body in one important respect; it is not now subjected to the human will. It is





therefore, to us, the present expositor of the divine mind." Proceeding from this subtle thought, Emerson quotes the sentence of Plato, that "poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history," and then says: "A wise writer will feel that the ends of study and composition are best answered by announcing undiscovered regions of thought, and so communicating, through hope, new activity to the torpid spirit. I shall therefore conclude this essay with some traditions of man and nature, which a certain poet sang to me, and which, as they have always been in the world, and perhaps re-appear to every bard, may be both history and prophecy." He then quotes from a "certain Orphic poet," supposed by some to be Mr. Alcott, a series of remarkable utterances, far more mythical and poetical than the rest of the book, and resembling some of those Platonic fictions which are the puzzle of modern readers. Miss Peabody, in the conversation, declared that these orphic sayings were original with Emerson, and were written in his journal before his acquaintance with Mr. Alcott began.

Notwithstanding the great gain made by Mr. Alcott this summer, it was not thought best for him to go to the school; and so it has closed without his presence; though he has read the newspaper reports, and heard much from his callers about it. The uncertainty about his health and some other considerations led the faculty to decide on the proposed shortening of the school next year; and Mr. Emery last night read the following statement for the faculty:

"This series of lectures on philosophical and literary subjects was begun and has been continued for five years, primarily to realize an idea long cherished by Mr. Alcott. He believed that there were many persons who would be glad to make a pilgrimage to Concord to hold converse on high themes. The persons who have been permanently connected with the faculty and sharers in the management were willing to try the experiment, feeling certain that if no other result should be accomplished they at least would get great benefit themselves from meeting such persons as should come together here to talk over literary and philosophic subjects. The meetings of the first year were held, as you know, in the Orchard house. They proved so unexpectedly successful in point of attendance that it was decided to erect this building, in order to secure a more convenient place of meeting. Five yearly sessions have now been held here, each session presenting courses of lectures mostly new both in matter and form, though delivered, for the most part, by the same persons. The audiences have been much larger than was originally anticipated; and the average attendance this year has been greater than in any previous year, except the third; and almost as large as in that year. The thousand persons who have actually attended the meetings constitute a small part, however, of the real audience. The newspapers all over this country, and across the water, have carried much of what has been said to hundreds of thousands of readers. The experiment has proved successful therefore, so far as audience is concerned; and all who have participated from the platform will agree that what they have learned from each other and from the audience has amply repaid them for their own contribution. Man realizes himself only by reflection, and there is no stimulus to intellectual activity comparable to collision of mind with mind. That stimulus these meetings have furnished. How much has been accomplished of positive external and

permanent result, by attracting attention to speculative philosophy, and suggesting to the general public a view of the world more rational and profound than is commonly met with among us, no man can yet tell.

"These remarks are preliminary to a statement in regard to the future. Mr. Alcott has been prevented by illness from meeting with us this year, and it is uncertain that he will be able to attend next year. Some others of our lecturers find it impossible longer to give the necessary time to the preparation and delivery of courses of lectures here; and we have decided not to have, next year, so long a session as heretofore. We have in contemplation a session of one week next summer, to be devoted entirely to a consideration of the character and writings of Emerson. Should we decide to have such a session, as now seems probable, there will be a series of 10 or 12 lectures, each of which will be devoted to some special phase of the subject. The list of lecturers will include most of our present corps. Ample notice will be given of all the details when determined."

After the reading of this statement, several of the members of the school spoke earnestly in favor of a longer session than one week, and it is possible that the faculty will yield to requests so strongly urged. But the present prospect is a short session next year, and a longer one in 1885.

(35) Oct. 22, 1883. A LETTER FROM CONCORD. MR. ALCOTT'S PRESENT CONDITION. BETTER THAN AT ANY TIME SINCE HIS ATTACK--THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY--DR. HARRIS'S LECTURES IN BOSTON--DR. HAZARD'S NEW VOLUME.

CONCORD, Tuesday, October 16. It now lacks but one week of a year since Mr. Alcott's apoplectic seizure came on him, leaving him for some weeks speechless, with his right side paralyzed and the muscles of his face much affected, so as to change his whole appearance. He recovered speech gradually, and now can articulate as distinctly as ever, but suffers from that particular affection called "heterophemy," by which the wrong word comes to the mind when the right idea is there. He understands completely what is said or read to him, and knows what he wishes to say in return, but will sometimes say "the chair is anxious," when he means "the day is pleasant," and so of other things. Yet he often talks and replies clearly for a sentence or two without this confusion. His health is now better than at any time since the attack, and the cold weather seems to agree with him better than the summer heat did. He has recovered in part the use of his paralyzed side, and his face has resumed its former expression, except that he has the air of one recovering from a severe illness. He has long taken his meals with the family; he eats well, generally sleeps well, and goes outdoors every good day. Twice he has taken a drive of some miles and has not been the worse for it, while he is rolled about in his invalid chair a mile or two each pleasant day. He sees his friends as they call, and is very desirous of seeing them, and of hearing from them all that they are interested in. With the help of a chair, he walks from his study into the next room and back again, sometimes several times a day; but he can as yet make no use of his right hand, and has not learned to write much with his left





hand. He reads the newspaper, or has it read to him, and also hears reading from the Psalms, the prayer-book, or from the volumes in his library--preferring to hear poetry read. He reads his own letters and dictates answers; is interested in all his friends, and a little in the political contest now going on. If he votes at all, it will be against Butler, whom he regards as the worst of governors. He avoids excitement and does not see many people, except as he meets them in the street while upon his round in the invalid chair. His eldest grandson has taken a photograph of him, sitting on the porch of his study, and will make another and larger portrait before long. The sculptor, French, some years ago modeled a bust of Mr. Alcott, which, though an excellent portrait, was not quite satisfactory, and it is hoped that he can soon have a few more sittings and complete the work. Mr. Alcott will be 84 years old on the 29th of November, and though the uncertainty of life at that age is increased in his case by the nature of his attack, and by some symptoms that have since occurred, he now seems likely to live for some years. His mother died at the age of 93.

The school of philosophy seems to prolong the life of its professors. Dr. Hazard of Rhode Island, who has just published in a volume the lectures read by him at this school in 1882, is a year or two younger than Mr. Alcott, but is more than 82, and still in vigorous activity. Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who is over 80, is now in New York, introducing her Indian princess, Winnemucca, to the acquaintance of her friends there. She expects to be in attendance at the school next year, and to take part in the lectures on Emerson, which will occupy the first week. It is now proposed to make the session two weeks long, by the introduction of other subjects, but this is not decided on. It is hoped that Dr. Jones of Illinois, who was absent last summer, will rejoin his associates at the school next summer.

Dr. Harris, besides his work on one or two volumes that are soon to be published and on the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* (of which he was the founder and has been the editor for nearly 20 years), is now giving a course of lectures on Philosophy in Boston to an audience chiefly composed of Congregational ministers. The number of lectures is five, the subjects, I believe, are: Time and Space, Cause and Self-cause, The Triune God, and Immortality,--all viewed as subjects of philosophic knowing, and with reference to the history of the world. The course is in fact an abridgment of his course of eight lectures given at the Concord school last summer. The attendance in Boston is not very large as yet, nor is it designed to be; the course began at the Congregational house October 15, and will continue on Monday until concluded. Among Dr. Harris's hearers would have been Mr. Mozoomdar, the oriental missionary, if he had not left Boston on his way to New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc., where he is to speak on the philosophy and religion of India. His stay in Boston was prolonged beyond his original intention, and he has left many friends there and in this vicinity. He has a book in press in Boston (George H. Ellis, the publisher,) on the "Oriental Christ."

Dr. Hazard's book--"Man a Creative First Cause,"--is published by Houghton, and is a clear and subtle presentation of the doctrine (held by the author in common with Prof. Bowen of Harvard, and other philosophers who

would not all agree with Dr. Hazard's other opinions) that our idea of causation is derived from or rests upon the power we feel in ourselves to originate acts by an exertion of the will....

(36) July 9, 1884. THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY. GOOD THINGS IN THE CONCORD PROGRAM. MR. ALCOTT'S STATE OF HEALTH--THE EMERSON LECTURES--CHANGES IN THE ANNOUNCED ORDER OF PAPERS AND DISCUSSIONS.

CONCORD, Tuesday, July 8. As the time approaches for the annual session of the school of philosophy, it is frequently asked what part, if any, Mr. Alcott will take in the exercises. There has been no prospect that he would do more than occasionally to be present, and that is not probable. He is in better health than at any time since his attack in October, 1882; drives out every few days, and might go out every day if he would be content, as formerly, with the slow motions of his wheel-chair; but he has found so much more comfort in long drives that he rather scorns the invalid's vehicle in which he took so much comfort last year. He has grown stout and has to some little extent the use of his paralyzed limbs; walks slowly about the house, and, with the aid of a nurse and his cane, to the carriage in which he drives out, but can take very little exercise, and does not improve in his power of conversation, which has been greatly impaired. His memory is good, he understands all that is said to him and knows what he would reply, but is unable to find the right word at the right time; and suffers both from aphasia and heterophemy. In this respect his condition resembles, but not very closely, that of Mr. Emerson in his later years; but with Mr. Emerson there was a great loss of memory, as well as an inability to find the needed word. Mr. Alcott remembers with much distinctness the events of the past and also recent occurrences, and has no more weakness of memory than old men usually exhibit. He eats and sleeps well, and spends much time in reading and amusing himself with illustrated books; but seems not to pursue any continuous train of thought. He is very desirous of attending the school of philosophy, as he was a year ago, and has so much more strength now than then that he could perhaps do so without risk or unusual fatigue. But his family feel anxious concerning him and are not inclined to try the experiment of a public gathering, which would be attended with more or less excitement for him. He sees more visitors than formerly, and is always glad to see those who call, if the visit is a brief one. He has taken some part in forming the program of the school for this year, and his name is attached both to that and the tickets of admission. He has also consented that selections from his diaries from 1835 to 1850 shall be made for reading at the opening session; to show what were some of the thoughts, sayings and acts of Emerson in the early years of the transcendental movement, and how close was the friendship existing between him and Mr. Alcott. These passages will be read on the morning of July 23, after the short poem which Miss Emma Lazarus has written to introduce the lectures on Emerson.

It is not quite certain that the essay of Mr. Mozoomdar, the oriental Theist, who visited Concord last year and is a great student and admirer of Emerson, will be received





in season to be read at the school on the 29th, as announced. Mr. Mozoomdar is in India, where the death of his cousin, Keshub Chunder Sen, has involved him in many cares and some controversies concerning the church of which he and Chunder Sen were the pillars. His paper on "Emerson as Seen from India" will, however, make a chapter in the volume which is to include the Emerson lectures of the present session. The French scholar, M. de Poyen Belleisle, who gives "A French View of Emerson" on the 29th, will speak in French, but the discussion of his lecture will be indifferently in French or English, as the speaker may choose. The lecturer has been in America for some time, and has given courses on French literature and other subjects that have been much admired. Mr. Whitman's proposed essay on "Emerson and Thoreau" may be delayed in consequence of the "good gray poet's" recent illness; in which case Mr. Blake of Worcester, the editor of Thoreau's manuscripts, may take his place. In any event it is hoped that Mr. Blake will give his annual reading from these manuscripts, perhaps selecting something that will bear either on the character of Emerson, or on the other subject of this summer's lectures--Immortality. In addition to the speakers announced on this last-named subject (Drs. Peabody of Cambridge, Holland of New Orleans, and Harris of Concord, and John Fiske, the Darwinian disciple) the faculty have invited Thomas Davidson, the Aristotelian scholar, now residing in Concord, to read a paper on Aristotle's demonstration of immortality.

In addition to the poem on Emerson by Miss Lazarus a poem on the same theme by John Albee may be read on the 30th of July, at the close of the Emerson week. Mr. Albee will read his lecture on "Emerson as an Essayist" at the morning session of the 25th, and Julian Hawthorne, instead of speaking on the 28th concerning "Emerson as an American," will take Prof. Harris's place on the evening of the first day--July 23. Prof. Harris, who has left home for the great educational gathering at Madison, Wis., will return to Concord on or before the 23d, and will give his lecture, "Emerson's View of Nature," on the evening of the 24th, following Dr. Bartol, who speaks that morning on "Emerson's Religion." Mr. Mead (Edwin D.) follows Mr. Albee the evening of the 25th, on "Emerson's Ethics," and Mrs. Howe speaks Saturday morning the 26th on "Emerson's Relation to Society." On the 28th, Mrs. Cheney and Miss Elizabeth Peabody occupy the morning session, and Mr. Sanborn speaks in the evening on "Emerson Among the Poets"--paying some attention to the undervaluation of Emerson as a poet by the English critics, Matthew Arnold and John Morley. On the 29th Prof. Harris takes the place of Mr. Snider, who cannot be present, and speaks on "Emerson's Relation to Goethe and Carlyle"--a fruitful subject, which will be much debated. Mr. Cooke, the biographer of Emerson, will close this course of lectures on the 30th with "Emerson's View of Nationality," and on the 31st of July and 1st and 2d of August the discussion on "Immortality" will take place.

(37) July 16, 1885. FROM CONCORD. THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY OPEN. THE WORK OF THE SHORT SESSION--GOETHE STUDIED BY SPECIALISTS--DR. HEDGE AND THE ELDERS--SPIRIT OF THE YOUNGER SCHOLARS--PANTHEISM AND MODERN SCIENCE.

CONCORD, Wednesday, July 15. After many changes the list of lecturers and topics for this year's session of the school of philosophy is completed, and the first course on Goethe will open to-morrow evening with a lecture by John Albee on "Goethe's self-culture." Mr. Albee is not a specialist in Goethe, but his familiarity with modern literature and his early initiation in the Emersonian school (which is an American branch of that founded in Germany by Goethe, as Carlyle's followers in England make an English branch) gives him a right to speak on this general topic. Mrs. Cheney will follow him on Friday morning with an essay on the "Intimately feminine," or the womanly principle in human nature, which Goethe names at the end of the second part of "Faust," the "Ewig-Weibliche." This is a subject essentially distinct from that of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who is to speak Saturday, July 25, on "The Women of Goethe," while another learned woman, Mrs. Caroline Sherman of Chicago, will lecture July 21, in the morning, on Goethe's portrayal of Child Life in Mignon and other creations of his genius. A fourth topic of special interest to women--the "Elective Affinities"--will be treated by Mr. Emery (who presides at the discussions of the school) on the 22d, in the morning.

There will be two lecturers next Saturday forenoon, for Dr. Bartol, who speaks at 9.30 on "Goethe and Schiller," will be followed at 10.45 by Rev. Dr. Hedge, whose subject is the famous "Tale" of Goethe, that singular parable which Carlyle has translated, and the meaning of which has been much debated. Dr. Hedge, as a student in Germany more than 60 years ago, when Goethe was not only living but writing in full vigor, had opportunities of studying and understanding the great master which younger men do not possess; while, on the other hand, the copious publication of Goethe's letters and the letters and commentaries written about him, since his death in 1832, have given to the present generation of scholars a means of studying and knowing him which did not exist during his life-time. Moreover, the glamor of his great fame has passed away, and along with it the envy and detraction that accompanied him in life, notwithstanding the singular good fortune he for the most part enjoyed; so that it is easier to judge him impartially now than it was a hundred, or even 60, years ago. We stand toward him somewhat as the men of the Restoration, including Dryden, did toward Shakespeare, in the latter years of Milton's life-time, though we would fain hope we judge him better than even Dryden judged the genius of Shakespeare.

Mr. Snider begins what may be termed the Hegelian exposition of Goethe on Friday evening, the 17th, and Prof. Harris, who is now with the teachers in Saratoga, will continue it on the 20th. Both these lecturers take up the two great works of Goethe--"Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister," but their treatment will be different. Prof. Harris will also touch on the subject originally assigned to Rev. Dr. Holland of New Orleans, who cannot be present,--"Goethe and Religion," and will have something to say of the scientific labors of Goethe, his "Theory of Colors" and his morphology. In a third lecture Mr. Snider may also treat the scientific value of Goethe, since the two men of science--Prof. Sterry Hunt of Montreal and Judge Stallo of Cincinnati--who were invited to discuss "Goethe and Modern Science" are both prevented from being present. Mr. Emery's view





of the "Elective Affinities," is the Hegelian one, so far as the name of Hegel may be connected with the criticism of a novel. Yet the system of that philosopher was framed so vast and world-embracing, was at once so telescopic and so microscopic, that he has given rules for every work of art, and for our guidance in every point of morals and religion. This distinctly Hegelian element in the Concord school will hardly be so perceptible this year as formerly, by reason of the greater number and variety of the lecturers, but on the other hand it has gradually influenced the whole atmosphere of the school, although Prof. Harris and some others have themselves been modifying their strict adherence to Hegel by the adoption of views in some respects different, or, at least, by a development of the religious and spiritual side of Hegel's philosophy to the comparative neglect of the purely metaphysical. How far this has gone will be best seen in the "Symposium" on Pantheism and modern science, with which the session will close, on the three last days of July. Goethe's peculiar philosophical attitude will be presented by Dr. F. L. Soldan of St. Louis on the evening of July 24, under the title of "Goethe's relation to Kant and Spinoza," and by Prof. Davidson on the 28th in discussing "Goethe's Titanism," in which his paganism will be included, I suppose.

The literary and artistic side of Goethe, with some reference to the events of his life, will be presented by Mr. Albee, by Mr. Sanborn, who speaks next Monday evening on "Goethe's Relation to English Literature," by Profs. White and Hewett of Cornell university--the former speaking July 21 in the evening on "Goethe's Youth," and the latter July 23 on "Goethe at Weimar,"--by Mr. Partridge of New Jersey on "Goethe as Playwright," and, finally, by Mr. Ernst, editor of the Boston Beacon, on "The Style of Goethe." Mr. Ernst is the only German-born lecturer among the 22 who are to speak in the courses this year; for Judge Stallo and Mr. Brockmeyer, who were invited, were compelled to decline, and Dr. Soldan, though of German parentage, was born in America, I believe. Several of the lecturers, however, like Dr. Hedge, have studied in Germany, and the two Cornell professors are teachers of German in its higher form at their university. Prof. Hewett is a graduate of Amherst, Prof. White of Harvard, Mr. Ernst of Brown and Prof. Davidson of a Scotch university. The latter is the most cosmopolite and polyglottic of the lecturers, being equally at home in German, Greek, Latin, French and Italian literature, and deeply versed in all philosophies, from Heraclitus to Rosmini, both of whom he has interpreted to the English and American reader. He was one of the original lecturers at the Concord school in 1879, but was absent for some years in Europe until 1884, when he took part in the discussion on immortality. Mr. Ernst is well-read in German philosophy, although he confines himself to a consideration of Goethe's style and use of words and figures. He appears this year for the first time in the Concord course, as do Mr. Partridge, Dr. Soldan, Profs. White and Hewett, Mrs. Sherman and Dr. Abbott.

These younger scholars approach the study of Goethe in a very different spirit from that in which Emerson, Carlyle, Margaret Fuller and Dr. Hedge became his readers and disciples. They are not so much disciples as critics and biographers, although several of them recognize as fully as Carlyle did the great service rendered by Goethe

to his century and his successors. The feeling of personal indebtedness for guidance and inspiration, which was so noteworthy in Carlyle and Margaret Fuller, is less perceptible at this distance of time; nor will Carlyle's solemn injunction--"Close your Byron, open your Goethe!"--now fall upon the youthful ear as so important. Byron's day of influence has gone by, and his strong and original character ("strong as poison, original as sin," said Landor) has no more than its natural weight among the literary celebrities of the 19th century. It is therefore possible to treat Goethe more impartially than of old, and to draw from his career those lessons of wisdom, whether for inspiration or for warning, which every great man's work and example should teach. To the men and women of this generation, Goethe, if treated in this way, will be practically a new study; and the Concord course of lectures indicates that a renewed interest in him, and a better knowledge of what he has written, is to come in this country, as it has come in England, where Prof. Seeley and other competent men have been writing about him.

Although the public interest in the whole work of the Concord school is greater than ever before--judged by the coming together of students and the comments of the press--yet it will be greatest, apparently, in the final discussion on pantheism and the spiritual outcome of modern science. The diversity of opinion among the five lecturers (Dr. Peabody, Dr. Harris, Mr. Fiske, Dr. Francis Abbott and Prof. Howison) guarantees a view of the subject from all sides; and the debates which are to follow the lectures will doubtless bring in other opinions of every shade and emphasis. It is proposed to publish these lectures in a small volume by themselves, as well as to collect the most of the lectures on Goethe into a volume similar in scope to the volume of last year on the "Genius and Character of Emerson." The number of books which have originated at this school is becoming considerable, including one by Mrs. Cheney, one by Mr. Fiske, one by Mr. Albee, and one or more by Dr. Kedney, whose critical exposition of "Hegel's Aesthetics" has been published this year at Chicago. Dr. Kedney does not lecture here this year, as he has formerly done, but his book will be used and quoted, no doubt, in applying to Goethe that standard of art criticism which his younger contemporary, Hegel, laid down so positively. Mr. Alcott now expects to be present occasionally at the school,--his health being better than at any former time since his attack in 1882.

(38) July 23, 1885. GOETHE AT CONCORD. THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHIC VIEW. MR. ALBEE, MRS. CHENEY, DR. BARTOL, PROF. HEWETT, DR. HARRIS, ETC. PASS JUDGMENT ON HIM--A GOETHEAN REVIVAL.

BOSTON, Monday, July 20. It is about 50 years since Goethe began to be seriously studied in New England, although George Ticknor, Dr. Hedge, George Bancroft, Mr. Emerson, Margaret Fuller and Dr. Frothingham began to read him earlier, and the three first named had seen him in Germany. Ticknor and Bancroft had even talked with him, and the latter had carried a message from Goethe to Byron in Italy--one of those love messages which shyly passed between these two poets, who never met, and of whom the elder, contrary to nature's rule, loved the younger most. He talked about Byron to George Ticknor





in 1816, saying among other things, that "his late separation from his wife, in its circumstances and mystery, is so poetical that had Lord Byron invented it he could hardly have had a more fortunate subject for his genius." Goethe regretted after Byron's death that he "had not lived to fulfil his mission," which was--what do you guess? "to versify scenes from the Old Testament." "What a success he would have had with the tower of Babel!" said Goethe to Crabbe Robinson in 1829.

The Hillside chapel is not exactly a tower of Babel, but many tongues are spoken there this week, and the surprising thing is that with so many lectures, without rehearsals beforehand, there should be so little repetition and so little clashing. Whether they all understand each other is uncertain; for there is some confusion of tongues, and when Dr. Harris talks of "the real and the potential," and Mrs. Cheney of "realism and idealism," and Dr. Hedge of Bismarck and the onyx pug which was presented to the fair Lily in Goethe's "Märchen,"--it is by no means clear that they use words in the same significance. Excursions are made into the realms of history and fable, though not quite so far back yet as to the Babel tower; but Mr. Snider, in tracing back the "Faust" myth, got to Zoroaster and the magi of Persia; while Mr. Davidson would rather stop at the natural magic of the Arabs, introduced along with Aristotle, by the followers of Averroes and Avicenna, to the astonished Christians of western Europe. Mr. Snider gave his lecture to the legend alone, dwelling upon Hroswitha the German nun, and Calderon, with his story of Cyprian, el magico prodigioso, and the sudden appearance of the Faust myth, along with Luther and Melancthon at the Reformation. He thus left Goethe's "Faust" to be dealt with this morning by Dr. Harris, while Mr. Sanborn this evening read passages from Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," which was the first poetical form assumed by this formidable legend, and of which Goethe said, admiring Marlowe, "How greatly it is all planned." Mr. Albee spoke generally of the leading feature in Goethe's intellectual character, his persistent self-culture as a means of knowledge and an aim in life,--that same trait which so excites the admiration of the English Germanist, Prof. Seeley, who has said:--

"What, then, was this task to which Goethe had so early devoted himself, and which seemed to him too important to be postponed even to the exigencies of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods? It was that task about which, since Goethe's time, so much has been said--self-culture. 'From my boyhood,' says Wilhelm, speaking evidently for Goethe himself, 'it has been my wish and purpose to develop completely all that is in me.' Elsewhere he says, 'to make my own existence harmonious.' Here is the refined form of selfishness of which Goethe has been so often accused. And undoubtedly the phrase is one which will bear a selfish interpretation, just as a Christian may be selfish when he devotes himself to the salvation of his soul. But in the one case as in the other it is before all things evident that the task undertaken is very serious and that the man who undertakes it must be of a very serious disposition. When, as in Goethe's case, it is self-planned and self-imposed, such an undertaking is comparable to those great practical experiments in the conduct of life which were made by the early Greek philosophers. Right or wrong, such an experiment can only be imagined by an original

man, and can only be carried into effect by a man of very steadfast will. But we may add that it is no more necessary to give a selfish interpretation to this formula, than to the other formula by which philosophers have tried to describe the object of a moral life."

This is a very favorable view of Goethe's aim and character, and such was that taken by Mr. Albee, though he expressed himself in other words. Mrs. Cheney dwelt particularly on Goethe's conception of the womanly element on human nature, which he so often illustrated in his personages, and finally summed up in the last two lines of the second part of Faust,--

Das ewig-weibliche  
Zieht uns hinan.

Upon this text Mrs. Cheney discoursed nobly, saying among other things:--

"Goethe might have used the more general term; he might have sung that divine humanity which is expressed in Christian thought. Why does he find his true expression in 'Das Ewig-Weibliche'? Why does he use this word, which implies difference of sex, and the eternally directing function of one aspect of the eternal thought, instead of employing a phrase that would express the whole? Goethe's habitual thought was as far as possible from any Indian idea of re-absorption in divinity, and loss of personality. He recognized that when a life was achieved it became a living force, although he questioned whether every apparent human life accomplished this purpose. In a letter to Zelter Goethe says (Bayard Taylor's Notes, p. 532): 'Let us continue our work until one of us, before or after the other, returns to ether at the summons of the world-spirit! Then may the eternal not refuse to us new activities, analogous to those wherein we have been tested! If we shall also add Memory and a continued sense of the Right and the Good, in his fatherly kindness, we shall then surely all the sooner take hold of the wheels which drive the cosmic machinery.' He said to Eckermann (B. T., p. 516): 'I do not doubt our permanent existence, for nature cannot do without the entelechie. But we are not all immortal in the same fashion, and in order to manifest oneself in the future life as a great entelechie, one must also become one.' It is not therefore from any thought of the extinction of personality as the final consummation of life is approached, that Goethe uses this abstract term, but to express the essential nature of the power which he thus invokes. It is not the feminine in its manifestation but in its original character."

The most ingenious and amusing of the exercises at Concord last week was Dr. Hedge's exposition, borrowed from Baumgart, of the celebrated Fairy Tale of the Ferryman, the "Will o' the Wisps," etc., which is held to signify the restoration of the German empire under Bismarck. Of course it is possible to make this application of what I am disposed to regard as a quiz by Goethe on the solemn expositors of ancient and modern parables. Dr. Hedge followed Dr. Bartol, who had given the most brilliant but not perhaps the most just contribution of the philosophers thus far, contrasting Goethe with Schiller, with Emerson, with Shakespeare, etc. Comparisons are proverbially invidious,





and that with Schiller led Dr. Hedge, Prof. Hewett and others, at an evening seance on Saturday in Mrs. Edward Hoar's parlors, to protest against it as unjust to the man whom Goethe loved so well, and to whom he owed so much. A criticism of lighter weight might be made on Dr. Bartol's contrast of Emerson with Goethe, which I will quote, along with something of the Schiller comparison, in order to exhibit the force of the doctor's antithesis and statement:--

"Goethe portrays man, the living, moving body of the race, --not, like Emerson, the individual mind or the Holy Ghost alone. Emerson spins a thread; Goethe weaves a web. Emerson snatches a trumpet from some angel's grasp; Goethe greets us with an orchestral symphony. Emerson fetches the topstone of a monument or the pinnacle of a temple before the structures are reared and ready; Goethe builds from the ground with vast and complete design. None higher in aim than Emerson, more a prince among the fine spirits that have lighted up this earth with a celestial gleam; none more true to his call; which was not, like that of Shakespeare and Goethe, to set forth this human membership which we are. He is a soloist at the concert,--his performance slenderly related to the choir. He imperfectly appreciates the functions of church and state. He gazes at Goethe as an antelope, gazelle or camelopard might at Behemoth or the great Pan. He is the zenith, which from a scornful altitude surveys the nadir and the poles. The most generous of admirers he notes the merits of his senior contemporary without justice to his supreme human representative claim. 'Faust,' the crowning product of the 19th century, is, to his dainty mind, a disagreeable book, as if a poem, epic or dramatic, could be made of the leavings, when all the sad and dark passages of the world-tale should have been erased; the critic not seeing that it is only against the facts or materials of the tragedy that his objection holds. He complains that Goethe neither surrenders himself to the torrent of inspiration, nor devotes himself to the absolute truth; cares for art for the sake of culture, and is not even an artist, because not incorporating all the matter of his pages in artistic form; the censure from other quarters being, that Goethe is artist too much, with determination of blood to the head at the cost of the heart. Thus Puritan clashes with cosmopolitan. Emerson writes to Carlyle, 'Goethe can never be dear to me,' and in his 'Representative Men,' that he can never be dear to mankind. Sterling wrote to Carlyle that Goethe is not to be loved; and Carlyle growls back, 'Who has the right to love him?'"

This is not unjust to Emerson, but does not state the whole case either as to him or Goethe. Concerning the two German friends, the criticism is more pungent though not wholly unfair. Dr. Bartol said:--

"His mental hospitality in cordially accepting, after Schiller's half-honest aversion and back-biting coquetry of his own Olympian bows, the inferior man of letters to his friendly and loving embrace, to receive from him not very important encouragement and advice, is demonstration of radical magnanimity. When Schiller, 10 years his junior, is sick, he is troubled, anxiously inquires, divines from the silence of those around him that the end has come, says Schiller is dead, covers his face with his hands and laments an irreparable loss. In the delirium preceding his

own death he sees a bit of paper on the floor and asks, 'Why so careless as to leave Schiller's letters in that fashion, lying round loose?' his affection, as the living wave ebbed in his bosom, showing its unsounded depth. In England the man who had rated Schiller highest and studied Goethe most is Thomas Carlyle. It is like the praise of Sir Hubert Stanley when he makes Goethe of modern literature the head. Schiller was but the Mercury to that Jupiter with whom Carlyle might be in some sense and measure a competitor, had he become as peaceful and sunny as he was strong, could he have spoken the Yea of his own 'Sartor Resartus' and left behind him the everlasting No, to learn the power of ideas as well as of will. Schiller is the poet of a section and season, Goethe of ages and the world. In personal relations, not intellectual merits, they meet. The putting their names together in a lecture for one theme reminds me of the soothsayer's talk with Antony in Shakespeare's play:--

Antony--Say to me  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or mine?

Soothsayer--Caesar's:  
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side;  
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Caesar's is not; but near him thy angel  
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered; therefore  
Make space enough between you.

I see Schiller in his customary pacing about in his composing room, rousing himself to his stint with some violence of exercise as he spouts a passage and resorts from time to time to the stimulating draughts at his side, and I find cause for whatever may be strained or unnatural in the literary result."

In the two lectures to-day, at one of which Mr. Alcott was present, (the first time for three years) Dr. Harris expounded the meaning of "Faust" and Mr. Sanborn dwelt on the influence exercised by Goethe upon English literature, since there was very little influence upon Goethe through that literature. Dr. Harris presented a consistent interpretation of "Faust" from a high stand-point of philosophy and religion, which culminated in an explanation of the mystical chorus at the end of the second part, so felicitous as to draw from Miss Peabody the exclamation that she now for the first time understood that part of the drama. Mr. Sanborn this evening, in reading portions of Marlowe's "Tragical History of Dr. Faustus," as it was written in 1592 by Shakespeare's brother in tragedy, and afterward played to great audiences in England and in Germany, called attention to the great and important additions made by Goethe to the old legend, --the whole story of Margaret being an interpolation of Goethe's, based, at the utmost, upon a mere hint in the English tragedy. He also pointed out the extremely limited acquaintance which Goethe had with English literature, while he was so well read in Ovid, in the Greek tragedies, and in French and Italian literature. His effect upon England and America, through Carlyle, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, George Eliot, and others, was also set forth, and the general features of his character were given, ending with an application to the aged Goethe





of Landor's "Speech of a Dying Philosopher":--

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;  
Nature I loved, and next to nature, art;  
I warmed both hands against the fire of life,  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

(39) July 27, 1885. THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.  
GOETHE'S RELATIONS WITH ENGLISH LITERATURE.  
PASSAGES FROM MR. SANBORN'S LECTURE--MR.  
EMERY ON THE "ELECTIVE AFFINITIES."

CONCORD, Wednesday, July 22. This is the second week of the Concord school, and brings together the greatest number of philosophers, unless the symposium on modern science and pantheism in the last days of July should show a larger congregation, as may well happen. Mr. Emery, who spoke to-day on the "Elective Affinities," and Mr. Sanborn on Monday evening, treating of Goethe and Shakespeare and the other relations of English and German literature, have had the largest audiences thus far, although Prof. White of Cornell, who spoke last evening on the "Youth of Goethe," had nearly as many. Prof. Hewett speaks to-morrow on "Goethe at Weimar," taking up the biographical thread where his colleague, Prof. White, dropped it. These two college instructors bring to the course a historical accuracy and closeness of research which does not always appear in the broader philosophic lectures.

Mr. Sanborn began by pointing out how little in comparison with the classical and continental literatures, the distinctive English literature, except Shakespeare and Marlowe, had influenced Goethe, although he was the greatest poet since Shakespeare and had qualities in common with him and with Bacon, "that truncated English Plato." He then said:--

"Yet the finest aroma of English literature--that which proceeds from a magnanimous and adventurous character displayed now in love, now in war, now in the heroism of private life or in the sanctities of religion--is perpetually wanting in Goethe. I do not speak now of Shakespeare, in whom this magnanimity had its widest and highest range, but of lesser poets and prose writers, who sometimes in very humble spheres of literature display the same winning qualities. It is this which gives immortality to Sidney's youthful essays in verse and prose,--which makes Herbert memorable, Marvell more than a wit, and poor Dryden respectable even in his degradations; this gleams in Donne and Jeremy Taylor, in Gray and Dr. Johnson; in Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron; in Burns and Carlyle among the Scotch, and among Americans in Thoreau and Emerson, in Walt Whitman and others of less note. It is by virtue of an untamable energy that English literature is capable of rising so high, and sinking so low, and is incapable of that measured and deliberate excellence of which the books of Plato and of Goethe are perhaps the best examples.

"In the writings of Goethe, no less than in his life, we see the limitations which egoism imposes, and which not his great genius even could remove. 'A man,' said Cromwell to the French ambassador, 'never rises so high as when he knows not whither he is going.' Although Goethe would fain follow the intuitions of his own mind, and yield himself to the impulse of the moment, his very intuitions

had prudence and self-love in them, so firmly implanted that he could never escape from worldly considerations. But the old belief of mankind is wisest, which declares that the poet's inspiration is greater than any worldly prudence, and that the oracles are sincere. If ever men are self-forgetful it is when they are in love--at least for a brief period of that passion--and it is the magnanimity thence proceeding which gives worth and dignity to characters otherwise frivolous or brutal, like those of Antony and Cleopatra, who, like Othello, 'loved not wisely, but too well.' Goethe, as Dr. Bartol has said, loved not well enough, but too wisely; he lacked that magnanimity which men and women much less gifted have displayed in their affection; though himself magnanimous in the other relations of life. And I must accuse him of another great fault, which he never learned of the English poets; he would 'kiss and tell.' Shakespeare has so well disguised his affairs of the heart that it will always remain a mystery not only whom he loved, but whether it was love or friendship of which he wrote so wonderfully; but Goethe has related what he should not about Gretchen and Annette and Emilia and Lucinda, and heaven knows how many more. To be sure, he has given them an immortality thereby, and by idealizing them in his plays and novels and poems; but even there we feel that he has taken an unfair advantage of these fair ones, in drawing their pictures for the world to see, while they were turning their faces toward him alone. Whether these love affairs were innocent or not,--and I am disposed to give them always the most favorable construction,--there is here a betrayal of confidence, against which one of the minor English poets of Shakespeare's time had warned him;

If, as I have, you also do  
Virtue in woman see,  
And dare love that, and say so too;  
And forget the He and She, --

And if this love, though placid so,  
From profane men you hide  
Who will no faith on this bestow,  
Or, if they do, deride, --

Then you have done a braver thing  
Than all the Worthies did.  
And a braver thence will spring  
Which is, to keep that hid."

Mr. Sanborn illustrated the English turn of mind when expressing itself poetically in love-matters by quoting Lovelace's song which ends:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more;

and that poem of Wordsworth's with this termination, --

A Briton, even in love, should be  
A subject, not a slave.

He then went on to say, speaking of the want of sympathy between England and Germany in Goethe's youth, --





"Pathless the gulf of feeling yawns," and the great abyss that is fixed between the sentiments and daily opinions of Germany and England was quite as wide when England had a German king as it is today. France was nearer spiritually as well as geographically, and we find the young Goethe far more affected by French than by English books. He read Shakespeare and Marlowe early, and felt their vast powers. He also read Richardson, Swift and Goldsmith, and found pleasure, perhaps inspiration, in the Vicar of Wakefield, but the daily influence of French thought, and the French style, did more than any impressions that came to him from England to modify the strong native impulses of Goethe. No sooner did he become known in England, however, than he exerted an influence of his own on English literature which has been growing stronger ever since, by indirect radiation, through Carlyle, Emerson, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold and a host of lesser writers and translators. The first and most eminent of his translators, before Carlyle, was Walter Scott, who, in 1799, published in Edinburgh a version of 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' which Goethe himself had published in 1773. In itself this play is of but little value, as compared with the later works of Goethe, but it has a peculiar significance as the first of those feudal romances which 40 years afterward, in the hands of Scott, became such an important part of English literature.

"The real work of Goethe was not to vary the existing forms of literature, however much he might do this, but to inspire in all literature a deep conviction of the unity of nature and the absolute activity of spirit. This, once done, is nothing less than regeneration of the inner life of literature, which may thenceforth take any form, old or new, and yet be true to the inworking spirit. Carlyle seems to have been the first of British writers to seize this perception of Goethe's mission, and he was certainly the first to enforce it and insist upon it in ways that soon wrought an actual, if incipient, revival in the English-speaking world of letters. With him was soon associated our own Emerson, who, arriving at the same insight, not through Goethe's illumination but by his own, nevertheless found his inward light extended and clarified by the writings of both Goethe and Carlyle. The period of Goethe's death (March, 1832) may be taken as the time when Carlyle and Emerson saw distinctly that they stood at the opening of a new era, and it was not long afterward, when they met at Craigenputtock, that they also became aware of the unity existing between them upon vital issues, and that they were appointed to carry forward Goethe's work in their own lands, and with reinforcement of each other."

Mr. Sanborn next spoke of Shakespeare as viewed by his contemporaries and by Goethe, quoting Ben Jonson's encomium on his friend, in which qualities are pointed out the very reverse of Goethe's, and said further:--

"Jonson adds, with that tone of patronage which the intervening centuries have made so amusing to us: 'But Shakespeare redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.' This mild encomium is increasingly true of Goethe also, as we withdraw more and more from the immediate conditions of his life, and judge him by the standards of genius and of benefit to mankind. Tested by these, Goethe must be

greatly praised, and his influence on English literature, whether indirect or direct, has been every way salutary. For Goethe, even where he is pedantic, is profound; wherever he deals in small or trivial concerns, there is something just and wholesome in his method, and though he may check and discountenance spontaneity, this can do little harm to our literature, which is spontaneous rather than profound, except in those rare examples, like Chaucer, Shakespeare and Wordsworth, where it is both profound and spontaneous. I do not find that Goethe had any knowledge of Chaucer, yet of all English authors this ancient poet was the nearest to Goethe's serene and tolerant temper, and he rose, too, as Goethe did in Germany, from a dead level of mediocrity in his own age to the very heights of humor and insight. There is a just judgment on this good old poet by Sir Philip Sidney, which deserves to be quoted, written in 1581, and to be found in his 'Defense of Poesy.' 'Chaucer,' says Sidney, 'undoubtedly did excellently in his Troilus and Cressida, of whom truly I know not whether to marvel more either that he, in that misty time, could see so clearly, or that we, in this clear age, go so stumblingly after him.' One was soon to come who would no longer stumble in following Chaucer, but would overtake him and pass him by, so that even Shakespeare's contemporaries would have no doubt what his rank was. An obscure poet of that period, of whom we know almost as little as of Shakespeare himself, William Basse by name, commemorated Shakespeare's death in 1616 by this elegy, which is one of the best, though seldom quoted:--

Renowned Spencer, lie a thought more nigh  
To learned Chaucer, and, rare Beaumont, lie  
A little nearer Spencer, to make room  
For Shakespeare in your three-fold four-fold tomb.  
But if precedency in death doth bar  
A fourth place in your sacred sepulcher,  
Under this sable marble of thine own,  
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone!  
Thy unmolested peace in unshared cave  
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave  
That unto us and others it may be  
Honor hereafter to be laid by thee.

"Here the elegist recognizes what time has fully attested, that Shakespeare is the lord paramount of English literature, higher than Beaumont's or Spenser's, or Chaucer's rank. A similar rank must be given, and has long been joyfully conceded to Goethe among German writers. I do not agree with Dr. Bartol in the comparison which he drew between Schiller and Goethe, so disparaging to the former; but it is in accord with that severe scripture which says: 'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away.' In the higher meaning of poetic greatness Schiller 'hath not,' and therefore must surrender some part of his recent or present renown to the more masculine and original Goethe. In one respect, however, and an important one, he will always be superior to his friend--in his recognition of that wholesome sexual morality which Goethe at all times considered too lightly and in his youth so habitually transgressed. It will be long before English and American literature becomes accustomed to the tone of Goethe on this subject; a coarse and worldly habit of mind, which came to him partly by nature, and partly from





the French, Latin and Greek books, which he read in his youth far more than he read the better English or German authors. Indeed, there were few good German authors before Goethe which were accessible to him, while Ovid and Catullus and Martial were open to him, and the amusing literature of France was in every German household where books were read at all. Goethe makes it almost an accusation against Herder at Strasburg that he made him think less favorably of Ovid than Goethe had been accustomed, but the Roman elegiacs, written at the age of 38, show that Ovid was then his model much more than Herder. He had studied the more profound classical poets with profit, and his most perfect drama, so far as form and language go, the 'Iphigeneia in Tauris,' --is the best result of this part of his education. It would be impossible in English literature to find so vivid a reproduction of the antique spirit, reinforced by the veracity of the Teuton, as this drama exhibits. Milton's 'Samson,' which in some points may be compared with it, is so strongly Hebraized that it little resembles the Greek dramas, on which its form was modeled, while the Prometheus of Shelley, the Atalanta of Swinburne and the pseudo-classical poems of Landor and Browning almost wholly lack the calm dignity of Goethe's 'Iphigeneia.'

Mr. Sanborn went on to cite from Goethe's conversations and letters, from the letters of Landor, Southey and others, passages to illustrate the relation, both antecedent and consequent, of Goethe to English literature; and the same subject was debated in the ensuing conversation by Prof. White, Mr. Snider, Prof. Davidson and others.

Mr. Emery this morning spoke for an hour and a half, and gave an admirable summary of that problematical novel, the "Elective Affinities," in which the married couples seem to be making a constant effort toward inconstancy and a change of partners, and which has been supposed, as Sydney Smith said about one of Madame de Stael's novels, "to shed a mild luster over adultery." Mr. Emery thought it had no such tendency, but was rather meant to display the penalty which is visited upon marriages without love as their foundation, and by the suffering and death of Otilie, the saintly heroine, to imply that love such as hers must seek its realization in another state of existence. He exhibited in clear analysis the characters of the novel, and briefly related its plot and catastrophe; which was afterward discussed by Miss Peabody, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman and Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

Mrs. Howe, who was announced to speak Saturday morning, the 25th, on "The Women of Goethe," will not come until next week--probably on the 28th, and her place will be taken on the 25th by Prof. Davidson, who will discuss the "Titanism" of Goethe. Mr. Snider continued his treatment of "Faust" this evening and will speak on "Wilhelm Meister" next week. Interest in the school continues unabated, and there is a demand for the Goethe volume, which will begin to be printed in September, and will open with Prof. White's lecture on Goethe's youth, after a general introduction from some other lecturer.

(40) Aug. 3, 1885. OUR BOSTON LITERARY LETTER. THE MIND AND SOUL. DR. PRINCE ON MATERIALISM--HEGEL'S ESTHETICS--JOHN FISKE AND THE CLOSING LECTURES AT CONCORD.

BOSTON, Thursday, July 30. Of all things that interest mankind, the mind and soul of man naturally interest them most, since it is by these they live now and hope to live hereafter. The body and its needs appear to take up more of our thought, because they must always be attended to; but it is in fact the needs of the mind and soul that demand most attention, and lead to almost all those complications in which human affairs have been entangled since the Flood and the fall of man which occasioned that flood and many disastrous freshets since. When, therefore, Goethe and Hegel and Dr. Morton Prince of Boston ("Physician for nervous diseases, Boston dispensary; physician for nervous diseases, out-patient department, Boston city hospital, etc.") discuss the nature of mind, they have a subject which appeals to all who have minds to be appealed to; since even those human beings who "have no mind of their own," as the saying is, nevertheless have a second-hand apparatus that does duty as a mind, to which the observations and arguments of Dr. Prince and others may be addressed, and which after some reference to more originating minds, will pass upon them in its own fashion. I mention Dr. Prince because he is the latest of writers and a Bostonian; not that his book, "The Nature of Mind and Human Automatism," contains anything specially new or valuable. On the contrary, his argument in favor of human automatism is strengthened by the fact that it seems to be itself an example of automatic action set in motion by other writers of larger scope and more original powers.

As Dr. Prince's book has no index, and as it is inconceivable that any person but a proofreader should actually read it through, every word, I cannot say whether or not he mentions Hegel at all; but if he does it is probably to scoff at him and other "metaphysicians." Most materialists do this, quote unconscious that their hypothesis exists only by the device of these same "metaphysicians." To do Dr. Prince justice, he recognizes this, and in one of his chapters presents four distinct metaphysical "notions," which coincide with as many different aspects of so-called "matter;" but then he adds, "In the physical sciences the term 'matter' is employed with a special signification, and is well understood." Yet the "matter" of the physical sciences is, in fact, differently described every 10 years, and at each definition is a metaphysical entity, to which certain properties are ascribed or denied. His own favorite definition of matter is akin to that which the late Prof. Clifford once gave,--and makes matter the inferred reality corresponding to mental impressions of extension, color, etc.,--but whether it actually possesses those qualities may be seriously questioned. All this is extremely metaphysical (and none the worse for that) but Dr. Prince proceeds to hint at a certain materialism based upon a mixture of these notions and of the common conceptions of matter, which the ordinary reader cannot comprehend, and would not probably agree with if he could. The doctor is very mysterious about this materialism, of which he is the champion, and says: "I do not mean any of those crude notions which are commonly attached to the term; by materialism I mean a much higher form of doctrine, which I believe to be the legitimate expression of the scientific thought of the day." But he does not explain exactly what this noble doctrine is, and I question if he knows himself. He puts us off till "the final chapter," and then says that it is the referring of all the facts of nature "to natural forces for their explanation,"--but, un-





fortunately he does not explain what he means by "natural" or "nature." Any doctrine, he adds, "which rests content with nature, and does not introduce any supernatural element, is materialism." But he does not explain whether he means by "nature" the *natura naturans* of the schoolmen, or their *natura naturata*, --two very different things, but between which Dr. Prince appears to see no difference. He may mean to express the two by his "subjective matter" and "objective matter"--of which he says "the latter is the real thing, though unknown." It is plain to me that reality is "unknown" to this writer, who cruises about in a blind mist of words, without making any port, or doing anything except hoist a flag labeled "materialism," which is not to be recognized even from his own description.

Hegel's "Aesthetics," which Dr. J. S. Kedney has summarized and commented upon in a neat volume published by S. C. Griggs of Chicago, may also appear to some readers a blind mist of words, though it is in fact a pregnant and serious statement, with some omissions and superfluities, of what passes in the mind of man when what we call "the beautiful" is before it for enjoyment or consideration. Art, in other words, is Hegel's subject in this work, and what Dr. Kedney allows us to see of the German philosopher's treatise is always important, though not equally so at all points. He is profoundly metaphysical and usually dogmatic, so that we sometimes fail to understand or fail to agree with what he lays down as certainly established. Dr. Kedney himself is less profound and less dogmatic than his original; he is, however, clearer even when more diffuse, and there is a certain kindliness of suggestion that pleases the reader more than the high magisterial tone of Hegel. The special topics of the volume are the philosophy of art in general, the historical development of art, the purpose and methods of particular arts such as architecture, sculpture, poetry, painting and music, --and a minute criticism of particular works of art, such as epic and dramatic poems, etc. These are not so vital to most people as the nature of the soul and the existence of God, --but they have always interested, and always will interest, a considerable part of mankind in the civilized countries of the world; and Dr. Kedney's book will be welcomed as a real contribution to what is known or maintained concerning the fine arts.

The closing lectures at Concord on the Goethe course dealt with certain forms of these arts, that of Mr. Partridge, for example, with dramatic poetry, in which he thought Goethe did not greatly succeed; and that of Mr. Ernst with the prose style of Goethe, which he pronounced to be good, but not so masterly as Luther's, who, according to Mr. Ernst, was the master of classical German, as shown in his translation of the Bible, and in all his vernacular writing. The lectures on Theism and Pantheism, now going on, are more serious in their subject, and, thus far, unexpectedly rich in their mode of treatment. There was none of Dr. Prince's blind mist of words in Mr. Fiske's lecture on the scientific conception of God, --nor were Dr. Abbott or Dr. Harris wanting in full and clear statements. I will only touch on the first of these five lectures--that of Mr. Fiske, who began by an encomium on modern science, went on with a clever derivation of monotheistic religions from the two sources of ancestor-worship and nature-worship, and declared that the doctrines of Athanasius, the orthodox Christian, were derived from the old nature-worship, modified by Christianity, and were more in accord with science

than those of St. Augustine, whom he denounced for his doctrine of a God external to the universe, and for whom there is no place in modern science. Toward the end of his lecture he said that the argument from design, originating with Paley and continued in the Bridgewater treatises, was in high favor during the earlier part of this century. In view of the great and sudden advances which science was making, it seemed well to consecrate it to theology, which thus, in appearance, adopted the methods of science. The attempt to discover beneficent purpose in the structure of eye and ear, or any other of the innumerable arrangements of nature was an effort at true induction; and praise is due to those who have maintained the argument. Its weakness was that familiar logical error of proving too much; for if the world had an intelligent Designer, then He could not be at once omnipotent and absolutely benevolent, for the world and nature are full of cruelty and mal-adaptation. The solution of this problem which has been oftenest adopted sacrifices His omnipotence in favor of His benevolence; it was first made in the Zendavesta and brought into Christianity by the Manichees. Orthodox Christianity has attempted to grasp the other horn of the dilemma, by making God the creator of the devil. It appears, then, that the idea of God as remote from the world is not likely to survive the revolution in thought which the rapid increase of modern knowledge has inaugurated. The knell of anthropomorphic or Augustinian theism has already sounded. But to every form of theism, an anthropomorphic element is indispensable. Before men could arrive at the idea of one God they must have been able to reason about the universe as a whole. The whole tendency of modern science is toward the truth that the whole knowable universe is an immense unit, animated throughout by a single principle of life. The old conception of matter as dead and inert is contradicted by physics, which teach us that nowhere in nature is inertness to be found. Now all motions of matter are manifestations of force; but by what name shall we call this force, this eternal source of phenomena? for force it is not; that expression is a mere symbol, an algebraic expression. Of what, then, is it the symbol? Let us, instead of the force which persists, speak of the power which is everywhere manifested. Our question then becomes, what is this infinite and eternal power like? Is it in any wise material, or is it the working of a blind necessity? No, --the source of material phenomena cannot itself be material, for it was long ago shown that the qualities of matter are what the mind makes them. We must, therefore, instead of talking of God as material, conceive of him as psychical, as a being with whom the human soul, in the deepest sense, owns kinship. The Darwinian theory, which has overturned the argument from design, yet will supply as much teleology as it destroys. The conception of Deity in the shape impressed on it by our modern knowledge is no empty formula or metaphysical abstraction, which we seek to substitute for the living God. The infinite and eternal power manifested in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God. The events of the universe are not the work of chance, nor are they the outcome of blind necessity. The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the power that works for righteousness; God is in the deepest sense a moral being. We may exhaust the resources of metaphysics in debating how far this nature may be fitly expressed in terms applicable to the psychical nature of





man; such vain attempts will only serve to show how we are dealing with a theme that must ever transcend our feeble powers of conception."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Fiske, who in his lecture last year declared his dissent from those who would find no moral law, no personal will in the order of evolution, has now gone farther and ranked himself, not with the bewildered materialists like young Dr. Prince, but with the metaphysicians and theologians who declare the existence of a personal God or justify his ways to men. The lecture was a very long one, but was heard with eager interest from beginning to end, and when published, as it soon will be, will find readers no less eager than was the little group who listened to it last night in Concord.

(41) Apr. 24, 1886. THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS. MISS BLOW'S "STUDY OF DANTE"--DEATH OF MEMBERS OF THE CONCORD SCHOOL--DR. MULFORD, DR. GROUT AND MRS. ANAGNOS--MR. ALCOTT AND THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS.

CONCORD, Tuesday, April 13. The leaders of the school of philosophy in this town have not only published their summary of the Goethe lectures, read here last summer, in a volume which has been very well received by the public, but they have issued a sort of guide-book to the Dante lectures of next summer. This is a little volume written by Miss Susan Blow of St. Louis, one of the philosophic circle in that city, and published (by Putnam of New York) with an introduction by Dr. W. T. Harris, formerly at the head of the St. Louis philosophers and now the chief of the Concord school. It is entitled, "A Study of Dante," and contains two essays recently published in Dr. Harris's *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, with a third which here appears for the first time. Each of the three treats of a single canticle or part of the *Divine Comedy*--*Inferno*, *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*--for Miss Blow uses the Italian names rather than "Hell," "Purgatory" and "Paradise"--while the introduction by Dr. Harris tells us what we ought to think of the poem as a whole, and of the great poet who composed it, and gave to it nearly half his lifetime. The general purpose both of the essays and the introduction is to elevate the reader's conception of Dante, as well as to explain the tendency and spirit of his chief work. This is why I call it a guide-book to the coming course of Dante lectures,--since it sets the pitch for those, and seeks to raise them above the level of mere literary comment on the "world-poet of Italy," as Dr. Harris styles Dante.

The opening essay in the little book is indeed a continuation of those pages in Dr. Harris's chapter on the "Life and Genius of Goethe," in which he spoke of the four "world poets," Homer, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe, and how they differ from each other, while agreeing in one mode of representing human life poetically. He says in this new essay, "Their poems may be called ethical on account of the manner in which they have shown the reaction of the social whole against the attacks of Titanic individuals; and he contrasts these poems with what is called "poetry for poets;"--that is, poetry which "has attained to the great vision of the correspondence of nature to the soul of man." This, though true and elevated, he says, lacks the "ethical insight," which "sees the substantiality of institutions--

family, state, church--and does not often come to the poet till he has reached the middle of his life's journey." Thus he makes his definition literally apply to Dante, who, as we know, in the very outset of his comedy declares that the experience which it relates came to him at the age of five-and-thirty, which he expressly calls "the midway of this our mortal life." It was in 1300 that Dante, born in 1265, became one of the chiefs of the Florentine government, and as such was so embroiled in the strife of factions that, he says:--

Astray

I found me in a gloomy wood,  
Gone from the path direct,--

and there he met the lion of France and the shewolf of papal Rome, who drove him into banishment (in 1302) and threw him into the companionship of Virgil (representing both Imperial Rome and human reason or culture), through whose guidance he found his way into and beyond Hell and Purgatory.

In his desire to connect Dante with Homer, and to come at once to the "treasures of beauty and truth" which he finds in the *Divine Comedy*, Dr. Harris ignores Virgil, to whom Dante himself assigns so high a place, exclaiming as he recognizes the Mantuan poet:--

Thou art my master and my author thou!  
Thou he from whom alone I have derived  
This style which for its beauty gives me fame.

Again Dante says to Virgil:--

Glory and light of all the tuneful train,  
May it avail me now that long with zeal  
I sought thy verses and with love immense  
Have learned their lore.

He makes the later Latin poet Statius also express the same high admiration for Virgil, and praise him still more for having made him (Statius) a Christian.

By thee conducted first

I found Parnassus,--first illumed by thee  
Opened these eyes to God. Thou wert as one  
Who on dark pathways backward throws a light  
That profits not his journey, but doth guide,  
Those who his footsteps follow...  
Poet and Christian both to thee I owe.

Miss Blow does not leave Virgil out of her essays quite so completely as Dr. Harris, but she has little to say of him; and indeed, Dante himself, when Beatrice appears at the confines of Purgatory, gives up Virgil with a few tears, and lets him return to his joyless Limbo, where the good men who lived before the gospel was preached spend their eternity:--

Only so far afflicted, that we live  
Desiring without hope.

Miss Blow's three essays are abstruse in thought and technical in diction, but clear in meaning to those who will master the dialect in which she has learned to express herself. She says in the final chapter on Dante's *Paradiso*: "The insight which gives unity to the *Divine Comedy* is, that the generic is the Divine; the nature common to all men is the Deity immanent in each man." This seems like the Transcendentalism of 50 years since; but she then adds,





what the transcendentalists steadfastly denied: "Organized society is the incarnation of this universal spirit. Conscience is the pledge of its indwelling. Sin is violation of the tie which binds the individual to the social whole, and its recoil, as imaged in the 'Inferno,' is the exclusion of the sinner from that organic life which he has attacked." This is "vox populi, vox Dei," with a vengeance, and needs some qualification before it can be received either as perfect truth, or as what Dante meant to imply. Better is her final statement, on the last page of her volume: "The ascending insights of the Paradiso are--God in the universe, God in the individual, each individual in every other, all individuals in God." This final vision is the truth "beyond which nothing true expands itself," and in which "all intellect finds rest." No doubt this is the vision of Dante, and that it is reached by aspiration, as he continually intimates, is also true, --and Miss Blow says this. Dante hints it by closing each of his three canticles and finally the whole hundred cantos, with an allusion to the stars, those highest of perishable existences. Thus, on emerging from Hell, he says, --

Thence issuing, we again beheld the stars.

After his baptism at the end of Purgatory he says:--

I returned  
From that most hallowed wave, regenerate,  
Renovate, like new plants with foliage new,  
Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

And finally, after his indescribable vision of the Trinity at the end of Paradise, he closes the long poem thus:--

Here vigor failed my towering fantasy,  
Though yet the will rolled onward, like a wheel  
In even motion by that love impelled  
Which moves the sun in heavens, and all the stars.

Having this lofty purpose, it seems odd to us that Dante should not only call his poem a "comedy," but should explain it as he did to Can Grande (the big bow-wow of Verona,) a few years before his death in 1321: "The title of my book," he wrote, "is this, -- 'Here begins the Comedy of Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by birth, not in character.' Now comedy is a kind of village poem (cantus villanus) and differs from tragedy in this, that tragedy at first is full of wonder and peace, but in the end fetid and horrible, whence it is named from tragos, a goat. Whereas comedy begins with something harsh, but has a prosperous ending, as is seen in Terence's comedies. The style of tragedy is heightened and sublime, that of comedy more lax and unpretending. Whence you may see why my work is called a comedy." To this naive name the commentators prefixed in admiration the word "divine," and so we get the title that has come down to us. It is plain from this that Dante supposed his style to be colloquial and popular, more than that of Virgil, and more than it would have been if he had written in Virgilian Latin, as he told the hermit at Monte Caporiano on the gulf of Spezzia he first meant to write. He even recited to Fra Hilario this Virgilian opening for his poems:--

Ultima regna canam, fluido contermina mundo,  
Spiritus quae late patent; quae praemia solarunt  
Pro meritis cuicumque suis, etc.

Which may be thus translated:--

I would sing the realm of spirits far along our  
watery verge,  
Wide, extended, many-peopled; where for  
deeds that each has done,  
Pain or pleasure they encounter.

Several of those who might have taken part in the conversations of next summer on Dante or Plato have passed to that "realm of spirits" since the last meeting of the Concord school; among them Dr. Mulford, the profound writer on politics and theology, who has several times lectured at the Hillside chapel; Dr. Grout, the village pastor, who always attended each summer session, and sometimes spoke in the conversations; and more recently, Mrs. Anagnos, who had become one of the constant disciples of the school and had extended its influence by an organization of her own, the Metaphysical club of Boston. The unlikeness of these three persons, who agreed in little save their interest in Dr. Harris and his philosophy, is itself an evidence how deep an impression the Concord school has made; since it drew together people so dissimilar. Dr. Mulford was unique in his turn of thought, though sympathetic and friendly in spirit, and inspiring in all who knew him affection as well as respect. Dr. Grout was one of the many Congregational ministers of New England origin and New England Calvinism, at last mitigated by the milder spirit of the passing century; liberal of mind, gentle in soul, and capable of enjoying what gave satisfaction to others if it did not quite meet his own opinions; free also from that shallow conceit or uneasiness of mind which has led many persons in the circle of which Boston is the center to avoid countenancing the philosophers of Concord, lest something absurd or wicked should happen, they could not say what. Mrs. Anagnos was the eldest child of remarkable parents, whom she did not closely resemble, but as such children will, developed a nature of her own, at peace with theirs, but widely variant in its tone and expression. In her, gentleness combined with earnest and intellectual traits to form a tender enthusiast, very wise and discriminating, but never severe; whose attention to what her companions were doing was itself a high compliment, and who was herself always engaged in some good work. Peace rests with these three spirits, wherever their abode may be.

Mr. Alcott still dwells here in soul, and will soon return in bodily presence from Boston, where he has been passing the winter in seclusion, among books and papers, awaiting the summons from the "realm of spirits" which came four years ago to his younger friend Emerson. He is now almost the last of the Transcendentalists, and cherishes, like most of them, a profound attachment to Concord, which those who still live revisit as often as they may and when they die, seek to be buried here. William Henry Channing, dying in England, was buried elsewhere, to be sure; and Theodore Parker, whose grave should have been in Lexington where he was born, sleeps in Florence. A memoir of W. H. Channing, by Octavius Frothingham,





is in preparation, and will be published next summer or autumn, and arrangements are making for the long-deferred publication of some of Parker's papers.

(42) July 27, 1886. DANTE AT CONCORD. FIRST WEEK AT THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY. THE LECTURES AND CONVERSATIONS--DR. PARSONS AS A TRANSLATOR--MRS. HOWE AND MRS. CHENEY--DANTE AND VIRGIL.

CONCORD, Wednesday, July 21. The Dante course at the Concord school, which was meant to contain 12 or 13 lectures, was reduced to eight lectures and five conversations by the absence of Mr. Albee, Prof. Botta, Prof. Monti and Dr. Holland, who after promising lectures failed to bring or send them. The lack was well supplied by Dr. Harris and Prof. Davidson, who discoursed orally on the three books of the Divine Comedy, and on the Convivio, and the audiences at the school have not seemed to miss the withheld lectures, some of which will doubtless appear in the Dante volume. Mrs. Howe had the largest audience of any lecturer thus far,--her subject, "Dante and Beatrice," being a little more within the range of common sympathies than most of those chosen. The lecture of Mrs. Cheney on "Dante and Michael Angelo" was also deeply and humanly interesting; while the scholastic disquisitions of Dr. Harris and Prof. Davidson delighted the souls of all students. Dr. Parsons contributed a canto of his unfinished translation of the poem, which was a masterpiece of successful rendering, and gave in better verse several of the passages concerning Virgil and Statius, which were cited by Mr. Sanborn in his lecture to-night. The latter, whose assigned topic was Dante and Virgil, said, among other things, quoting from Sainte Beuve:--

Virgil could not fail to appear, even in the darkest and most barbarous ages, as a personification of that charming past, regretted, and not quite lost so long as he survived. When the night of barbarism was waning, he still hovered in the new dawn; his had been the last lessons of profound compassion, of sweet and noble poetic sentiment; and it was for him to awaken their first echoes in the soul of genius; to open once more the wide stream of poesy that was to flow unchecked. 'Even those,' says this French critic, with a glance at Dante, 'who were not of his race, claimed kindred with him, believed themselves his sons and saluted him as their father.' Dante, said Mr. Sanborn, was, in fact, of Virgil's race, though he developed original and personal qualities that carried him far beyond the range of Virgil in some directions. Tennyson, in his matchless verses written for the 19th-century commemoration of the Mantuan poet's death, touches happily upon those traits which he had in common with the sad Florentine.

Landscape lover, lord of language,  
More than he that sung the Works and Days,  
All the chosen coin of fancy  
Flashing out from many a golden phrase.

Thou that singest wheat and woodland  
Tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd,  
All the charms of all the Muses  
Often flowering in a lovely word.

Thou that seest Universal  
Nature moved by Universal Mind;  
Thou majestic in thy sadness  
At the doubtful doom of human kind;

Light among the vanished ages;  
Star that gildest yet the phantom shore;  
Golden branch amid the shadows,  
Kings and realms that pass to rise no more.

In verbal force and sweetness, in tenderness, in compassion, in closeness to the facts of nature, lowly or lofty; above all in that philosophic breadth of view, often so strangely at variance with his cries of indignation and complaint, Dante was the son of Virgil; and it is with a certain ingratitude toward their common teachers, the sages of Athens, that Dante makes Virgil reproach them in the purgatory:--

'Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind;  
Could ye have seen the whole, what need were there  
For Mary's Son to walk the earth? but thou  
Hast seen those sages, friendless in desire,  
Whose longing else were satisfied with peace  
That now is given them for eternal woe;  
I speak of Aristotle, Plato next,  
And many more.' With that he bent his head,  
Troubled in spirit; and he spake no more.

The actual Virgil would doubtless have chosen to be left in woe with Plato rather than translated to heaven with Augustine, Benedict and their friends; but would not have esteemed it just,--nor do we, I suppose.

The design of Virgil, like that of Dante, was to exhibit "justice journeying in her sphere" as Emerson says; only with Dante this design was more austere and religious than with Virgil. Both poets drew largely from the fountain of Greek philosophy in their work,--Virgil from Plato more than from Aristotle; Dante from Aristotle more than from Plato. In defining and illustrating justice, Dante goes back habitually to "the philosopher," as he terms Aristotle. In *De Monarchia* (Lib i: 11) he says: "Thus we may say of justice in the words of the philosopher, that 'neither the star of morning nor of evening is so wondrously beautiful.' For perfect justice is like Diana when she looks across the heavens at her brother through the purple of a serene dawn."

In pursuing his definition of justice Dante comes upon the ground of the modern democrat, though the form of government he was advocating was imperialism. Quoting Aristotle again, our poet says, "In the bad state the good man is a bad citizen, but in the good state the two coincide," and then goes on to declare the end of government thus: "Citizens exist not for the good of the magistrates nor the nation nor the good of the king, but the magistrates for the good of the citizen and the king for the good of the nation. Thus though king or consul reign over the other citizens in the way of ruling, yet in the object of ruling they are but the servants of the public, and this is specially true of the emperor, who, without doubt must be held the servant of all."

It is precisely with this aspect that Virgil presents his hero Aeneas, in whose character, as contrasted with the





Homeric Ulysses, we may perceive those Christian traits which, extending through the whole poesy of Virgil, determined Dante to make the Mantuan his personal guide through the regions of Christian allegory. Other causes had their influence, no doubt; chief of all the extraordinary popularity of Virgil, already mentioned, which caused his name to be more familiar, and his works more read, than those of the other Roman poets. Ovid and Propertius, who had seen Virgil, testify to this popularity; Ovid saying of the *Æneid*, "Rome cherishes no nobler work than this," while Propertius went even farther, and said:--

Ye Romans, yield the palm! Yield, Grecians, too!  
Greater than Homer's tale of Troy is this,  
Told by our bard of Troy and Italy.

Quintilian, in the next century, continued this testimony, though with a less extravagant compliment, saying:--

"Of all the poets of this class, Greek or Roman, Virgil is unquestionably nearest to Homer. I use the same expression that I heard in youth from Domitius Afer (the great orator), who, when I asked him what poet he thought came nearest to Homer, replied: 'Virgil holds the second rank, yet nearest the first than the third.' All the rest follow at a great distance."

St. Augustine, writing three centuries later, not only quotes Virgil everywhere, but speaks of him in his "City of God" as "that great poet, the most eminent and best of all, whose words, drunk in at a tender age, cannot easily be obliterated or forgotten." It must be considered, also, that Dante had read but few of the ancient poets, and chiefly those who followed and imitated Virgil, as Lucan and Statius did. Had his learning been more extensive, he might have valued Virgil less, and he certainly would have laid less emphasis on Statius. There is a modern theory, advanced by Simcox in his "History of Latin Literature," that Virgil (who was born in Lombardy, like Dante,) was of Tyrolese ancestry, and there certainly is a northern, almost Germanic strain, in the genius of both Dante and Virgil. But while the Mantuan lived at one of the broadest ecumenical epochs in the world's culture, Dante's lot was cast in a wrangling, provincial period. No man can be greatly in advance of his age at all points; if he were, he could not belong to it; and so Dante paid for his breadth and exaltation of soul in some directions, by a filial narrowness, worthy of his mother church, in others. This reaches a grotesque length when, at a later station in Purgatory, he introduces Statius, that rather indifferent Christian and poet, ascribing his own conversion to Virgil, yet leaving, unwillingly, his master among the heathen. Virgil reminds Statius that the latter had invoked the pagan muse, Clio, at the beginning of his *Thebaid*, and adds:--

From that discourse with Clio, as meseems,  
True faith was not thine own, yet void of this  
Good deeds suffice not. What sun was it, then,  
Rose on thee, or what lantern lit the dark,  
That gave thine eyes to see and hoist the sail  
That drew thee where the fishing saint had steered?

To this naive inquiry, Statius replies with more generosity

than Virgil had shown toward Aristotle and Plato, --

Thou didst lead me first  
Up to Parnassus; thou my way didst light  
To God, while in its grotts I slaked my thirst.  
Thou wast like one that walking in the night,  
Himself in darkness, beareth in his hand  
A lamp to make their way behind him bright,  
When thou didst utter: 'Now begins a grand  
New order of ages! re-appears  
Justice on earth and unto man is given  
The peace of Saturn, the primeval years!  
Now a new progeny descends from heaven!'  
Thou won to poesy--thou led'st me to Christ.  
But let some coloring my theme enliven,  
Lest my light drawing may not have sufficed;  
That thou mayst see more than my sketch hath  
shown.

Already pregnant was the whole world then  
With seeds of the true faith so largely sown  
By heaven's eternal messengers to men;  
And thy rapt word, which I have touched upon,  
Seemed from those preachers' lips to sound  
anew.

Hence I to visit them an usage formed,  
And in my thought their sanctity so grew,  
That when Domitian's persecution stormed,  
Their griefs with pity did mine eyes bedew;  
Oft did I help them while on earth I dwelt,  
And their chaste customs did mine own so chide  
That high disdain for other sects I felt;  
And ere in song I led the Greeks beside  
Those Theban streams, I had in baptism knelt,  
But long my Christian creed through fear did  
hide,  
And paganism in outward action showed.  
This lukewarmness hath kept me pacing more  
Than my fourth century the circling road  
Of the fourth terrace.

I here follow the translation of Dr. Parsons which was read yesterday morning. Mr. Sanborn went on to say, after quoting from the poems of Statius: "Apart from the universal fame of Virgil, two things particularly attracted Dante in his work, --his love of imperialism and his Platonic speculations, particularly those in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. Of that whole poem Hallam well said, 'It reflects the glory of Rome as from a mirror;' and Merivale terms it 'the most complete picture of the Roman mind at its highest elevation; the most precious document of national history.' It is, at any rate, the best presentation of that imperial idea which, from the time of Julius Caesar, became prevalent at Rome, and which the introduction and spread of Christianity had made no less familiar, under a religious aspect, to the Italians of Dante's period." Virgil first, like Dante afterward, ennobled this imperial idea with traditions of divine origin and sanction. These, though manifestly derived from the older religion, our Christian poet seems to have accepted, as may be seen in his treatise *De Monarchia*; where he also presented, as Virgil had done, in the words of Prof. Sellars, "the remote antiquity and unbroken continuity of great deeds and great men, --the pomp and pride of war, and the majesty of government." Virgil,





in his *Aeneid*, softened and almost christianized these Roman associations by the thought of peace, law and order given to the world by the empire of Augustus; and Dante held forth the same great end in his argument for a Christian empire at Rome, not under the sway of the pope, in the *Monarchia*. Traces of the same thought we find in the *Divine Comedy*, written much later, and when Dante's hopes of the political control of the German empire had been much abated by unhappy experience.

The Platonic turn of Virgil's speculations was also reproduced in Dante, who was by nature a Platonist, notwithstanding his intense devotion, along with the Scholastics of his time, to the authority and doctrines of Aristotle. Donatus makes a similar remark about Virgil, in his life of that poet. Virgil heard from Syro the doctrines of Epicurus, but belonged to the Academy because he preferred the opinions of Plato to all others. It is in the sixth *Aeneid* that this preference for Plato most appears, --Virgil's account of the purgation and immortality of the soul being mainly a poetic rendering of Plato's doctrines in the *Phaedo*, which is itself sufficiently poetic. And it would be hardly too much to say that Dante's whole poem is an amplification of the account given by Virgil of the under world, mingled with the Ptolemaic and Aristotelean systems of astronomy, as interpreted by the later fathers of the Catholic church. If this is so, we should have a sufficient reason for Dante's choice of Virgil as his guide, without recurring to the allegory, in which the Mantuan poet presents the sum total of heathen or natural wisdom.

Mr. Sanborn closed thus: I have touched on the obvious resemblances between Virgil and Dante, and on those latent spiritual affinities, of race and aspiration, which drew the Italian to regard the Roman poet as his father and guide. Milton, says Dryden, was the son of Spenser, and much more was Dante the natural son of Virgil. But the work of Dante was far other than that of Virgil, and therefore he forsakes this ancestor when their paths no longer lie in the same sphere. They might well have separated earlier, as Dante parted from Brunetto in hell, or from Casella in purgatory; for, much as the two poets had in common when nature and the glories of Rome were their theme, they were sundered by a great gulf so soon as love became the subject of their song. The love that Virgil describes is the earthly passion, tender and noble in some of its aspects, but selfish, transient and bitter in its fruit, as Dido found it, and as Francesca, yet with a tinge of romance, portrays its woes. With Dante, however, as with Plato and with Emerson, this earthly love is the initiation and the ordeal for something higher and perpetual, --and in this insight of Dante we may find the key to his whole poem. He veils his thought in horror and despair, in tedious and perplexing dialectics, in subtle theological distinctions and formalities, --but earthly love passing without change, except by purifications, into the heavenly love, is the burden of all his singing and of all his lecturing and preaching. Dante was the chief of those poets, as Emerson says:--

Who in days of evil plight  
Unlock doors of new delight,  
With a bitter horoscope,  
With spasms of terror for balm of hope,  
That by better thought do lead  
Bards to speak what nations need.

So Dante searched the triple spheres,  
Nobling nature at his will,  
So shaped, so colored, swift or still,  
And sculptor-like, his large design  
Etched on Alp and Apennine.

But we must not be deceived by this colossal portraiture of Dante's wishes and indignations into the belief that the local coloring and the photography of persons is what he chiefly aimed at. More instructive is that quatrain of Emerson's, which, with a glance at Dante, he entitles "*Casella*," and in which he says what is equally true of Dante, of Plato, of Shakespeare and of Emerson:--

Test of the poet is knowledge of love,  
For Eros is older than Saturn or Jove;  
Never was poet, of late or of yore,  
Who was not tremulous with love lore.

Dante was even prematurely instructed in this lore of love, as we see by the revelations of the *Vita Nuova*, which I think we must interpret both literally and spiritually. He remained faithful to this love of the divine in woman--what Goethe calls *das Ewig-weibliche*--and when he approaches Beatrice in Paradise it is both as the beloved maiden and as the receptive and imparting prophetess of celestial wisdom that he regards her. To those who hold the mystical doctrine of the Trinity there should be no difficulty in considering the Florentine girl in this two-fold aspect, and I make no doubt that she stood thus in Dante's mind. The dialect of his time and of his scholastic teachers forced upon him a mode of speaking which may appear to place her in as frigid and benumbing a relation to the soul as that borne by the Athanasian creed or the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism--but such was not the aspect in which Dante viewed his lost and regained love.

(43) Aug. 2, 1886. CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY. A SESSION ON THE LAWN OF HAWTHORNE'S "WAYSIDE"--PROF. DAVIDSON ON THE IRONY OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SOCRATES.

CONCORD, Tuesday, July 22. The present session of the School of Literature and Philosophy, --as it might now be appropriately termed, --shows no signs of waning interest, for the audiences, averaging a hundred, are larger than at any previous session. It is fitting that in the town of Emerson and Hawthorne, writers pre-eminent for philosophic and psychological insight and for the charm of their work in its literary quality, the school should study Dante and Plato, for the former, though poet, took a theme so lofty and so profound that to treat it successfully he must be philosopher also; the latter, though known as philosopher, rose often to a sublimity of thought and fervor of expression that constitute the true essence of poetry, and no tragedy ever presented on the Athenian or any other stage has surpassed the grandeur and pathos of the *Apology* of Socrates. The Hillside chapel, in which the lectures are given, is in a lot joining "*The Wayside*" home of Hawthorne, which is kept by its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. D. Lothrop, as nearly as possible in the condition in which it was left by the author, a little more than 20 years ago. This afternoon the school held a special session in the form





of a lawn party upon the Wayside grounds, where they were most cordially welcomed by the host and hostess. The larches, most of them planted by Hawthorne's own hand on his return from England, have now grown to be large trees, but within the house one still sees the paper on which he looked, and can stand at the desk, high up in the tower-room, at which he stood and wrote. It is a little room, and not in any sense a library, but it was secure from intrusion, and here he could feel himself alone and weave those weird, mysterious spells that fascinate and haunt long after they have been read.

This evening's lecture upon "Plato's Irony," by Prof. Davidson of Orange, N. J., might well have been called "Irony exemplified in the life and death of Socrates as portrayed by Plato," and was an eloquent presentation of the nobility and grandeur of the great prophet and martyr of Athens. After giving definitions of irony from Dr. Hedge and Aristotle, the lecturer took up the story of Socrates's life, trial and death, beginning with the speech of Alcibiades in the Symposium. "Socrates," said the brilliant youth, "is like a statue of Silenus, outwardly coarse and repulsive to view, but containing within images of the gods." What an irony in nature to put such a divine soul into so ugly a form! "Socrates," continued Alcibiades, "is like Marsyas; in the first place, he is a brow-beater; and in the second place, as Marsyas was a flute-player and charmed by his lips, so Socrates charms all the young men of Athens. Yes, and he has so moved me as I have sat beside him, that I have confessed my wrongdoing and--what is a most extraordinary thing--I have actually felt ashamed." What an irony of fate that the Athenians should put to death the one man who has done most to give that city its rank,--the one man whose words if followed would have preserved the city from corruption and decay! What irony that the most deeply religious man of his race and his time should be put to death on a charge of irreligion and corrupting the youth! Irony is the natural expression of a mind which finds itself at the juncture of old and new periods of thought and activity, and feels itself superior to both. The tendency of such a state of things is to produce a skeptical and cynical irony like that of Juvenal, Machiavelli and Carlyle. With five, however, Jesus, Socrates, Aristotle, Goethe and Zola--strange as it may seem to most to place the last in this class--the irony has been an irony of belief, designed not to destroy, but to help. The irony of Jesus was solemn and almost melancholy; we do not know that he smiled, we know that he wept. That of Aristotle was keen and scientific; that of Goethe merry; that of Zola like that of the day of judgment when all is to be revealed; that of Socrates is peculiar in that it is playful. Socrates was a perfect gentleman. He never was harsh or churlish, never claimed anything for himself, never thrust his rules of conduct into others' faces but was content to live his rules, unless he could bring his hearers to deduce for themselves the true nature of right and justice. The oracle of the God had named him wise, he could afford to be indifferent to the opinion of the multitude. When Aristophanes held him up to ridicule in his comedy, Socrates good-naturedly rose that all the people might see him. He knew well that no mere intellectual qualities could influence the people for the better, and all his irony was prompted by a love that sought not its own but kept him unceasingly occupied in teaching the youth,--the object of his love. With an insight that judged all things by divine stand-

ards, he could see that all things had in them some good, while the common values set by mankind were largely wrong, and hence his estimate was widely at variance with that of his countrymen. He rejoiced to earn the prize for bravery, but was perfectly willing another should take the honor. He cared not a straw for death but feared only to do an unrighteous deed. To discredit the faith of the Athenians in divine oracles he says with fine irony that he is governed by a divine voice, meaning of course the voice of conscience. His faith in the external gods of his country had fallen away, but his awe and reverence for the God which he knew within him deepened until the end. But what awful irony in his trial and condemnation? He the good, the pure, the benefactor of the state, tried and condemned by those for whom he had labored! There was another court in session there in which he was the accuser, and its verdict was not announced then. When asked what penalty he would propose for himself he would not lower himself to disgrace, but with irony so keen that it exasperated the jurors, he proposed public maintenance in the Prytaneum. The verdict of death is announced and beneath his last words to them we can see the irony still lurking. "Now it is time to depart, you to life, I to death, and which is going to the better lot, God alone knows." Ah, yes, the martyr knew which was the better lot, and when he was to drink the fatal cup he sacrificed a cock to Aesculapius, the god of medicine, signifying that the fitful disease of life was now past and that he was to enter upon the eternal health of heaven.

(44) Oct. 8, 1886. DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY. ITS SYMBOLISM AS SET FORTH BY WILLIAM T. HARRIS. (WRITTEN BY MRS. H. R. SHATTUCK FOR THE REPUBLICAN.)

The Concord school of philosophy has completed its eighth season of lectures on themes whose outcome is an insight into the spiritual truths which underlie man's existence and his experience. There has been no more fruitful topic in all these years than Dante, the great world poet of the middle ages. And Prof. William T. Harris has been able this summer, in a course of lectures and conversations, to give a clear view of the meaning of the poet's greatest work, the *Divina Commedia*. The mythology of Dante was the subject of his last essay, and this involved an explanation of the meaning that underlies symbolism, with a preliminary glance at the nature of symbolism itself.

The growth of the human mind, in the individual and in the race, is from that position which perceives only the object isolated from all other objects, through that second position which perceives objects in relation to one another, and so to the final and highest position, which perceives the underlying truth or ground which makes these objects and relations possible. When the mind arrives at this third (or philosophic) attitude, it sees all the world of objects and relations below it and generalizes and classifies them. It then takes this inventory and applies it practically to human interests, and, if the mind is the poetic mind, it expresses these universal truths by means of trope and metaphor, presenting laws and consequences in allegorical personification. When the mind arrives at this insight into the principle which bases and therefore solves all problems, it has a key by which to unlock the secret door of any special





branch of science from a mastery of one or more of its parts. Science makes a mistake when it thinks that it rests on objects alone, for there is in the mind itself the insight into necessary fundamental principles which can in a measure predict results. If it were not so science might go on forever blindly gathering so-called "facts," and never arrive at any conclusions as to their meaning. Instances of this intuitive knowledge, especially in the science of biology, are numerous.

Poetry is the supreme example of this power. By means of the myth or symbol, the poet furnishes poetic explanation of the problems of the world and makes things and events the means of spiritual expression. Poetry is eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf and intuition to all. It can never deny, but must always affirm truth. There is therefore no such thing as negative or as agnostic poetry; such verses may be rhyme, and rhythm, but cannot be poetry. The poet sees that there is a rational cause in Nature identical with the rational cause in himself, and uses this conscious will as the key to unlock the secrets of the universe. Underneath this esthetic feeling, the outcome of which is the art of poetry, lies the recognition of the truth of identity or oneness in all things by reason of a first and self-conscious cause which is the totality in which all things are included. While the poet and philosopher are conscious of this truth, in the highest degree, every one sees it in some degree, though sometimes to so slight a degree that it is hardly more than a feeling. The lowest expression of the intuitive perception of the mind into rhythm of the soul with Nature is the delight of the savage in repetition; as, for instance, in the continual repeating of one note which is his idea of beautiful music. The repetition symbolizes to him that principle of return to itself which is the distinctive characteristic of the first, originating, principle of God. The succession of day and night, the revolution of the stars and the return of the seasons, express this same idea, and, being identified by the savage mind with that principle of return to itself which so delights him, causes him to decide that these phenomena are themselves that principle (which really they only symbolize) that is, that they are gods. Hence arises the worship of the sun and of natural objects. It is this underlying truth, latent in the mind itself, which originates this myth; and the sun myth, as well as other myths, is not a mere arbitrary and ignorant setting up of an object as a god, but is the outcome and expression of the necessary and underlying truth, common to all minds in all ages, only differing in that it is less or more consciously recognized.

The point in which Dante rises above preceding poets is that he sees, and then realizes in his myths, the doctrine of individual responsibility. Virgil, the poet who next preceded him, holds the doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transference of the soul after death into other bodies, a theory which, when logically carried out, destroys freedom, because it presupposes the loss of memory and therefore of responsibility. Were there no responsibility, the soul would be the victim of fate. Dante's insight was into that perfect individuality which lays stress upon the determining power of man in this life, which builds up the idea of free will and makes the soul responsible to God. Dante's "Divina Commedia" is a myth or symbolizing from beginning to end, and to get the beauty and the lesson out of it one must look at it in this light. Had Dante merely related,

in didactic prose, the results of sin and the truths of freedom and self-determination, we should have had no Divine Comedy. But, by personifying sin and sin's consequence in pictures which appeal to the imagination, all grouped about the eternal truth of God's justice and love, he has written that which shall never perish.

His greatest personification is that of sin itself, which appears as Lucifer, or Dis, who, in his fall from heaven, tunnels the earth to the center, and thereby makes Hell. In the same fall, he pushes the earth upward on the other side and makes the mountain of Purgatory. And this is the cause, says Dante, of the great preponderance of land in the northern over the southern hemisphere. The Minotaur, which guards the circle of violence in the Inferno, is put there as the symbol of that blood-revenge, which destroys itself by its own violence. This fabled monster lived in a labyrinth, whose avenues led ever and ever into one another--in an endless process of bewilderment. He is, therefore, the fitting guardian of those whose crimes defeat their own end, since every new crime but makes a new complication and there is no way out! Minos, who was a just ruler of Crete, is for that reason made the dispenser of justice to the souls as they come to the Inferno. The sinners lay open their lives before him and he indicates which circle they shall go to by winding his tail about him as many times as the number of the circle. This indicates that the sinner's own bestiality (symbolized by the tail) determines his place in Hell. The centaurs, who were marauders, are employed to inflict punishment upon the violent. They shoot their arrows at every soul which dares to rise out of the sea of blood higher than its crimes will admit. The harpies in the suicidal woods represent those moods and forebodings which defile the present with evil anticipations of the future. Geryon upon whose back Dante and Virgil descend into the eighth circle of Hell (where are punished the crimes which envy incites), represents fraud. His face is mild and gentle, as if he were to be trusted, but his body is that of a reptile, his paws of a beast and he has the scorpion's tail. He stands for that hypocrisy which wins the faith of men and then abuses their confidence. Cerberus, who guards the round of gluttony, represents greed in its concentration. These are only a few of the manifold instances of Dante's power of symbolizing in living forms the thoughts and deeds of men. The mythology of the Purgatorio is much milder than that of the Inferno, and the great contrast between the two enhances the effect of each. The symbolism of the Inferno is that of fate in its most terrible retribution, while that of the Purgatorio represents the process for the realization of freedom, through the overcoming of sin.

The antithesis between the fate of the Inferno and the possibility for freedom of the Purgatorio, rests upon the conception of God as, in the first case impersonal, and in the second, personal or self-active. The former God would be outside of and in no sympathy with the world, while the latter is at one with the world. Fate and hell would be the outcome of the former. Freedom, and the striving toward and final realization of heaven are the outcome of the latter. And between this personal God and the human being he creates, stands the divine-human Christ, touching the Father on one side and humanity on the other, and by his oneness with both standing as the ideal of all practical endeavor. Without this middle term there is no logic





in the conception of creation and an illogical conception of any process is necessarily untrue. That conception which imagines God as above reason, neither creator nor created, indefinite, formless, unknowable, vast and vague, is the God of the Orient, of Kant, of the neo-Platonists and of moderns of less note. Its advocates when logical try to destroy their own individuality--and become as indefinite, vast and vague as the "Unknowable" they have posited. Fortunately not many are logical--at least they of the western world. They do not carry out their ideas in practice, the reason being that in spite of their professions of the absoluteness of the "Unknowable" they really in their souls believe in or hope for a personal God who shall sympathize and be at one with them. And whenever they consent to lay aside prejudice and endue their minds with that fearlessness of the intellect which shrinks before no task that promises as its fruition even a modicum of truth, see and find such a God; and their agnosticism, ego-theism, atheism, positivism, or any form of unbelief or disbelief, is at an end.

(45) Apr. 26, 1887. CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS. THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF MIDDLESEX--THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY PREPARING A RECEPTION FOR ARISTOTLE--PROF. HARRIS, MR. WASSON, ETC.

CONCORD, Saturday, April 23. It has commonly been supposed among scholars that the seven wise men of Greece were not exactly seven, but might be at any time from three to eight, including Anarcharsis the Scythian, of whom the story goes that when he met the seven wise men, Bias, Pittacus, Solon and the rest, they all ate (8) saw sages. Three sages make a college, according to the Latin adage,--and therefore when any three of the eight found themselves together, they no doubt opened a summer or winter school of philosophy in some town where sausages or other Greek edibles were easily to be had, even by philosophers. The sages of Concord count as a variable number in the same way,--when they are all here in the summer there are seven or more, but at other seasons not always enough for a whist party, an amusement with which they vary the serious pursuit of wisdom and virtue. The number of resident philosophers is reduced this year by the absence of Mr. Alcott, whose permanent home is now in Boston, although he may be here for a while in the summer season. He is still the dean of the school of philosophy which he founded in 1879, and which holds a session annually in the chapel planned by him, and built between his pinetrees and his strawberry-bed and apple orchard,--the latter giving a name to the Orchard house, where he lived for 20 years, and where Prof. Harris now lives. Mr. Alcott's name is attached to the new circular announcing the lecturers in the course for next summer; in which several new names appear, while many of the former lecturers have ceased to speak, by reason of death, old age, or other accidents which happen even to philosophers. Mr. Emerson, Dr. Mulford and Mr. Wasson, have found graves in the Sleepy Hollow cemetery here,--the last named very recently, and Dr. Mulford last year; while Prof. Pierce is buried at Mt. Auburn. All these lectured at the summer school more than once between 1879 and 1884; while Mr. Alcott, Miss Peabody and others of the early Transcendentalists, though living still, will hardly lecture again to their former hearers in this town.

This throws the "balance of power" between the philosophers more and more on the Hegelian side, although among the new lecturers are several who have not declared themselves either as followers of Hegel or otherwise. Such are Dr. Julius Goebel of Baltimore, Dr. Fillmore Moore of Virginia, Dr. Edmund Montgomery of Texas, and Prof. Gardner of Smith college, who have all been invited to speak this year and some of whom will accept. Prof. Shackford and Rev. G. W. Cooke, who will lecture in the course on "Dramatic Poetry," may be reckoned as Transcendentalists--the former of the old school, and the latter of the new. Dr. Soldan of St. Louis and Mr. Snider, who have not yet been announced as lecturing this year, may do so, and an essay is expected on Aristotle's physiology by Prof. Luigi Ferri of Rome, though he will not himself be present.

Of the lecturers usually resident in Concord, Prof. Harris has lately returned from St. Louis and Chicago, where he has been giving courses on literary and economic topics as well as philosophical lectures; and Mr. Emery is on his farm at Dakota, but will soon return, and will preside as usual at the summer sessions here. Prof. Harris has made a study of the land question for a year past, and has been refuting Henry George at St. Louis and other western cities. His demonstration of the true relation of classes to each other, and of the utility of private property in land, is very effective; and will doubtless enter into the discussions of the summer school, when the philosophers have under consideration Mr. Sanborn's lecture on "Social Science in Plato and Aristotle" and Mr. Emery's on "The Politics of Aristotle." This Greek master of intellectual knowledge is to be the subject of 12 or 14 lectures at the summer school by Profs. Davidson, Harris, Peabody, etc., and the study of his works is now going on actively among those who expect to be present either here or at Prof. Davidson's preparatory school at Orange, N. J., in June next. The latter is a new enterprise, conceived and carried on by Prof. Davidson and his friends in New York and New Jersey. Mr. Mead has already led an Aristotle class at Boston, where the social field is not given over wholly to mind-reading, esoteric Buddhism, Browning, and the worship of living and dead authors. There are a few who consider Aristotle quite as important in the history of civilization as Madame Blavatsky, the pundit Mohini, or the last Russian novelist; and the study of those works which trained Alexander, Dante and Thomas Aquinas--to say nothing of Charles Reade and Cardinal Newman--will not be without result in New England, where Aristotle was long held in aversion.

The late David Wasson, whose remains were removed last Saturday from Medford, where he died, to Concord, where he lived for some time about 1859-60, is to be commemorated by the publication of some of his writings, both prose and verse. His poems are in the hands of Mrs. E. D. Cheney for publication, and his prose in R. P. Hadowell's charge. I think in his lifetime he never published a book, though a great many magazine articles and newspaper contributions appeared. Much will be added to the world's knowledge of Emerson by Mr. Cabot's biography which will appear in May or June, with copious extracts from the journals and correspondence of the Concord poet-philosopher.

(46) July 19, 1887. OUR BOSTON LITERARY LETTER. PHILOSOPHERS OLD AND NEW. KUNO FISCHER'S HISTORY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY--THE ARISTOTELIAN LECTURES AT CONCORD--DR. MONTGOMERY'S VIEW OF NATURAL





SCIENCE AND CAUSATION--DR. McCOSH'S PSYCHOLOGY--OTHER PHILOSOPHIC WORKS INCLUDING PROF. TODD'S.

BOSTON, Thursday, July 14. Hardly ever have so many philosophical books been published, or so much philosophic speculation been current as in the present decade--say from 1877 to 1887. These books may be translations, like Prof. Jowett's "Politics of Aristotle," or Dr. Gordy's translation of Kuno Fischer's volume on "Descartes and His School," or they may be original treatises, like Dr. McCosh's volumes on Psychology, two of which have already appeared, completing the subject from his point of view. There is also another volume, more important than either in the present state of opinion, but neither wholly original nor strictly a translation, Prof. Todd's "Elements of Physiological Psychology," which is based upon the work of Wundt and of many investigators, and for the first time presents in English the full view of that attempt to approach the science of mind from the side of the body, or as Prof. Todd puts it, "from the experimental and physiological point of view," which has been so persistently made in the last 30 years. Prof. Todd's work is one of great research and reading, bringing together what has been observed and apparently established by many men who have devoted their inquiries to the connection between mind and body, and the methods by which one uses the other in the acts of perception, attention, memory, will and other mental operations. The conclusions reached are specific rather than general, however, and do not constitute a radical change in the old mode of viewing mental operations. Could we get from Dr. Edmund Montgomery of Texas, however, his whole mind on the facts of physical life and the operation of mental faculties, we might reach a new theory on this subject, for he seems to be at variance with all the inquirers on this subject, from Aristotle downward. His essay on "Aristotle's Theory of Causation," read at the Concord School of Philosophy to-day, contained among other forcible statements on other topics this passage, which I believe the various reporters who have given an abstract of it, have not fully copied, although it is perhaps, the most important statement in the essay:--

"Aristotle contemplating the marvelous characteristics of living beings, assumes in them a special vital principle or soul, through whose influence their otherwise passive material becomes actuated, shaped and directed. To this soul he attributes, however, in its connection with animal life, mental as well as organic powers. And in doing so he allows a momentous confession to slip into our interpretation of nature, --a confession which has lasted ever since, entangling in its perplexities even our own most distinguished physiologists. It is this false step which is chiefly hiding from view the profound and essential difference actually obtaining between the nature of physiological phenomena, and that of mental phenomena. A little consideration will render this obvious. It is certain that, when I am observing an organism, making out its physiological peculiarities, I am noting a definite set of perceptions which the observed organism awakens in me as my own conscious states. I can perceive in this manner nothing whatever but a peculiar enchainment of protoplasmic motions which I interpret in a physiological way. If any of these motions hap-

pens to be connected in the observed organism with conscious phenomena, I cannot possibly perceive this. They are in no way facts of the same physiological and perceptible order. This psychical manifestation takes place exclusively in the observed organism, as its own conscious state; while the physiological manifestations are perceived by me as my conscious states. The two sets of manifestations cannot therefore be classed together. I cannot physiologically maintain, as is usually done, that sensibility is, in the same way, a function of nerve substance, as motility is a function of muscular substance. For I can directly observe the motor function of the muscle, but if I could see everything going on in the brain while the observed individual was experiencing sensations, emotions and thoughts, I should perceive nothing but a peculiar commotion of the particles of the brain protoplasm. Those simultaneous sensations, etc., of his could never have become perceptible to me. This distinction between the objective perceptibility of the physiological manifestations and the imperceptibility of the organism's conscious states is a capital distinction, --more thorough than any other we meet with in nature. The observed being who is having conscious states cannot possibly perceive the corresponding motion of his brain particles; while I, who can perceive these motions, cannot possibly perceive his conscious states. It seems, therefore, all but certain that there must exist, independently of these more or less transient perceptions and thoughts, in him and in me, some real, permanent entity, which, while producing in its own living self certain conscious states, has also power to awaken in me as observer an entirely different, but strictly corresponding, set of conscious states. This condition of things seems to prove conclusively that we cannot legitimately attribute the phenomena of life to a principle either of the nature of the conscious states experienced by an observed organism, or of the nature of its physiological constitution and activities as experienced by the observer. But, as a common-producing agent for both these sets of phenomena has to be inferred, such agent must evidently be of a nature differing entirely from what we experience as subjective consciousness, and what we realize as objective perception. Now, as both these modes of existence are of the nature of thought or mind, the actual and persistent entity underlying and giving birth to them cannot itself be likewise of the nature of thought or mind."

This is a striking statement but it is hard to see the force of it. The conclusion that the efficient agent cannot be mental, because the effects are both mental, does not follow at all, since it may be other than effects produced, without being "entirely different." The speculation is a curious one, and derives much of its force from the personality of Dr. Montgomery, who is both a naturalist and a metaphysician, trained in the school of Germany, though now for some years pursuing his investigations in the midst of Texas, where scientific men and metaphysicians are not so many to the square mile as in his native Scotland, whence also Dr. McCosh draws his metaphysical turn of mind. The latter is well known for many years as a writer on philosophic themes, and therefore brings to his latest volume an accumulation of thought and experience which gives it more value than would be derived from anything original or profound in its philosophy. His later writings show the effect of the scientific theories and investigations of the





last 30 years in modifying the old outlines of the Scotch metaphysic which he mainly follows. Thus in his chapter on the Emotions the president of Princeton not only draws upon Darwin for what that great naturalist says about the expression of emotion in man and the animals, but introduces a figure furnished by Prof. Osborn of Princeton to show what and where are the muscles which fear, pity, shame, astonishment, etc., set in motion. This figure resembles the head of a base-ball player who has been hit on the right cheek by a "hot ball," and it no doubt conveys instruction as well as excites repulsion. To this extent and even further Dr. McCosh humors physiological psychology, --but he does not yield to the present craze for explaining the Milo Venus by the female chimpanzee of uncounted ages gone by, --or the conscience of a Congregational minister by the habits of a crow or a dromedary. "I wish it to be distinctly understood," says the doctor, "that in this treatise I undertake not to determine the origin of motives in ages past, and among the lower animals. I am satisfied if I give an approximately correct account of them as they now act in the human mind."

The side observations, such as this, or what that lively London critic, Mr. Birrell, calls "obiter dicta," are as interesting as any part of Dr. McCosh's book; and these display not only the special learning of the college professor, but the experience of a college president, and the observation of the parish minister. Thus, speaking of self-satisfaction, he says, --"It is a curious circumstance that every one seems to have something of which he is apt to be vain; it looks as if no one could live comfortably without some supposed excellence. It may be his talents, his shrewdness, his tact, his eminence in some particular branch of study, or trade, or trick; or it may be simply his personal appearance, his manners, his dress, his equipage, his agility in walking, dancing or riding. If he fails in this, the feeling engendered is mortification."

(47) June 16, 1888. THE FARMINGTON LECTURES  
ON PHILOSOPHY AND ART.

According to the published programme, the course of lectures on philosophy and art in Farmington, Conn., to be given mostly by Mr. Thomas Davidson, June 18 to July 6 inclusive, promise to provide the public with a valuable opportunity for gaining considerable general knowledge of some things which are important, and will aid not a little in choosing the design of public and private education.

In combining art with philosophy for a course of public lectures, one of the most necessary steps is taken towards promoting popular intelligence of the inside nature of either one of these things. To some persons the combination of art and philosophy may not seem necessary; but an adequate knowledge of the true nature of either one of them shows their origin to be identical, and proves that they are complements or parts, without the uniting of which human life cannot become a genuine whole. All Nature is a store-house, the contents of which are the means for man's economic existence; but only those (of these contents or things) whose direct relations to himself he can perceive and learns to intelligently use ever become the economic possession of a man. Philosophy aims to teach accurate appreciation of the worth of knowing and harmoniously using relations which promote man's economic existence,

while art is the practical experience of taking fundamental relations in hand and harmonizing them. Art is the school which trains the human capacities so as to enable them well to embody into practical being that which philosophy premises as fit and desirable, but is obliged to leave in a merely theoretical state.

Many persons are nonplussed with the oft-made claim that in history art precedes philosophy. This which precedes intelligence is only "so-called" art. Blind, genial, untrained expressions of man, which sometimes, yet accidentally, cause beautiful results, are not real art-deeds at all. To be sure, instructive, practical handlings of relations and things must precede the science and philosophy of deeds, but just as surely the reasoning, hence virtuous, deed which is the essence of true art, whether the form of that art be great or low in the scale of beauty and economy, can only follow after, and must embrace and also transcend both the instructive deed (falsely called art) and the science and philosophy of the same. This, however, is the wise provision of Nature which secures against retrogression in the life and history of human nature, capacity and activity. The ancient Greek philosophy of art pertained merely to the idea or design which was given for representation into the mind of the artist, sculptor, actor, etc., but the secret of the marking-out processes, the practical value in an exercise of human force which creates the embodiment of representable ideas, has become the arena or object-matter of the modern philosophy of art-activity. Today the system of symbols and the construction of ideas is known as merely preliminary to the highest art or art criticism. The internal harmony of organisms (for example, the human powers) and the truth and grace of their working expression is the first principle of art, and this principle defines the criterion of adequate art criticism. All comments upon the features or composition of the especial art idea and form, music, drama, sculpture or painting, are subordinate to the value of this first principle. Finally, an adequate art performance and criticism being the prerequisite of a worthy nation, any nation's growth is retarded when criticism of art or philosophy (or science) does not delve to the depth of first principles, but hovers on the surface of traditional features in especial art forms. The first principle of art cannot be learned except through science and philosophy and rational religion. The first principles of art are the first principles of true religion also.

Touching on religion, the second statement of Mr. Davidson's programme is encountered. "An attempt will be made to trace the course of European thought with regard to the highest things, etc." Not that thought of any kind is religion, but the highest things and actions are religion, and are guided by highest reason and thought. Thoughts, if they are broad and high, are religious because they are broad and high; but no thoughts, theories or speculations can ever be more than mere preliminaries to the realizing action in which religion consists. This invaluable point, accentuating the fact that good aspirations and ideas are of very little value as compared to the activity of embodying the same, will only become more popularly perceived and lived out in measure as art-activity is more philosophically exercised and considered. The highest human action is that which first promotes and preserves the internal harmony of the human powers, and thus perfects the individual in himself; and which then, after that, aids





other individuals and the nation to a similar well-being. This high form of action is religion, and in this sense it is that in the higher arts, music and drama (instrumental music initiating individual harmonious evolution, and drama doing the same for ethical evolution), means are supplied for preparatory training in the essential nature of true religion. Reasoning art-performance, as the summary form of complete education, expresses also the climax of education, and is the propyleum to genuine religion. Because any series of lectures which, in however slight a degree, promote philosophical recognition of art performance serves to impart a more reasonable idea of religion and of the health and well-being of the human individual, therefore these Farmington lectures have the very best reason for having been instituted, and deserve liberal attendance, especially in a time when the public criticism of every branch of art, philosophy and religion lies very often indeed in the hands of persons incompetent, from being ignorant regarding philosophical, physiological or practical principles of human well-being.

In speaking of the health of the individual, which of course is the bottom source of desirable life, we come upon the third portion of Mr. Davidson's programme. "In the latter will be considered the prime conditions of human well-being--wealth, health and virtue--and the modes of reaching them." This is indeed a proper succession in the order of things. It reaches a fitting climax. The wealth, health and virtue of human well-being are the things most important in this life, and the goals to which the best and highest thoughts and actions tend. It is well to mark that the virtue noted here as the final degree of desirability is nothing less than that of harmonious and reasoning (beautiful) activity of the whole man--mind, soul and body. This is the climax of the human state, and is divine, just because it is a full expression of the harmonious principles of human life.

The programme shows unequivocally that the aim prompting them has been adequate. The fifteen morning lectures will be given (with two exceptions) entirely by Mr. Davidson. Dante, Goethe, Rosmini and Tennyson will be studied in some of their most important works. It seems from the programme that Dante and Rosmini are intended to serve as representants of the Roman Catholic Church, but if this is really intended will best be seen by Mr. Davidson's lectures. These men are but little more exponents of the confession and the ritual than Herbert Spencer, for instance, is of the Protestant Church. But Dante and Rosmini as reasoning men are capital initials among those men whose works represent mediæval and modern thought, which is Catholic because it is true. Besides this will be looked into works of Goethe, the great discursive German genius, who is as far from being systematized by his essayists as ever. Finally, Tennyson and his "In Memoriam" will be viewed as exposing the most modern religious expressions.

The evening or practical course of the lectures will be given by various essayists. It is separated into three subdivisions; the first containing four essays on "Wealth, the Material Element in Human Well-being," three of which are read by George Gunton, author of "Wealth and Progress," and one by Garrit Droppers; the second containing four papers on "Health, the Internal Harmony of the Human Powers," three of which are prepared by Fillmore Moore, M.D., of New York city, and one by M. L. Holbrook, edi-

tor of the Herald of Health; the third division, devoted to "Virtue, the Path of Spiritual Progress," in which are seven essays to be read by as many different persons, handles topics bearing mostly on ethical subjects, one on the moral benefit of manual training, and one on the moral and manual training in instrumental music performance. This third or last section in the practical course will doubtless celebrate most valuable discussions for its essential feature in the centre of educational and religious principles as absolved in the working realization and embodiment of aims and theories great or small.

(48) June 20, 1888. THE FARMINGTON SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY IN CONNECTICUT.

FARMINGTON, June 18. The Farmington lectures on philosophy and art began this morning with most flattering success. An audience of more than fifty persons, coming from all parts of the country, listened to Mr. Thomas Davidson's really masterly essay introducing the course. Before beginning to read, Mr. Davidson remarked that this series of lectures he hoped would be but the initiative of successive courses of lectures during consecutive years. The practical purpose of the evening lectures, he said, was to discern more of the results of the scientific spirit of the times in elevating life, promoting more bountiful love and broader thought, and making us feel ourselves of a more splendid and glorious universe.

The subject of Mr. Davidson's paper was "The Present Status of Thought Contrasted with that of the Middle Ages." The evolution principle was shown to be more than a mere monkey-and-man theory. Evolution in its true sense was proved to be the basis of rational or genuine religion consisting of right or reasoning action as the source of present and future happiness; while in succeeding epoch after epoch many of the harmful falsities, desolating theories and the like come from the suddenness of reaction, for much that in such cases is opposed might be accepted in a way better joined to the newer insights. The conclusion was a most eloquent peroration built upon Emerson's immortal saying, "In all God's worlds there is no way out but performance." A few quotations from the essay will show its character:

"Modern political speech had made us familiar with the terms conservative and liberal, or, as the English say, radical. These terms mark a distinction which is not confined to politics, but runs through the whole of human life, and even the whole of Nature. The one implies rest, the other motion. In the human or moral world rest and motion succeed each other, like night and day--the rest being night and the motion day. The aptness of this analogy is so patent that we have styled one long period of conservatism the dark ages. Carrying out the analogy, we ought to call the present epoch the light ages. Since the breach with the dark ages, one word which these ages hardly knew has risen into prominence and acquired a sublime meaning. This word is 'law.' It were hardly too much to say that this word marks the boundary between us and the middle age. Nay, if we were to state briefly the task of the epoch in which we live--and every epoch has an appointed task--we might say that it is to develop fully the sense of this term. Looking back upon the Grecian world we can have no difficulty in seeing the nature of its task. It was to bring





out into clear thought the existence of that eternal reality which lies behind the phenomenal world of sense and conditions it. All the thought, all the art of Greece, have no aim but this. Greece discovered the world of ideas, and strove by means of art to show their connection with the world of sense. It sought to find the permanent in the changing, and it succeeded, giving us the ideal world. The Romans did little more than disseminate what the Greeks had discovered. Their ascendancy may be called a period of rest, of night with the downfall of the pagan world and the rise of Christianity; a new phase in the great evolution began. It seemed a tremendous revolution; men everywhere, with apparent impiety, broke away from their old faiths, apostatized from old ideals; but it was merely a step in evolution. The task of the new epoch was to impress upon mankind the unity of the ideal world. Just as Greek religion had been polytheistic, so Greek thought was polyideal. Not that the best Greek thinkers failed altogether to recognize a certain subordination among ideas; they did not, however, build upon this or impress it. Under the influence of ideas derived from Hebrew monotheism, the early Christian world strove to emphasize the unity in multiplicity of all the forms in the ideal world. Jesus has said, 'I and the father are one,' 'I am the vine, ye are the branches,' and so on. At bottom, philosophically speaking, Christianity is neither more nor less than a bold attempt to impress upon men the unity of the spiritual world, and the fact that the individual has no true life except in that unity.... The long rest of the middle age did little more than formulate and disseminate what the early period of Christianity has won.... At the close of the middle age the world had become distinctly conscious of the existence of the ideal or spiritual world, and of its essential unity. Dante has expressed its highest thought in these words: 'All things that are have order with respect to each other, and this is form, which makes the universe like to God.' But the world thus conceived was in a sense a static world, as far as progress was concerned. It moved, but it did not advance.... But the middle age having accomplished its work, passed away, or rather, it is passing away, and giving place, slowly, and in some degree blindly, to an age with a higher ideal. If we ask ourselves what it was that put an end to the middle age, and really try to obtain a true and profound answer, we shall find that it was this: The human race had risen, half-blindly, indeed, still it had risen, to a new phase of consciousness, a new insight, this, namely, that the Divine idea displays itself in time as well as in space, that things are not fixed and static in themselves, moving only to an eternal goal, but are progressive, self-developing, self-evolving. For centuries the new thought struggled for expression, and did not find it. The men who were possessed by it hardly knew what was the matter with them, and the wise, conservative world looked upon them as madmen or demons, imprisoning, torturing and burning them.... We cannot stop to trace the history of the new idea, step by step, through all its phases, till at last it comes to Goethe, Lamarck, Emerson, and Darwin. With these came in the new word 'evolution,' which tells the whole story--the story that the divine idea not only manifests itself in space, but unfolds itself in time: that all things in the world move according to law. To develop this thought is the appointed task of the present epoch.... Since the days of Kant it has been to cry

of science: All our knowledge comes to us through experience. This is not really a fact. The fact is that all our knowledge of genesis comes to us through experience, through sense-experience, and this for the reason that genesis is the term of sensation. That which does not change cannot be felt, and cannot therefore be a matter for sense-experience. But our knowledge of being, of the what of things, of that which does not change, neither is nor can be a matter of sense-experience, and it is entirely wrong to blame the ontologists of the old time for not employing a method which was and is entirely inapplicable to their subject. Sense-experience and induction are not the method of ontology. The method of it is deduction. And the reason of this is simple. The being of things is not and cannot be presented to the senses, which feel only motion or genesis. It is presented to the intelligence, as a series of principles, conditioning its action just as sensible things condition the action of the senses. But the action of intelligence is simply to intend, to behold, to bring into consciousness its unchanging object. And this can be done only by deduction.... In referring to the abuses which the true principle of evolution suffered in the hands of mere 'aggregationists' the necessary steps to overcome this were noted.... In order, however, to accomplish this we must do three things: (1) We must clear up the notion of evolution, state it philosophically, with all its presuppositions, and follow it into all its implications; (2) we must consider the whole system of truth in the light of the new insight, and eliminate from it all that conflicts therewith; (3) we must shape our life practice in accordance with the higher truth thus arrived at."

(49) June 21, 1888. THE LECTURES IN FARMINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

The Farmington Lectures on Philosophy and art opened Monday in the idyllic Connecticut town, and will continue through July 6. The morning lectures present the theoretical side of the subject, and are devoted to medieval and modern thought, of which Dante, Rosmini, Goethe and Tennyson are taken as the great exponents. In the evening lectures, a practical view is given of the prime conditions of human well-being, wealth, health and virtue. George Gunton, author of "Wealth and Progress," delivers three of the lectures on wealth, the other being by Garrit Drop-pers, a bright and original young thinker on economic matters. Three of the health lectures are prepared by Dr. Fillmore Moore of New York and one by M. L. Holbrook, editor of the Herald of Health. The department of virtue deals chiefly with ethics, and of the seven lectures given one is on the moral benefit of manual training and one on the moral training involved in the performance of instrumental music. The lectures are attracting small audiences of thinking people, --about the same sort who have been wont in years past to attend the sessions of the Concord school of philosophy. The discussions following the lectures are a feature of interest, and have brought out a good deal of suggestive criticism.

(50) June 22, 1888. FARMINGTON LECTURES ON PHILOSOPHY AND ART.

FARMINGTON, June 19. Mr. Davidson's second lecture





on the revival of thought in the thirteenth century was comprehensive, yet concise. His style and delivery are so thoroughly in keeping with and attuned to the exposition of things of a philosophical nature that it is always very easy and restful to hear him deliver one of his discourses. This morning's lecture traced the struggle between Christianity and philosophy. The Christian faith was purely Hebrew and Oriental. The war was a long and eventful one, and finally philosophy succumbed and with it much of the philosophical method; not however until it had modified the Christian doctrine and forced it to assume a dogmatic form. Christianity was originally a history, or, if you will, a story. Before it had finished with Greek philosophy it was a theory, and in the main a metaphysical one. Hereupon the history of Aristotelian thought was pointed out until it was found to be in the schools of Cordova and Bagdad an enemy to the Church of St. Peter. It could not be annihilated, and finally the Church concluded to adopt it as a slave and instrument or ally, in case a compromise could be made. Arabic versions of Aristotle were then seen to be false, and the Vatican proceeded to prepare its own translations; conveniently Aristotle was not immaculate, so his text could be "orthodoxized" to any desired extent. Ten years after the Church had decreed the burning of Aristotle's works (Arabic versions) she recommended the study of Aristotle in Thomas Aquinas's versions. The enemy continued to modify Christian doctrine. Aristotle was about to be canonized by the Church, also many of the Greek authors (and indeed Theseus was canonized). Aristotle came to be regarded as a precursor of Christ; but suddenly the ally was found to be a conqueror and an enemy in truth, and he was again opposed; but too late; he had sown the seeds of Protestantism, which were growing up a thousandfold. The true spirit of the enemy was now discerned. The eternity of matter is of course incompatible with the dogma of creation, and also with that of God's omnipotence and omnipresence. Indeed it places the origin of evil in God's powerlessness to subdue matter. On the other hand, the doctrine of the unity of all intelligences makes all particular intelligences, including the human, merely phenomenal, and denies the immortality of the soul, which is the very pivot of Christian doctrine. The first makes sin a necessity and the second makes redemption needless. By these doctrines the whole Christian system was threatened at its very foundations. No wonder that the Church took alarm and tried to put them down with fire and sword. No wonder, too, that when they found this impossible that she resolved to fight reason with reason. This is the origin of the revival of thought in the thirteenth century.

At the close of Mr. Davidson's lecture, Thomas Sterry Hunt, LL. D., rendered a profound exposition of the aspect of modern chemical thought, the notable conclusion of which claimed that the highest results of chemical science are moving in directions which more and more confirm philosophical intimations of formative or creative processes. This talk was intended to follow the first lecture Monday morning, as a scientific supplement of the philosophical handling of formative principles. Dr. Hunt's talk was listened to with undivided attention by the large audience present.

The first in the evening of practical course of lectures was given Monday at 8 P. M., by George Gunton, author

of "Wealth and Progress." The topic of the evening was the "Social Basis of Economics." Mr. Gunton is a man of great enthusiasm for his chosen work, has no little natural adaptability for lecturing extempore and for elaborating and extending details of thought ad infinitum by means of picturing data in vivid and characteristic colors. The leading thought of the evening was the philosophic theory of economics, which looks upon money as not the end of human effort, but as merely the incidental means of enabling a free growth and exercise of highest human life. The lecture was a very fine one. Much of the historical and philosophical ground of economics was retraced in a spirited manner. It was deplored that economics had been brought into disrepute, because they had been generally considered as having no relation to ethics, when, in fact, without ethics economics were altogether unworthy. But the science is becoming broader and more complete. The neglect of economics brings depression in business and life; all sorts of socialism or collectivism follows. The wage system is to blame for this, but institutions cannot be abolished and should only be improved and expanded. There are two ways out of the wage system. First, slavery, which is a downward and for us impossible way; and, second, higher character-making between men and institutions. Institutions must be somewhat on a par with people. If they are ignorant, you must have despotism. You can never have democracy in any sense except as you have men of intelligence. Wealth is easiest gained when produced by and for the many. A railroad could not be run for a rich man alone; it needs a million patrons. The higher wages paid, the more money fills the markets, the more the workingman consumes in æsthetic purchases, travel, literature, art, and the larger market is created for the larger profits of employees. The dearest thing on earth is savagery, because it so nearly abolishes markets and manufacture, travel, study and literature, which is the considerable source of pecuniary expenditures, and the cheapest thing on earth is æsthetics, because it is the giving to man a great variety of needs and acquainting him with their proper order and these needs create markets and money. Mr. Gunton claimed that he was the first to proclaim this philosophy of high wages being the cheapest, and that it is immoral and uneconomic to advocate cheap labor, and further that laborers should not be recommended to curtail æsthetic expenditures, for these things elevate him and increase in time the wages of the community and likewise the markets.

(51) June 25, 1888. FARMINGTON LECTURES ON PHILOSOPHY AND ART.

FARMINGTON, Wednesday, June 20. The third of Mr. Thomas Davidson's lectures was given this morning before an audience of about fifty persons. Although it was the sixth lecture that has taken place since Monday morning, it was really the first one in the study of philosophy in relations which may be easily traced into art uses and be of value in practical matters. Mr. Davidson's first lecture outlined modern thought and his second the causes precursing it. The freeing nature of modern thought laying the responsibility of action upon the individual was noticed, and this morning the context and form of thinking processes and of ideas was studied as the basis of reasoning or vir-





tuous action. Dante's "Divine Comedy" was taken up as embodying in a concrete form the deepest science of ideas in the origin of modern methods of cognition. Without doubt the great poets, Dante and Goethe and Tennyson, who are to be studied as expressing the concrete form of modern social life, are a good basis from which to gain knowledge of the popular living of men in times led by phases of modern thought, but poems studied for what they express in ideas give no insight into ways and means of reasoning art performances.

Granted that poetry is the result of an art, yet the study of it is study of an art work, a fixed result, not, however, of a fixing process, of the composing, harmonizing, mixing crucible of intelligent causing forces that make up an art. And it is the philosophic study of these creating forces and the validity and value of condition which interrelate them into the final and formative integer of actual material presentation which forms the culminating line of the combined study of philosophy and art.

Whatever philosophers may hold regarding the interaction of soul and body, spirit and physiologic sequences, yet the fact is unchangeable that there is a momentous interaction which conditions, and largely conditions, each factor in turn and human life in general. The physical activities are technical means which discipline the forms of thought, and they in turn are conditioned by universal sequences of natural embodied life. So the study of art leads also to the science content and spirit of the forcial or force processes which handle, mould and fix material elements, or, rather, remould materially embodied forces. The highest form of art is instrumental music performance. Here the artist must harmonize various degrees of emotion and sensation with various forms of thought, and produce the unified result by means of various qualities and amounts (in time) of material physical statures, conformations or vibrations, perforce of a variously composed continuous motion of his physiological body. This activity enspheres the individual and his capacities. Philosophy and poetry, neither of these condition this musical composing of human capacities.

They take in all but the physiologic or technical composition of human action, and this, though not the only factor, is certainly a universal one of the earthly embodied life. The philosophic and poetic methods of composition and analysis are uniform in Nature with technical processes and the mechanical harmony of organisms; therefore they supply the only means of acquiring strength to cope with the intelligent organizing of creative causes of art and the beautiful.

This morning's session extended from 9.30 till 12 M., and held the members of the school in rapt attention. Ideology in Dante was the advertised topic. At the present day this term, or what it stands for, is transformed into logic. Logic is the science of the inter-relation of ideas as revealed in the object and abstracted by the mind. Mere perception of the object is a most complex process. The syllogism is merely the reasoning, scientific or art performance of perception. This abstraction of things by reasoning Plato believed to be the means of developing power or strength of mind. Socrates, who regarded the doing of things as of final consequence, declared the basis of human growth on the basis of scientific or reasoning activity of the concrete human (physiological, emotional,

intellectual), and herein posited the principles of virtuous technical physiological, as well as abstract mental art.

#### (52) June 28, 1888. SATAN AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY AT FARMINGTON.

At the New England Summer School of Philosophy, at Farmington, Conn., on Wednesday, a lecture was delivered by Mr. Richard Hovey of Washington on the "Spirit of Revolt Against Scholasticism as Shown in the Mephistopheles of Marlowe and the Mephistopheles of Goethe." Mr. Hovey is a young poet, of the class of 1885 of Dartmouth College, of strikingly handsome appearance, and highly gifted as a public speaker.

After giving a sketch of the history of the Faust legend, Marlowe's treatment of it was taken up. He said Marlowe was the first free thinker in English literature, and was especially attracted to the story of Dr. Faustus. Marlowe's Mephistopheles is the devil of revolt. The modern spirit was in its childhood in the Elizabethan days; Goethe's Faust is its expression in its maturity. In Goethe, Mephistopheles the rebel gives place to Mephistopheles the sceptic. The effect of the Renaissance was to substitute for the hard sky of crystal which had shut in the middle ages a boundless space, in whose unresisting medium the ways of thought flapped helplessly. Faust is no longer tempted to revolt against acknowledged truth, but to doubt whether there be any truth.

Marlowe's Mephistopheles is a fallen angel, and his nature is not entirely vile, although his work is unmixed evil; but Goethe's Mephistopheles is a part of the original chaos, and always works the good, although he always wills the bad. Marlowe hints that the devil may be saved. Goethe once contemplated the salvation of the devil in his play; but his Mephisto is essentially irredeemable. He has no aspiration for the absolute truth; he delights in the ideal ugliness of the evil spirits; the apparition of the angels of heaven excites in him only the foulest carnal passions. Hell is attractive to him; he would be miserable in heaven. The only torment he suffers is caused by contact with the celestial roses which are scattered by the chorus of angels, and which typify acts of love.

Goethe's devil we admire for his intellectual subtlety, Marlowe's for his hopeless heroism. The very fact that Goethe made the devil the mouthpiece of the spirit of the time is enough to show that he himself had risen above his age and considered its philosophy false. For he was not only the final expression of the Renaissance but the initial expression of a new a greater era--a Renaissance not of knowledge but of wisdom, not of argument but of truth. In the discussion which followed, Professor Davidson remarked that Mr. Hovey's lecture was the best treatment of the subject that had ever been given.

#### (53) July 2, 1888. SUMMER PHILOSOPHY. RESUME OF FARMINGTON SCHOOL PROCEEDINGS.

FARMINGTON, CONN., June 28. The Dante lectures by Professor Davidson have been masterpieces of philosophic discriminations and insight into the classic, scholastic, mediaeval and Catholic bases of thought. Dante sought to show his times the sacredness of the body; that it should not be desecrated by any of the uses which made it





the commerce of anything less than high spiritual ideas. The body is the channel of all earthly experience, and only out of experience is any system of philosophy evolved. These systems are in turn deposed by new, not from theoretical reasons, but practical reasons, because the scope, variety and composition of experience increases. The new, broader theory is then declared, and the people adhering to the old seek to strangle the new; they burn and crucify the publisher of truth in a higher aspect than that they are habituated to perceive. But truth won't be killed, and revolt, the spirit of progress, marches on to fight and win the battles of the eternal verities. Mr. Davidson has lifted his audience into high moods and afforded them material in plenty for developing thought that leads to higher practice.

Mr. George Gunton finished his lectures on Thursday evening. He gave four in all and elaborated the material already reported from his first lecture, touching upon no essentially different points. Dr. Fillmore Moore of New York city began on Friday evening the second series of the evening or practical lectures. The climax of his work also reached its expression in his first lecture. Dr. Moore has a very valuable basis of theory and one which must bear him good fruit if adhered to and obeyed in practice. He believes that the internal constitution of the human powers must be reverently studied and preserved in all contact with the duties of life, vocations and pleasures. This principle embraces a vast field of detail and implies a rhythmical organization of life almost impossible to accomplish. But this system is by no means altogether impossible to acquire, for it will be a summary of the experience of the wisest men and will lie in the scope of every normally constituted individual. It will have reason for its prerequisite; hearty feeling as the basis of its moral content and duly complex and rhythmical physical motion as the preserving and initial form of actual practice.

In elaborating the idea Dr. Moore remarked that this is an age of specialism, therefore one of inharmonious development. The human system of capacities do not revolve around in legitimate order, but, if at all, in some eccentric, ungraceful manner. There is lacking the correcting influence of a balance which comes from a knowledge of and proficiency in other branches than the one a man makes a specialty of, and the fly-wheel of the other faculties (not used in a specialty) becomes rusty. If ever the world experiences a universal age--a time when men exercise all their faculties in harmonious order, then that eccentric, meteoric thing the world calls genius will be recognized in its true mediocrity.

This age can at least begin to promote conditions for such an harmonious future. It can begin to correct the present methods by instituting a culture that embraces all the parts of the human being. Dying specialists do not overwork, but die from lack of variety in kind of work.

In all this there is too much attention to outside results, and none at all to inside harmony and growth of the man. The spirit of human action and labor should be subjective, and by no means objective. In closing the genial and important paper, Dr. Moore referred to the "capacities or series of faculties not at all exercised in the philosophy and the writing or reading of lectures," and expressed the desire to hear of an exercise which did harmoniously use all of man's capacities, adding, "It is not strange that some persons said there could be no immortality of the individual,

seeing that it requires so many persons to represent all the faculties that should be possessed by one person. Immortality for every individual is won and will continue to be won by a consecutive and orderly, an harmonious and continuous development and culture of all the human faculties and relative and rhythmical proportions. The evils of the conditions affecting wage-workers are exciting much anxiety, and rightly, but the evil conditions here referred to affect the entire human race."

It is not overstepping the bounds of reason and consideration to say that it is only genius of a high concentric order which can illustrate these facts so comprehensively as Dr. Moore did in this and his three following essays.

The discussion following was very spirited. It was announced by Professor Davidson that the question which the Farmington School of Philosophy had this year met to try to solve was now really before the session--the desire to grasp a unified outline of thought and practice, to find the harmonious form of our necessary practice. Hereupon the question was put, "What form of exercise harmoniously initiates the perfect evolution of the individual?" This we must first know, then we may infer the ethical and general exercise of the individual in their universal relations of man to all men.

Mr. Graham remarked if our specialism ruined our health by holding some parts of us dormant, we had better be about some remedy. "If you can only get rich by getting crazy, then you ought not to want to get rich at all." Hereupon the discussion drifted off on to various subjects. Soon Mr. Davidson called the meeting to order and again put the same question. Mr. Richard Hovey of Washington, Mr. Tuttle of New York, and others now took part. Mr. Davidson suggested the library and reading as one of the best things he could suggest wherewith a man could (outside the hours of wage-working specialties) best employ or poise himself. Mr. Hovey mentioned Michael Angelo as exercising probably all his capacities. Mr. Davidson said that without a shadow of a doubt Michael Angelo was the greatest man in human action that Europe had ever produced. (Of course Mr. Davidson meant by this that Sebastian Bach was a representant of a larger portion of the geographical earth than Europe. Michael Angelo's poem in his old age, lamenting that he had not followed music--the divine art, as he says--was not mentioned.) Hereupon Frederic Clark of Cambridge remarked that the voluntary faculties of man comprised in the mental, emotional and physical, needed to be harmoniously combined, a rhythmical order of activity instituted in each of these departments of the man; and that these three compositions of activity should at one and the same time be unified. Mr. Clark proposed piano-forte performance as the sufficient form or means accomplishing this end, and added, of course as pianism is now universally taught and exercised, it degrades man and the human body, for, isolating the members of the bodily organism in individual (or anarchic) action, it is wholly without rhythm or composition of motion, lacks all semblance of the universal, and so the body is not raised to an exalted corelationship with the exercise of composed thought and well-ordered emotion.

Professor William T. Harris of Concord, Mass., followed with a few remarks, noticing the fact that music was a higher art than sculpture and painting, because it was a living psychological process which mirrored the action of





the entire human soul and being, for it must always be performed momentarily, to be realized in full degree. Professor Davidson then remarked the germ of the Greek education was music. On that they built all things else, and asked what the germ of the present education was? Mr. Clark thought the present education had no essential or conscious germ at all. It neglected a philosophical use of art and music altogether, and took up merely the commercial, elaborative and decorative branches of mental work, and made them a specialty (mental work not based on physical action being outside or decorative). Thus the present education was like a chimney-top in the air, lacking both a house and a foundational basis, which (basis) in man's case could only be made of music, and instrumental music, because man's constitution was rhythmical (it embraced parts in an orderly whole, physical and emotional as well as mental). Music, instrumentally exercised, would develop new and more complex faculties if man would exercise it reasonably, and the body with it, flowingly in composed motion, shunning arbitrary exercise of the body now taught.

The morning following this Dr. Harris delivered the first of the Goethe lectures on the pedagogies of Goethe as presented in Wilhelm Meister. The problem of individual and social evolution, which we suggested in the Transcript of June 16 as being initiated in music and drama, was taken up and expounded in a way that all who are acquainted with Professor William T. Harris and his splendid reasoning performance may perhaps imagine. The essay contained much original matter that Mr. Harris gave the public here for the first time. In the next letter it will be more fully reported.

KAPPA.

(54) July 5, 1888. FARMINGTON SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

FARMINGTON, CONN., July 1. The Goethe lectures have filled the mornings of the week, and a comprehensive view of Goethe's spirit has been expounded. The discussions have generally been incoherent, because the educative processes laid down by Goethe as, in so far as he could divine, best to be used for evolving orderly consciousness of life in the individual, have been neglected, and the freedom from outward authority which the evolution tendency (and Goethe) provides for the man has been objectively and discursively enlarged upon instead of first gaining a guiding theorem for this infinite realm in a harmonious standard for the education of the subjective powers within the individual, by the thorough use of which he asserts his authority upon the environment and performs his recognized relations to it.

This first step, or guiding theorem, could have been well elucidated if the salient points in Dr. Moore's first lecture and Dr. Harris's lecture had been tenaciously held to the front. Had this been done, the broader, more advanced steps which Professor Davidson handles might be practically grasped and utilized.

Mr. Richard Hovey's excellent essay on Marlowe's Mephistopheles and Goethe's Mephistopheles, showing exceedingly fine taste in collating the best opinions that have been published on these *dramatis personæ* and not a little original insight and critical acumen of good quality, the Transcript has already reported.

Mr. William T. Harris of Concord, Mass., lectured on Goethe's pedagogics. Here the germ of individual education was really touched upon with force and pertinence. Music was remarked as the foundation upon which to ground the first (or isolated) of the three stages or formative periods of the individual. The drama becomes the means of education in the second or ethical (social) period, while the third or theoretic phase has utterly involved the individual in the universal duty to mankind. And for this all actual experience in life is the school-room and object lesson. The question raised in the economic lectures of the first week were now answered by Goethe's hint, that idiosyncrasies whose exercise (specialties) were most easy should be used for commercial ends, while the true round-poising culture in the individual arts should be used as the means of complete individual education for personal and public welfare. True art, therefore, and true individuality is the elimination of mere idiosyncrasies, absolving the soul into the harmony which is the highest end of the individual and the race. Here is a cardinal point for artists, whether sculptors, painters or musicians, who generally revel in and succeed on the propagation and culture of mere idiosyncrasies only, and fill the public eyes and ears with consequent caricatures of harmony. Mr. Davidson's lectures strike higher in the sense that they spring over the first steps of subjective harmony in individual being. In Mr. Davidson's lectures the individual is lost in the universal. And this involution phase is so far beyond the listeners that nothing is left but to take it as it is given, without any seasoning, and here the need of the guiding theorem, which, as Goethe suggested, can be discovered in an exhaustive and comprehensive philosophy of highest individual exercise of music, is more than ever felt. Dr. Harris remarked (Goethe), "Rhythm and harmony is the subordination of each (or the many) to the whole, this is the first step in education. This is the principle of music. From music, as a centre level, roads run out in all directions into every possible province of education. The music of the individual would be the unified activity of all his parts, the harmonious working together of all his capacities."

A study of this kind of education of the man discovers the key which would, being the first step, lead to the final theoretic universal relations where the man is absorbed in mankind.

(55) July 9, 1888. SUMMER PHILOSOPHY. RESUME OF THE FARMINGTON SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. Davidson began the last week of the course with three lectures on Rosmini. Rosmini is essentially not a Roman Catholic, although he thought he was and tried to be. The Council of Trent began a new era in Catholicism in that it placed the doctrines of Christian faith beyond the limits of human reason. Rosmini, however, sought to unite reason and revelation, to show that the Divine dogmas could be approved by reason. This the Church represented, for if you prove that reason can fathom the dogmatic principles of faith, of course you render the Church unnecessary.

The Jesuits saw this point in which Rosmini was un-Catholic; they attempted first to gain him for their college





in Rome. Rosmini spurned their advances; they became his sworn enemies, sought his condemnation by the pope by explaining his errors, and finally accomplished their end. Not, however, until many years after they had poisoned and killed him (and they continue burning whole editions of his books).

Rosmini could have been the greatest philosopher of modern times if he could have wholly freed himself from the dogmas of the Church. However, the great things he has done for philosophy are not yet widely recognized. Modern thought since Locke, Berkeley and Hume has been denying even the possibility of intellect; modern thinkers aim at making ideas but the dim reflection, not of objects even, but of sensations. There are many attempts to get out of this seeming inextricability. Kant tried it, but only made the matter worse because he systematized and merely catalogued the difficulties which Berkeley and Hume had made. The Scotch school tried their way out of the trouble, which was a child's way and no philosophical one whatever. Hume was the greatest of all modern philosophers, for he set the world of thinkers agog with a question which they could not handle.

All this suited the Roman Church. They hurraed Kant and Condillac and Hume. But Rosmini came and said, no! Hume is wrong in stopping short and Kant is not farseeing enough. They had reduced sight (intellect), to feeling. Rosmini took up the thing where Hume left it, and reduced objective matter to feeling (what we know of the world of matter is embraced in what we feel of it or cognize by sensation), thus making both ends meet and proving the Divine or God to be near human reason, and at that not altogether dependent on revelation. This of course will enable a new philosophic era.

Mme. Janet Runtz-Rees read an essay on the ethics of self-sacrifice. Sacrifice is a travail to birth, it brings a new life and replenishes the parent who suffered as well as the world which receives. The highest self-sacrifice is, therefore, the highest selfishness, for it suffers in view of the higher good. Selfishness is man's salvation, i.e., the good selfishness which, as long as its desires are of that kind which replenish all men and hinder no one of obtaining and enjoying them, is the better the more selfish it is.

Frederic Clark of Cambridge read an essay on "Pianism" as a means of harmonious individual evolution. In introducing the lecturer, Professor Davidson said, "We have awaited this paper with great interest, because of all the subjects which have been handled in the course this is the only one entirely original. All of the writer's philosophical tenets have been evolved out of his own experience and on a subject as yet not well understood."

Mr. Clark began by begging the audience to dispel from their memories associations of failures to accomplish which filled the minds of all reasonable men and women in regard to attempts at musical pianism and for an hour to consider an ideal statement of the possibilities of pianism, when naturally and æsthetically considered as a means of full human development.

"If a form of complex bodily motion be exercised, unity of mental and physical action is established in the first degree. If a composed measure of the emotions be expressed along with them, a harmonious activity of the entire being is instituted. This was the basis of Greek education. They

played on a lyre, sang and danced to the one composition of tune and time. Music was thus made the means of gracing the mind, emotions and body. This, too, is the climax of the Bible, as David praised God harping, dancing and singing.

But the modern world is more scientific, and sunders its bases of growth to absolute first principles. The word is found to be universal; it pictures not the unified structure of principles, but elaborates and diversifies earth objects by the memories and associations of them. The posits of intellect are relatives of time and space only. But the moderns needed and created instrumental music, something deeper than words, based on the absolute structure of principles, which are more directly appreciated in tone-feelings regulated by the orderly and intricate nature of organising conditions, than in objective terms. Thus instrumental music is absolute discipline of the emotions, rendering an impersonal growth or exercise of them.

In the polyphonic music of Sebastian Bach the mind also receives this purely subjective or impersonal discipline in principles of the nature of cognition, in the discernment and depiction of emotions, as well as of the logical composition and inter-relation of the objects and terms of the intelligence. But as yet no clew has become the property of the public which enables the complex motion of the body in pianism. This motion, however, is the one thing all modern education lacks. Systems of athletics, physical training, schools of manual training, institutions of moral and industrial training, universities inculcating human philosophy, have, strangely enough, no practical means of exercising complex, or, rather implex, bodily motion, which is the means of expressing composed thought and emotion; which graces and harmonizes the soul, or unity, of the being, and is exercised for no other end than the evolution of sphericity, or fluent inter-relation between mind emotion and body, the representants of thought, love and action. But it happens that piano-playing has never yet been well done! Liszt and Rubinstein, who have done the most, deplore this fact. The bodily methods have been arbitrary, unnatural and stiff; they have brought about jerking, broken and disgraceful individual movements of fingers, hands, forearms, etc., instead of graceful, rhythmical, easy, natural and curving, fluent motions of the body, arms and hands altogether.

If the curved or natural motion be exercised, one curve of the body may take place and at the same time two curves of the arm, also four curves of the forearm and eight curves of the hand. This may be modified with more or less curves, as is desired for special phrases. This is the law of complex bodily motion, from inside outwards. But as soon as you begin to work on the environment, on the key-board, the outside material conditions compel a compromise. This perfect law or freedom must be modified. But not very much, for the serrated hand, with its incisory points (fingers), affords influencing of objective points of operation and (as long as the fingers are not allowed to move of themselves, but are only used and moved by the curving arm and rolling-ball hand) the accomplishing of intricate bodily motion, radical expression of finest variations of emotion and perfect presentation of mental forms of music.

Before his death, Liszt favored this view by saying,





"The hand should never be held fixed, and should have absolutely no position, it should roll like a ball." European teaching, as Liszt and Rubinstein maintain, is far behind in this matter, and the hope of progress in America is proved by the fact that in conservative Boston, recently, Karl Klindworth, one of the principal teachers of Berlin, and a teacher of piano in the Royal Institute in London (pupil of Bilow), have both been discountenanced or reprimanded openly and publicly on their playing, for their awkward unorganized bodily movements, which produced monotonous, unmusical and bad tone effects.

Not that Americans play better or teach better, but Americans at home must be tolerated. European teachers who come here to play may be tolerated as teachers, but should be discouraged as players. We have already enough awkward and boisterous results of teaching and pretensions to art.

The complex bodily motion added to pianism produces beautiful rhythmical tone results for the first time in the history of the art. The rotary motion is the outline of all the good work the geniuses of pianism have performed. It explains the isolated, fine effects of a Beethoven or a Rubinstein, as players, on the basis of its naturalness, ease and organic principle. It is a new and valuable discovery for modern use of an eternal principle absolutely necessary for human wellbeing--combining continued unbroken motion with appositive expenditures of force. It embraces the principles of time, space and motion in a highly organized form, and becomes one of the very greatest exercises man can practice. Mr. Clark spent much time in substantiating his ideas by showing principles which condition the rhythmical motion of a mass-system of bodily members, principles which condition the full working of any single one in a series of members all harmoniously interacting, and said of fifteen of these fundamental, inexorable sequences not one was allowed legitimate action by the conventional, stiff, inadequate and unreasonable finger-methods of today.

Finally, returning to the philosophical side of the question, he threw out a few hard nuts to crack on the one-sidedness of human exercise in mental students, mere philosophers, etc., as well as in mere virtuosos, featists in art who only acted, but never reasoned, and to the social dictums which made men the tools of conventionalities, and wholly neglected the graceful, intrinsic evolution and activity of the individual. Professor Davidson and others entered heartily into the long and interesting discussion that followed the reading.

Mr. Davidson closed the school this morning (Friday) with his second lecture on Tennyson's "In Memoriam," as a picture of most modern religion. Feeling is the basis of deepest-going religion. That highest to which we aspire, shall not the Source of All (God) give it to us? If not, the world is a chaos and a Godless distortion. These highest aspirations are born in our feelings: they are in harmony with the highest results of our mind. Even the surest gain of science, or the most plausible revelation, however, fails to be absolute. But this thing, our immortal aspiration, this is absolute, and this the basis of a firm religion that thinks, loves and acts.

Science cannot fight the fear of death; even our little philosophies have their day, but are replaced by better experiences. Faith is blind. But every being is an end to itself, or the universe is not rational. So the highest in man,

his nobly felt aspirations, are not things made to delude him--they are the absolute facts which prove that his end shall be in attaining them in the eternal world beyond this pilgrimage in time.

Mr. Richard Hovey of Washington has given readings from Dante, Marlowe, Goethe and Tennyson; Frau Anna Steiniger-Clark, assisted by Frederic Clark, has given four classical concerts of pianoforte music. Not a few distinguished persons have visited the school for a day or so during the course. The school has been a great success financially and socially. An essay of Professor Davidson's with a programme for the ensuing year 1889, will be printed and circulated by the members of the school.

#### (56) July 13, 1888. SUMMER PHILOSOPHY. REVIEW OF THE SESSION OF THOMAS DAVIDSON'S FARMINGTON SCHOOL.

The series of lectures instituted by Thomas Davidson, just completed, at Farmington, Conn., has been the first to professedly undertake a popular exposition of relations holding between philosophy and art. It has not only partly accomplished this task in an indirect manner, but, what is momentous enough, it has thrown out efficient hints as to how the thing may in the future be directly and openly performed. Without a doubt many persons came to and went away from these lectures with the false idea lodged in their minds that art-works were art-processes or equivalent to them, and that a comparison of moral motives and ethical sanctions as pictured in Dante's "Divine Comedy," Goethe's "Faust," and Tennyson's "Memoriam" were lectures on art. These persons thought a study of the morals and dogmas and fancies embodied in these poems was a study of art, therefore the occasional remarks which really touched upon an explanation of the art-process--the reasoning composition of various causes which create an harmonious effect--could only make an indirect impression upon them.

But there were some few earnest persons present determined to make the most of the event, and every possible note was taken by them which could aid in building up a direct and harmonious union between art and the realm of reason. The musical, or spherical harmonious evolution of the individual, is the first principle of human education. This principle was noticed by Professor Harris in his Goethe lecture. The internal harmony of the human powers as the spirit of well-being is the physical basis of this first principle, and was remarked by Dr. Fillmore Moore in his first essay. The harmonious action of the individual outcome of internal harmony of the powers, and initiating full education, is the first principle of art and its immortal worth to man; elucidating the philosophy of art, was the spirit and form of Frederic Clark's paper in Pianism.

These papers furnished material for establishing art and philosophy on a common basis, and for systematizing what was valuable in the circuitous remarks of the remaining lectures in the evening course, and the profuse and general information recited at the morning lectures.

Reasoning, beautiful activity is the spirit of art. Knowledge of the worth of this sort of activity is the spirit of philosophy. This was the burden of Socrates's theme in life. Aristotle says (and Plato in much the same way), "Processes first to Nature are not first to man. Nature





begins with causes, and reaches (through cause) effect. Men's human perceptions first perceive effects, and then by slow degrees ascend to causes. Even in matters of art (human creations), most men look no higher than effects, practise and the mere work, while only the most exceptional artists reason their efforts and wield principles which create the harmonious cause of a poetic effect."

Persons who have not thus ascended by slow degrees from critical analysis up to effects of art, to the reasoning, creating of art performances, have but little capacity to talk safely on art matters. Much less has one who cannot catch the hints of the art processes given out by artists (who generally are not adepts in the technic of argument), the needed acumen for thorough philosophic insight into the principles of human well-being. Reasoning, harmonious activity was regarded by the Greek philosopher as medicinal and valuable throughout life. Mere automatic performance, of however virtuosity of erudition, was discouraged as being degrading for a free man.

It is strange how the ideas represented by the last two statements have been confused. Only the most true elucidation of their real meaning and difference can make it possible to directly accomplish a thorough consideration of philosophy and art.

The fact is, Aristotle remarks, that a perfect understanding can only come through perfect and long-continued practice, while not a few of Aristotle's readers believe him to mean that a little (smattering) practice of things (intuitively or blindly done) in childhood transmits an efficient understanding, which is equivalent to mature reasoning activity as a means of preserving the poise of human being.

This short-sighted mistake leads into the inextricable confusion which has lured a great many attempts to philosophize art. It is the flowery bed of ease wherewith indolent theorists seek to evade harmonious activity of being. They take the ludicrous position of spurning all physical and emotional activity, like those who turned away from Heraclitus in the kitchen. (The fame of Heraclitus brought curious visitors, who found him warming himself in a dirty kitchen, and spurned to enter; but he cried out, "Enter boldly, for here, too, are the gods!")

That the composing art process was often approached during the discussions at Farmington is the promise that in the future it may be thoroughly entered upon. To some peculiarly unphilosophic extollation of idiosyncrasies and specialistic work made by Mr. Graham, Dr. Fillmore Moore made the genial answer that "woman had nothing but her necessity in by-gone ages to do all sorts of work to thank for her versatility and harmoniousness of nature, which man might well envy, because his specialty in activity from time immemorial had rendered his nature very ungraceful and squarecornered." Mr. Davidson remarked that some persons might be able to cook but to do nothing else. Let them cook, and those who could think and philosophize, let them do only that, and spurn cooking. Anna Steiniger-Clark, the artist, answered by saying that nothing should be spurned that could be made a means of reasoning action, that since all action could be made an art, since expression of force through the human organism, if reasonably done, became a harmonious and beautiful effort, therefore all systematic physical and emotional expression was of value to all men during all their life; that she had reached her art standard by way of reasoning

practice, and that reasoning cooking or sewing or writing was but one of the numberless means of attaining arthood. This was indeed a refrain from Heraclitus in the kitchen.

After three morning lectures on Rosmini, the fact was reached that intellect really exists and can recognize being, i.e., that being also actually does exist. An artist present arose and said he was glad if philosophy was finally sure of so much, sure of a basis, a placid, underlying floor of being and life. In time, he predicted, philosophy would ascend higher and recognize the structure and worth of the features welded on the face of this basis, the ripples thrown on the still sheet of water by art, the composing action of a reasoning human being.

It is but just, in conclusion, to warn those who attended the lectures not to mistake the fact that feeling, as the basis of religion, as expounded from Tennyson and Goethe, leads not to immortality but to annihilation of the individual. Feeling desires satisfaction. Desires hope only for a complete fulfilling. Fulfilling of highest wish--to be perfect in God--is the absolution of self in God, of idiosyncrasies into full harmony, and of the latter into the all-resounding tone that deprives one of hearing or feeling or knowing that it exists at all.

## A SUMMER COURSE OF STUDY

... IN THE ...

### ADIRONDACKS

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## GLENMORE SCHOOL

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### FOR THE CULTURE SCIENCES

SEASON 1893

JUNE 25TH — AUGUST 19TH

+ + + +

FOR PARTICULARS APPLY TO  
THOMAS DAVIDSON.  
KEENE, ESSEX CO., N. Y.



(1) HON. W. T. HARRIS, LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.:

### The Philosophy of History.

(2) PROF. JOHN DEWEY, Ph.D., of Michigan University :

A. The Psychology of Expression, with Reference to Aesthetics and Ethics.

B. Ethical Ideas and Problems of the Nineteenth Century.

(3) PROF. JOSIAH ROYCE, Ph.D., of Harvard University :

### Psychology in Its Relation to Education.

I. What is a General Idea?

II. General Ideas and the Theory of Habits.

III. The Constituents of a General Idea. The Relations of Feeling, Will and Intellect.

IV. General Ideas a Product of Imitation. The Social Factors of Mental Training. The "Psychology of Suggestion," and the Lessons of Modern Hypnotic Research.

V. The Place of Authority in Mental Training. The Psychology of our Belief in an External World, and the Educational Significance of this Portion of Psychology.

VI. Apperception, Attention and the Theory of an Orderly Acquisition of General Ideas.

VII. On Due Regard for Varieties of Individual Temperament.

VIII. The Psychological Aspects of Moral Training.

## GLENMORE SCHOOL.

THE Culture Sciences, to which the Glenmore School is devoted, have for their subject man's spiritual nature, his intelligence, his affections, his will, and the modes in which these express themselves. Culture includes a History, a Theory and a Practice, a certain familiarity with which must be acquired by every person who seriously desires to know his relations to the world, and to perform his part worthily therein. The aim of the School, therefore, is twofold: (1) Scientific, (2) Practical. The former it seeks to reach by means of Lectures on the History and Theory of the Culture Sciences, and by Classes, Conversations and carefully directed Private Study. The latter it endeavors to realize by encouraging its members to conduct their life in accordance with the highest ascertained ethical laws, to strive after "plain living and high thinking," to discipline themselves in simplicity, kindness, thoughtfulness, helpfulness, regularity and promptness.

It is impossible at present to offer a completely digested programme of the lectures; but the following Syllabus will give some notion of the work to be undertaken.

The following gentlemen have promised, if circumstances will permit, to give instruction in the subjects appended to their names:





(4) PROF. FRED. N. SCOTT, Ph.D., of Michigan University :  
**The Æsthetics of Realism** (Bosanquet's *History of Æsthetics*).

(5) PROF. JAMES SETH, Ph.D., of Brown University :

- A. **Types of Metaphysical Theory.**
- B. **The Philosophy of Spinoza.**

(6) BROTHER AZARIAS, of the Christian Schools :  
**Mediæval Universities.**

- I. Mediæval University Life.
- II. University Colleges : Their Origin and Their Methods.

(7) PROF. JAMES HYSLOP, Ph.D., of Columbia College, New York :  
**Poverty and Charity.**

- I. Nature of the Problem of Charity.
- II. History of Charity.
- III. Causes of Poverty (two lectures).
- IV. Remedies for Poverty, or Methods of Charity (three lectures).

(8) REV. SAM. G. SMITH, D.D., People's Church, St. Paul, Minn. :  
**Sociology.**

- I. The Field, Material and History of Sociology.
- II. Institutions, Domestic, Political, Ecclesiastical.
- III. Wealth and Labor. Statistics.
- IV. Abnormalities — Crime, Poverty, Insanity, Feeble-mindedness.
- V. Church and State.
- VI. The Public Health.

(9) PROF. G. W. DAVIS, Ph.D., of Macalister College, Minn. :

**The Minor Hebrew Prophets.**

- I. Introductory. Hebrew Prophets and Prophecy in General.
- II. Joel. Outlines of Prophecy. General Questions.
- III. Amos; IV. Hosea; V. Obadiah; VI. Jonah; VII. Micah.

(10) MR. LEWIS J. BLOCK, of Chicago :

**Epic Poetry of the East and West.**

- I. Median; II. Persian; III. Greek; IV. Roman; V. Mediæval;
- VI. The Significance of the Epic in Literature.

(11) MR. THOMAS DAVIDSON, of Keene, New York.

A. **The Philosophy of Aristotle** (on the Basis of Prof. Edwin Wallace's *Outlines of the Philosophy of Aristotle*).

B. **Scholasticism and Mysticism, from Anselm and Bernard to Thomas and Bonaventura, with Special Reference to Dante.**

C. **The Gospel of Love: An Exposition of the Epistles of St. John.** (On Sunday mornings. Free.)

Besides these, lectures are expected from Prof. J. Clark Murray, LL.D., of Montreal, Dr. Frank Drew, of Clark University, Prof. James Wallace, of Macalister College, Minn. (on some Greek subject), and others.

Miss Mary Forster, of Newnham College, Cambridge, England, will give lessons in Botany and Sketching, and, if the demand be





sufficient, classes will be opened in Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Anglo-Saxon, or Icelandic, and Mr. Davidson will lecture on Shakespeare or Tennyson.

Direction in private study will be given from the 1st of May till the 1st of November. This year the School will begin on 25th of June and close on 19th of August, in order to give students an opportunity to attend the Philosophic Congress at the World's Fair in the last ten days of August. A party will be organized at Glenmore for that purpose. Students will do well to be present at the opening of the School.

#### FEES.

Tickets for ten lectures (not transferable), \$3; for single lectures, 50 cents.

#### BOARD AND LODGING.

Persons attending the School can board either at Glenmore, at the Willey House, which is about half a mile distant, or at the neighboring farms.

The accommodations at Glenmore are of the simplest kind; but they are entirely comfortable, and afford excellent opportunity for serious study. The food is simple, well cooked and plentiful. There are rooms for only about forty persons; but every facility will be offered for camping out.

Board at Glenmore, \$6 a week; room, \$2. When two persons occupy one room, each will pay \$1.50. Every person is expected to take care of his or her own room, unless special arrangements are made.

The Willey House can be heartily recommended in every way—for situation, cleanliness, comfort, quiet and home-feeling. Board and room, from \$10 a week upwards; for two persons occupying one room, from \$18. Address Mrs. Harvey Willey, Keene, Essex County, New York.

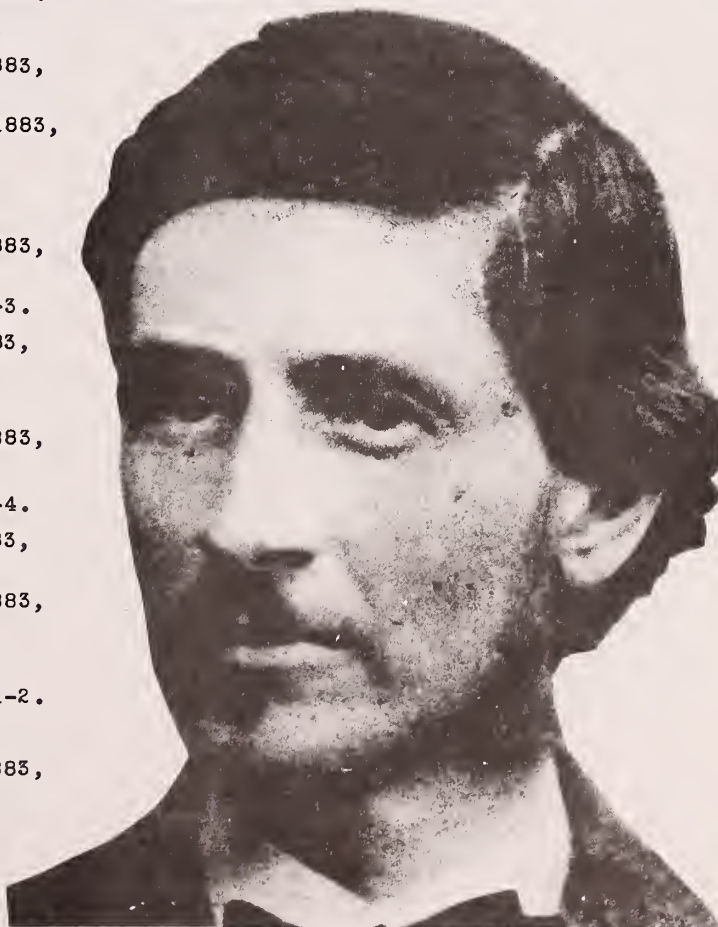
Excellent, simply furnished rooms can be obtained at several farm-houses in the neighborhood.

It is well to state that the lecture-room at Glenmore is on a hill-top, one hundred and twenty feet above the dining-room.





- (1) Springfield Republican, Aug. 1, 1879, p. 4, cols. 3-4.
- (2) Ibid., Aug. 11, 1879, p. 4, col. 6.
- (3) Ibid., July 13, 1880, p. 4, col. 4.
- (4) Ibid., July 23, 1880, p. 4, cols. 5-6.
- (5) Ibid., Aug. 4, 1880, pp. 2-3. (Taken from the reprint in the Boston Advertiser.)
- (6) Ibid., Sept. 23, 1880, p. 4, cols. 3-4.
- (7) Ibid., July 27, 1882, pp. 2-3.
- (8) Ibid., July 28, 1882, p. 8, col. 3.
- (9) Ibid., July 30, 1882, p. 4, col. 4.
- (10) Ibid., Aug. 6, 1882, p. 6, cols. 1-2.
- (11) Ibid., July 19, 1883, pp. 2-3.
- (12) Boston Daily Advertiser, July 19, 1883, p. 8, cols. 3-4.
- (13) Ibid., July 20, 1883, p. 8, col. 1.
- (14) Springfield Republican, July 21, 1883, p. 8, col. 3.
- (15) Ibid., July 25, 1883, pp. 2-3.
- (16) Boston Daily Advertiser, July 25, 1883, p. 5, cols. 5-6.
- (17) Ibid., July 25, 1883, p. 1, col. 3.
- (18) Ibid., July 26, 1883, p. 5, cols. 3-4.
- (19) Ibid., July 27, 1883, p. 5, col. 5.
- (20) Springfield Republican, July 30, 1883, pp. 4-5.
- (21) Boston Daily Advertiser, July 31, 1883, p. 2, cols. 2-3.
- (22) Boston Evening Transcript, Aug. 3, 1883, p. 6, cols. 1-4.
- (23) Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 3, 1883, p. 8, col. 3.
- (24) Ibid., Aug. 4, 1883, p. 8, cols. 2-3.
- (25) Springfield Republican, Aug. 6, 1883, pp. 2-3.
- (26) Ibid., Aug. 7, 1883, p. 4, col. 6.
- (27) Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 7, 1883, p. 5, col. 2.
- (28) Ibid., Aug. 8, 1883, p. 5, cols. 3-4.
- (29) Springfield Republican, Aug. 8, 1883, p. 4, col. 5.
- (30) Boston Daily Advertiser, Aug. 9, 1883, p. 5, cols. 5-6.
- (31) Ibid., Aug. 10, 1883, p. 2, col. 2.
- (32) Ibid., Aug. 11, 1883, p. 2, cols. 1-2.
- (33) Boston Herald, Aug. 12, 1883, p. 4.
- (34) Springfield Republican, Aug. 13, 1883, pp. 2-3.
- (35) Ibid., Oct. 22, 1883, p. 2, col. 6.
- (36) Ibid., July 9, 1884, p. 2, col. 6.
- (37) Ibid., July 16, 1885, pp. 2-3.
- (38) Ibid., July 23, 1885, pp. 2-3.
- (39) Ibid., July 27, 1885, pp. 2-3.
- (40) Ibid., Aug. 3, 1885, pp. 2-3.
- (41) Ibid., Apr. 24, 1886, p. 9, cols. 5-6.
- (42) Ibid., July 27, 1886, pp. 2-3.
- (43) Ibid., Aug. 2, 1886, p. 3, cols. 1-2.
- (44) Ibid., Oct. 8, 1886, p. 8, cols. 3-4.
- (45) Ibid., Apr. 26, 1887, p. 2, col. 6.
- (46) Ibid., July 19, 1887, p. 2, col. 6.
- (47) Boston Evening Transcript, June 16, 1888, p. 10, col. 3.
- (48) Ibid., June 20, 1888, p. 8, col. 4.
- (49) Springfield Republican, June 21, 1888, p. 4, col. 4.
- (50) Boston Evening Transcript, June 22, 1888, p. 6, col. 1.
- (51) Ibid., June 25, 1888, p. 6, col. 1.
- (52) Ibid., June 28, 1888, p. 5, col. 1.
- (53) Ibid., July 2, 1888, p. 6, cols. 2-3.
- (54) Ibid., July 5, 1888, p. 6, col. 2.
- (55) Ibid., July 9, 1888, p. 6, cols. 3-4.
- (56) Ibid., July 13, 1888, p. 5, cols. 1-2.







## PART TWO





(1)

From the New York Mirror.

**WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.**

**WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT**, the son of Dr. Peter Bryant, a gentleman distinguished for his extensive literary and scientific acquirements, and his urbane deportment, was born on the third of November, 1794, in Cummington, Massachusetts. He exhibited great fondness for reading at a very early age, and, with a prematurity of taste but seldom manifested, rejecting the nauseating fairy tales usually sought after by youth, he perused, with eager delight, the pages of Shakspeare and Spenser. When not more than ten years old, he produced several little poems, which, though puerile and feeble, yet gave promise, like the first and worthless ore the miner meets with in his excavations, of the existence of a mine, whence rich specimens of poetic gold have since been extracted. One of these juvenile productions was thought of sufficient merit to be inserted in the columns of a newspaper of the period, (the *Hampshire Gazette*, published at Northampton;) but the little value set upon it by the author may be gathered from the fact, that he has not retained a single copy. "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and could not believe that the spontaneous outpourings of his mind entitled him to the praise that his efforts usually received.

Under the tuition of the Reverend Mr. Snell, of Brookfield, and the Reverend Mr. Mallock, of Plainfield, Massachusetts, our author went through the usual course of study, preparatory to entering college. In these gentlemen, he found kind and intelligent teachers; in him, they had a docile and amiable pupil, of quick apprehension, sound judgment, retentive memory, and discriminating taste. Where the soil is luxuriant, and free from rocks and weeds, the husbandman performs the duties of tillage with pleasure, sure that a plenteous harvest will reward him for his toil; and, in like manner, the cultivation of Mr. Bryant's mind afforded a source of great gratification to his preceptor, who saw the seeds of instruction take deep and immediate root, and have lived to witness the abundant harvest they produced. His love for the works of nature, and his delicate appreciation of all those finer beauties, which he has since so admirably painted "in the landscape of a lay," were strongly apparent during this period of his life; and his hours of study were not infrequently nassed

"——— in sunless glens, ———  
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen."

In 1810 he entered the Sophomore class of Williams College, and while he remained a student of that institution, he was noted for the fondness which he bore for learning, and the facility with which he acquired it. In classic literature he particularly delighted, and of his proficiency in that branch of study, both his prose and poetic writings yield ample testimony. After remaining a year or two at college, Mr. Bryant solicited and obtained an honourable dismissal, and turned his attention to the law, which he read, first in the office of Judge How, then of Worthington, and afterwards with the Hon. William Baylies, of Bridgewater. In 1815, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, in Plymouth.

Previous to his entering college, Mr. Bryant had published, in 1808 a volume of poems, in Boston, entitled "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times," a second edition of which was called for in the course of the following year. When it is remembered that this work was given to the public by an author who had not yet completed his fourteenth year, it cannot but be considered as a most remarkable instance of early maturity of mind. Pope's Ode to Solitude was written at twelve years of age; but it possesses neither fancy nor feeling, and except for the smoothness and harmony of its versification, is

entitled to no particular praise. His translation of Sappho to Phaon, is, indeed, an extraordinary production, and has uniformly received the warmest commendation from critics. Yet it is but a translation; while the poem of our author, written still earlier in life, is an original effort, and, as such, cannot but be received with great surprise, on account of the wonderful precocity of judgment, wit, and fancy, it exhibits. Like Cowley's "Poetical Blossoms," it must have been composed when the writer was little more than thirteen; but in point of merit it is decidedly superior to those effusions of unripened genius.

In 1821, Mr. Bryant published another volume of poems, in Boston; but these have met with such general persual, and such general admiration, that to describe them would be but repeating an oft told tale, and to praise them, only joining our feeble voice to the united encomiums of all lovers of poesy. He who reads them with the utmost care, and even cynical severity, will find much to commend, and but little to censure. A tone of lofty moral sentiment pervades every piece in the collection, elevating the mind with pure thoughts and expansive images. Nature is accurately and delicately described, by the pen of one who is evidently alive to her choicest beauties, and who knows how to give a thrilling picture of them in words. She is represented with a gorgeousness and grandeur of colouring that lifts the soul above "this visible diurnal sphere," to a contemplation of Him who made her so lovely and so perfect, and this religious ardour of the mind is sustained by deep and judicious reflections, making the reader resolve so to live,

"——— that when his summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chambers in the silent halls of death,  
He go not, like the quarry-slaves at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach his grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

A redundancy of epithets, adding nothing to the sense, but made use of to fill out the measure, is a fault from which but few poets are free; but Mr. Bryant is one of the few. It would be difficult to eject a single word from his writings, without impairing the force, and diminishing the meaning. His beauties consist in naturalness and depth of thought, graceful ease, and copiousness of diction, and fitness of illustration. There are no harsh or tinsel metaphors, no intricate transpositions, no affectation of ornament. To use the description Horace has given of easy poetry, his effusions are such as every reader hopes to equal, but after laborious efforts, finds unattainable.

The Ages, the first poem in this collection, was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard University, in 1821. It is a general outline of society in its different stages, and a prospect of what it may yet be. The savage condition of man is pictured with an accuracy that causes the blood to thrill while we read; and the sketches of Greece and Rome possess a graphic excellence, in which is combined the truth of history, with all the power, and melody, and deep-toned feeling of poetry. The concluding stanzas, in which our own country is described, both as it was when it slept in the uninterested silence and solitude of nature, and as it now is, covered with a busy and enterprising population, "thick and numberless as the gay motes as people the sunbeams," are really and exquisitely beautiful. The picture is of a more animating description than those which occupy the previous part of the poem; and each sentiment expressed finds a ready response in the bosom of every reader. Throughout the production, from first to last, the language and the thoughts are the outpour-

ings of a scholar's mind, warmed by inspiration; the first, copious without redundancy, but appropriate, powerful, and euphonious; and the latter, "sparks of immortality." The stanza is that of the Fairy Queen and not Spenser himself has managed it more adroitly. The greatest fault of the volume is its brevity. It contains besides the Ages, Thanatopsis, and several shorter poems which need not be enumerated, for who is not acquainted with them? The lines to Green River, and the Inscription for the Entrance into a

Wood, are "airy gems," and "spoken flowers," in a peculiar degree entitled to approbation.

In the early part of the same year, during which this volume of poems made its appearance, Mr. Bryant became united in marriage to a young and accomplished lady, Miss Fairchild. He resides, at the present time, and has for a number of years past, in this city. Since his publication in 1821, he has given no volume to the public, but numerous valuable effusions from his pen have enriched the pages of various periodical literary miscellanies, more particularly the New-York Monthly Review, of which he was the editor, until its recent discontinuance. It was during his connexion with this work, that he published, in the October number, 1825, the beautiful poem, entitled Hymn to Death. It was principally written in 1820, but his father dying afterwards, in that year, the following lines, which conclude it, and in which he so pathetically adverts to that melancholy occurrence, were added shortly after:





"Alas! I little thought that the stern power  
Whose fearful praise I sing, would try me thus  
Before the strain is ended. It must cease—  
For he is in his grave who taught my youth  
The art of verse, and in the bud of life  
Offered me to the muses. O, cut off  
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,  
Himpered by years of toil and studious search  
And watch of nature's silent lessons, taught  
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art  
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,  
And last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth  
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes  
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill  
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale  
When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou  
Shalt not, as went, o'erlook, is all I have  
To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope  
To copy thy example, and to leave  
A name of which the wretched shall not think  
As of an enemy's, whom they forgive,  
As all forgive the dead. Rest therefore, thou  
Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—  
Rest in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep  
Of death is over, and a happier life  
Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust."

A few weeks since, Mr. Bryant became engaged in the editorial management of the *Evening Post*, the oldest journal in this city, and one of the most respectable in the Union. The reputation it has deservedly acquired, cannot but receive an augmentation from the additional efforts of such a coadjutor.

In person, Mr. Bryant is rather above the middle size, his face is handsome, and of a pleasing character, and his eyes are lighted up with an expression of great intelligence. His manners are easy and urbane, his disposition open, generous, and sincere; his habits those of a gentleman, his pursuits those of a scholar, and his principles those of a man of honour. His conversation is "rich with the lore of centuries," though of his learning he makes no parade, keeping it rather for use than for show; and those who have the happiness of an acquaintance with this gifted man, find not, as is too often the case, a disparity between his written sentiments and the actions of his life.

## (2)

### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Legends of New-England.* By John G. Whittier. Hartford. Hurdner and Phelps. 12mo. pp. 142. 1831.

THERE could scarcely be a more imposing title to an American public than that of the present volume. It has been generally believed that our country labours under an immense disadvantage in its inferiority to other nations in traditional lore, and in those materials of history which, imperfectly seen through the dim mist of time, are calculated to arouse the most interesting associations. This is partially true; but we have scarcely yet a right to complain, as those materials which do actually exist among us, have by no means been exhausted. Productions similar to *Yamoyden* and *Hopé Leslic* are rarely given to the world; and although Irving, Paulding, Halleck, Bryant, Brainard, and a few others, have produced several graphic delineations of American scenery; and Mr. Cooper has in one or two instances endeavoured, with much success, to interweave with his narratives, characters, and incidents purely American, yet we contend that a very rich soil has yet been left for the cultivation of the future poet and novelist. It is true, that the traveller over the United States does not feel himself at every step treading upon classic ground. He cannot go forth in the shades of evening, and muse among ivy-grown castles crumbling into ruins, and swarming with the associations of history. He cannot brood over the tombs of kings and warriors, poets and philosophers, like the sojourner in "earth's proudest isle." The hallowed influence of ages is not upon our cities, our temples, or our institutions; and it would be useless to deny that we have had no Shakespeares and Miltons to hallow the spots where

they have lived, and where their ashes repose; yet we are by no means destitute of themes for the writer, both curious and interesting, although they are of a different description, and the title of the volume now before us is precisely of a kind to awaken expectation. Mr. Whittier has very happily chosen his subject; but he has not availed himself to a very great extent of the advantages which it affords. Indeed in his preface he frankly declares that he has no hope but to call the attention of others to the legends upon which he has only slightly touched. We can scarcely forgive him for having shuffled off his task in so careless a manner, especially as the few trifles contained in his work are exceedingly well wrought up, are clothed in the language of a practised and able writer, and touch upon the most curious features in the history of New-England, viz. the Indian traditions, and the dark and bloody period of witchcraft. He offers no satisfactory apology for having opened the mine, without exploring more thoroughly its treasures. It betrays that absence of literary enthusiasm, for which perhaps the public is more to blame than the author; and that exclusive devotedness to the mere business transactions of life, which may create good merchants and rich men, but which will never make successful writers. He is on the spot, and probably within reach of the best sources of information at present in existence, and is hardly excusable for having used so little research in preparing the present collection. His little volume, however, will be acceptable to the public. It consists of several sketches, in prose and verse, all of which we have read with pleasure. As a poet Mr. Whittier possesses undoubted genius; and his prose efforts, although apparently thrown off without labour, are evidently the offspring of a ready pen.

We are so much pleased with the following that we extract it, notwithstanding several inaccuracies of style, which might have been easily corrected:

#### A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

"The gaunt wolf,  
Scenting the place of slaughter with his long  
And most offensive howl, did ask for blood."

"The wolf—the gaunt and ferocious wolf! How many tales of wild horror are associated with its name! Tales of the deserted battle-field—where the wolf and the vulture feast together—a horrible and obscene banquet, realizing the fearful description of the Siege of Corinth, when—

"On the edge of a gulf  
There sat a raven flapping a wolf,"

amidst the cold and stiffening corpses of the fallen; or of the wild Scandinavian forests, where the peasant sinks down exhausted amid the drifts of winter, and the wild wolf-howl sounds fearfully in his deafening ear, and lean forms and evil eyes gather closer and closer around him, as if impatient for the death of the doomed victim.

"The early settlers of New-England were not unfrequently greatly incommoded by the numbers and ferocity of the wolves, which prowled around their rude settlements. The hunter easily overpowered them, and with one discharge of his musket scattered them from about his dwelling. They fled even from the timid child, in the broad glare of day—but in the thick and solitary night, far away from the dwellings of men, they were terrible, from their fiendish and ferocious appetite for blood.

"I have heard a fearful story of the wolf, from the lips of some of the old settlers of Vermont. Perhaps it may be best told in the language of one of the witnesses of the scene:

"'Twas a night of January, in the year 17—. We had been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles from our little settlement of four or five log-houses. 'Twas rather late—about twelve o'clock, I should guess—when the party broke up. There was no moon—and a dull, gray shadow or haze hung all around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly-looking stars gave us their dull light, as they shone through a dingy curtain. There were six of us in company—Harry Mason and myself, and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of

low, long howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were folded close to my own, as a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us—'The wolves—the wolves!'

"Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one of your caged, broken-down, show-animals, which are exhibited for sixpence a sight, children half-price—but a fierce, half-starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling and hurrying over the barren

summer. "Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark, full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the thick darkness. The snow was deep—deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years—but the surface was frozen strongly enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the white pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a

our next door neighbour. She was a right down handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and sweet-spoken, and so intelligent besides, that every body loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill-violet, and her lips were like a red rose-leaf in June. No wonder that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth





snow, actually mad with hunger? There is no one of God's creatures which has such a frightful, fiendish look, as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

"Another, and another howl—and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us. We all turned right about, and looked in the direction of the sound.

"The devils are after us," said Mason, pointing to a line of dark, gliding bodies. And so in fact they were—a whole troop of them—howling like so many Indians in a powwow. We had no weapons of any kind; and we knew enough of the nature of the vile creatures who followed us to feel that it would be useless to contend without them. There was not a moment to lose—the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the tree—let us climb this tree!" I cried, springing forwards towards a low-boughed and gnarled oak, which I saw at a glance might be easily climbed into.

"Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree, and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us; and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold—and we soon began to shiver and shake, like so many sailors on the top-mast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs—no complaining among us—for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great, glowing eyes, staring up into the tree where we were seated. And then their yells—they were loud and long and devilish!

"I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time—when I heard a limb of the tree cracking, as if breaking down beneath the weight of some of us; and a moment after a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went plunging down through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh, God! I am gone!"

"It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrible dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not—and I stirred not—for the whole was at that time like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remember that there were cries and shudderings around me; perhaps I joined with them—and that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath. It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood.

"When I came fully to myself—when the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sisters, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself I should have jumped down among the raging animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt at rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and weak constitution and frame, were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side, with his hands firmly clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing down upon the dark, wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around us was the thick, cold night—and below, the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

"The morning broke at last; and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of daylight, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl down from our resting-place. We were chilled through—every limb was numb with cold and terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raved wildly about the dreadful things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains all around the tree; and two or three long locks of dark hair were trampled into the snow.

"We had gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance; and my brothers have oftentimes told me that at first view we all seemed like so many crazed and brain-stricken creatures. They assisted us to reach our homes; but Harry Mason never recovered fully from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies, and his friends, and would sit alone for hours together, ever and anon muttering to himself about that horrible night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard, before age had whitened a hair of his head.

"For my own part, I confess I have never entirely overcome the terrors of the melancholy circumstance which I have endeavoured to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like my own shadow; and even now, the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced when, more than half a century ago, I passed A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES."\*

The following is a specimen of Mr. Whittier's abilities in the ballad style. We have no hesitation in awarding to it our most unqualified approbation, and congratulate the public upon the appearance of a writer capable of picturing, with such a vivid imagination, the old floating traditions of the country. The story is founded on a passage in the works of Cotton Mather, where that learned divine informs us, that, at the dead of the night, the "witches and prestigious spirits and demons," who persecuted, by means of their spells and incantations, the good people of Massachusetts Bay, were assembled together by the sound of a great trumpet. The place of the evil gathering was somewhere near Naumkeag, now Salem.

#### THE WEIRD GATHERING.

A trumpet in the darkness blown—  
A peal upon the air—  
The church-yard answers to its tone  
With hoding shriek and wail and groan—  
The dead are gliding there!

It rose upon the still midnight,  
A summons long and clear—  
The wakeful shuddered with afright—  
The dreaming sleeper sprang upright,  
And pressed his stunning ear.

The Indian, where his serpent eye  
Beneath the green-wood shone,  
Started, and tossed his arms on high,  
And answered, with his own wild cry,  
The sky's unearthly tone.

The wild birds rose in startled flocks;  
As the long trumpet swelled;  
And loudly from their old, gray rocks,  
The gaunt, fierce wolf, and caverned fox  
In mutual terror yelled.

There is a wild and haunted glen,  
'Twixt Saugus and Naumkeag—  
'Tis said of old that wizard men  
And demons to that spot have been  
To consecrate their league.

A fitting place for such as these—  
That small and sterile plain,  
So girt about with tall old trees,  
Which rock and groan in every breeze,  
Like spirits cursed with pain.

It was the witch's trysting place—  
The wizard's chosen ground,  
Where the accursed of human race  
With demons gathered, face to face,  
By the midnight trumpet's sound.

And there that night the trumpet rang,  
And rock and hill replied,  
And down the glen strange shadows sprang,  
Mortal and fiend—a wizard gang—  
Seen dimly side by side.

\* Perhaps the foregoing may be deemed improbable. It is, however, an oral tradition, which is as well authenticated as any thing of the kind may well be. It is one of a series of strange legends of encounters with the wild beasts of a new country, which have descended to us from our hardy forefathers, and which are still preserved in the memories of their children.

But, the traveller turned him from his way,  
For he heard the reveling—  
And saw the red light's wizard ray  
Among the dark-leaved branches play,  
Like an unholy thing.  
He knelt him on the rocks, and cast  
A fearful glance beneath—  
Wizard and hag before him passed,  
Each wilder, fiercer than the last—  
His heart grew cold as death!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Nay, look not down that lighted dell,  
Thou startled traveller!  
Thy christian eye should never dwell  
On gaunt gray witch, and fiend of hell,  
And evil trumpeter!

And, from the sunny land of palms,  
The negro hag was there—  
The Gree-grec, with his Obi charms—  
The Indian, with his tattooed arms,  
And wild and streaming hair!  
The gipsy, with her fierce dark eyes,  
The worshipper of flame—  
The searcher out of mysteries,  
Above a human sacrifice—  
All—all—together came!

They gathered there from every land  
That sleepeth in the sun—  
They came with spell and charm in hand,  
Waiting their master's high command—  
Slaves to the evil one!  
From islands of the far-off seas—  
From Hecla's ice and flame—  
From where the loud and savage breeze  
Grows through the tall Norwegian trees,  
Seer, witch, and wizard came!





He saw the dark-browed trumpeter,  
In human shape was he;  
And witch and fiend and sorcerer,  
With shriek and laugh and curses, were  
Assembled at his knee.

And lo—beneath his straining glance,  
A light form stole along—  
Free, as if moving to the dance,  
He saw her fairy steps advance  
Towards the evil throng.

The light along her forehead played—  
A wan, unearthly glare;  
Her cheek was pale beneath the shade  
The wildness of her tresses made,  
Yet nought of fear was there!

Now God have mercy on thy brain,  
Thou stricken traveller!  
Look on thy victim once again,  
Bethink thee of her wrongs and pain—  
Dost thou remember her?

The traveller smote his burning brow,  
For he saw the wronged one there—  
He knew her by her forehead's snow,  
And by her large blue eye below,  
And by her wild, dark hair.

Slowly, yet firm she held her way—  
The wizard's song grew still—  
The sorcerer left his elvish play,  
And hideous imp and beldame gray  
Waited the stranger's will.

A voice came up that place of fear—  
The trumpeter's hoarse tone—  
"Speak—who art thou that comest here  
With brow baptized and christian ear,  
Unsummoned and alone?"

One moment—and a tremor shook  
Her light and graceful frame—  
It passed—and then her features took  
A fiercer and a haughtier look,  
As thus her answer came:

"Spirits of evil—  
Workers of doom!  
Lo—to your revel,  
For vengeance I come!  
Vengeance on him  
Who hath blighted my fame—  
Fill his cup to the brim  
With a curse without name?  
Let his false heart inherit  
The madness of mine,  
And I yield ye my spirit,  
And bow at your shrine!"

A sound—a mingled laugh and yell,  
Went howling fierce and far—  
A redder light shone through the dell,  
As if the very gates of hell  
Swung suddenly ajar.

"Breathe then thy curse, thou daring one,"  
A low, deep voice replied—  
"Whate'er thou askest shall be done,  
The burthen of thy doom upon  
The false one shall abide."

The maiden stood erect—her brow  
Grew dark as those around her,  
As burned upon her lip that vow  
Which christian ear may never know—  
And the dark fetter bourned her!

Ay, there she stood—the holy heaven  
Was looking down on her—  
An angel from her bright home driven—  
A spirit lost and doomed and given  
To fiend and sorcerer!

And changed—how changed!—her aspect grew  
Fearful and elvish there;  
The warm tinge from her cheek withdrew,  
And one dark spot of blood-red hue  
Burned on her forehead fair.

Wild from her eye of madness shone  
The baleful fire within,  
As, with a shrill and lifted tone  
She made her fearful purpose known,  
Before the powers of sin:

"Let my curse be upon him—  
The faithless of heart!  
Let the smiles that have won him  
In frowning depart!  
Let his last, cherished blossom  
Of sympathy die,  
And the hopes of his bosom  
In shadows go by!  
Ay, curse him—but keep  
The poor boon of his breath,  
'Till he sigh for the sleep,  
And the quiet of death!  
Let a viewless one haunt him  
With whisper and jeer,  
And an evil one daunt him  
With phantoms of fear!  
Be the fiend unforgiving  
That follows his tread;  
Let him walk with the living—  
Yet gaze on the dead!"

She ceased.—The doomed one felt the spell  
Already on his brain;  
He turned him from the wizard-dell;  
He prayed to heaven; he cursed at hell;  
He wept—and all in vain.

The night was one of mortal fear;  
The morning rose to him,  
Dark as the shroudings of a hier,  
As if the blessed atmosphere,  
Like his own soul, was dim.

He passed among his fellow men,  
With wild and dreamy air,  
For, whispering in his ear again  
The horrors of the midnight glen,  
The demon found him there.

And, when he would have knelt and prayed,  
Amidst his household band,  
An unseen power his spirit stayed,  
And on his moving lip was laid  
A hot and burning hand!

The lost one in the solitude  
Of dreams he gazed upon,  
And, when the holy morning glowed,  
Her dark eye shone—her wild hair flowed  
Between him and the sun!

His brain grew wild—and then he died;  
Yet, ere his heart grew cold,  
To the gray priest, who at his side  
The strength of prayer and blessing tried,  
His fearful tale was told.

\* \* \* \* \*

They've bound the witch with many a thong—  
The holy priest is near her;  
And ever as she moves along,  
A murmur rises hoarse and strong  
From those who hate and fear her.

She's standing up for sacrifice,  
Beneath the gallows-tree;  
The silent town beneath her lies,  
Above her are the summer skies—  
Far off—the quiet sea.

So young—so frail—so very fair—  
Why should the victim die?  
Look on her brow!—the red stain there  
Burns underneath her tangled hair—  
And mark her fiery eye!

A thousand eyes are looking up  
In scorn and hate to her;  
A bony hand hath coiled the rope,  
And yawns upon the green hill's slope  
The witch's sepulchre!

Ha! she hath spurned both priest and book—  
Her hand is tossed on high—  
Her curse is loud—she will not brook  
The impatient crowd's abiding look—  
Hark!—how she shrieks to die!

Up—up—one struggle—all is done!  
One groan—the deed is wrought.  
Wo—for the wronged and fallen one!—  
Her corse is blackening in the sun—  
Her spirit—trace it not!

until all the phrasology of critical applause has been exhausted upon the most insipid and meretricious offsprings of vanity, ignorance, and dullness. The volume before us, if it is to be compared with many others with which the teeming press inundates the community, and if it is to be reviewed in the same spirit, is justly deserving of a much more exalted style of praise than it has received at our hands; for, without exaggeration, we may assert that, with only one or two exceptions, it is decidedly the most agreeable work of the kind we have read since the days of the Sketch Book. Before we opened it, our previous knowledge of the literary abilities of the author, we anticipated much pleasure, but our expectations were more than realized; and though we will not, in the usual style, inform the public that he is equal to Scott or Irving, we can assure them that the "Legends of New-England" is no trifling addition to the stock of American literature.

dered Lady," the "Unquiet Sleeper," the "Haunted House," the "White Mountains," the "Mother's Revenge," and the "Aerial Omens," all founded on some legend of New-England. Several of them are productions of superior merit; and we are sorry that the limits of this article will not permit us to notice them more at length.

We cannot conclude without a few observations respecting the tone of modern criticism, which has been so long practised by persons of all classes of information and intellect, as to render its phrases unmeaning, its censure barless, and its praise mere puffing, without either influence or value. In considering Mr. Whittier's book we have, perhaps, in a measure checked the enthusiasm of our admiration, in order to avoid the inflated style which too universally prevails. Books, infinitely inferior to the "Legends of New-England," have been introduced to the public in terms of unlimited rapture,

The reader will discover in the "Rattle-snake Hunter," a page of animated and beautiful description, which will impress him with an exalted opinion of the author's versatility of talent. It seemed at first difficult to decide whether he is more fluent in prose or poetry, but the "Weird Gathering" turns the scale in favour of the latter.

"Metacomb," or King Philip, or, according to the fancy of Mr. Stone the dramatist, *Metacomb*, opens with a glowing and truly poetic picture of sunset, and a fine portraiture of the red hero.

"The Spectre Ship" is a poem, imbued with the spirit of the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

The "Spectre Warriors," the "Human Sacrifice," the "Indian's Tale," the "Powwow," and the "Last Norridgewock," are beautiful and original Indian sketches. The rest of the volume consists of the "Midnight Attack," the "Mur-





MR. POE ON THE POETS.—The repetition of Mr. Edgar Poe's lecture on the Poets of America, would have drawn together a large auditory, at the Society Library, last evening, had there not have been falling a most dismal rain, at the hour appointed. As it was, perhaps the audience may fairly be said to have made up, in discrimination and respectability, in taste and judgment, what it lacked in numbers.

Mr. Poe takes strong and decided grounds upon every subject which he treats of, and upon none more strong, decided, radical, and even *ultra*, than this of Poetical criticism. Gifted with a comprehension broad and acute, and with a temperament not over apt to regard things on the sunny or silver side of the shield, and having acquired quite early the easily won reputation of a stern and unindulgent critic, he seems to think that he has a reputation of this kind to keep up, and that the infusion of a single drop of "the milk of human kindness" in the gall of his satire, and the vinegar of his sarcasm, would be to make him faithless to the high trust reposed in him by his countrymen. "He is nothing, if not critical," like another Iago, and is as truculent accordingly to his victims, without regard to sex or circumstance, as was the harsh Venetian towards the gentle Desdemona.

Had we room and time, we might show many instances of this, in the lecture which Mr. Poe has now twice pronounced, upon the Poets of our country, in this city. As it is, we must content ourselves with these general remarks; hoping, meanwhile, that before he concludes his labors in the field of literature, he may discern more of the flowers, and fewer of the weeds which grow therein.



THE quaint historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, says it was traditionary in his family, that when the worthy Master Hendrick Hudson first laid eyes upon the marvelous beauties of the great waters which now bear his honored name, astonishment and admiration wrung from his taciturn lips the remarkable exclamation, "See there!" That the susceptible navigator really did give expression to his unwonted emotions in these supreme terms, or at least "in words to that

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UP THE HUDSON, FROM ABOVE SUNNYSIDE.

effect," there is very little doubt; inasmuch as the echo thereof has never ceased to be heard among the hills, through all the two and a half centuries since gone by. Indeed, it has rung, and is ringing, more audibly and more eloquently every passing day; for enchanting as was the vision which dazzled the eyes of the drowsy skipper of the *Half-Moon*, when the prow of that adventurous craft was first turned toward the waters of the unknown river, yet from that hour to this, still has the wonder grown. The mountains yet stand in their ancient dignity and grandeur, the valleys and glades wear their old sweet smile, and the floods roll on in the same "simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow;" while about all there has gathered many an added grace.

Time has embellished the scene, until the silent river and the desert shore are now alike musical with the ceaseless hum of busy, happy life; and the rose blooms and breathes every where in the once trackless forests. Poetry and romance have bewitched it with the enchantment of song and story, and history with thrilling memories of great and gallant deeds; while at this day there is rapidly growing around it a newer and yet sweeter charm, in its close association with the actual life, the daily joys and sorrows of many of those gifted ones whose genius and works have endeared their names to our imaginations and hearts.

It is amidst these charmed scenes that our venerable ex-President Van Buren has exchanged the uneasy chair of state for the snug fireside seat in his peaceful retreat of Linden-

wold. It was in a beautiful home, directly overlooking the Hudson, and commanding the grand panorama of the Catskills, that the lamented painter Cole lived, and labored, and died; and where these noble hills first bless the sight in the ascent of the river, are the broad lawns and slopes of Placentia, where that veteran pioneer in our literature, Paulding, is passing a kindly and genial age in elegant seclusion among kindred and friends. Not far below him is the pleasant abode of Morse, who has snatched the lightning to bear his name and fame through the world. Lossing, the amiable historian, is near by. Yet below, among the Highlands, a whole flock of singing birds have built their dainty nests. Here, in the village of Newburgh, lived the landscape gardener, Downing, to whose genius the river owes so much of its horticultural and architectural adornment. A little distance southward is his own favorite creation, the picturesque villa at Cedar Lawn, the residence of Headley. Poor Downing, who was an ardent lover of the Hudson, was gazing upon its moonlit charms with even more than his wonted delight, as he sat on the piazza here, on the very eve of the fatal day which gave him so early a grave beneath its waters. Between Cedar Lawn and Newburgh there is a charming retreat—once the home of the painter Durand—and in the immediate vicinage of the village, on the other side, Mr. H. K. Brown, the sculptor, is now setting up his household gods. His gifted brother of the chisel, Palmer, lives above at Albany. On his broad and elevated mountain terrace, guarded by the ever-watch-







DOWN THE HUDSON, FROM ABOVE SUNNYSIDE.

ful Storm-king, and peering down, down upon crag and cascade, Willis holds intimate and loving companionship with Nature at Idlewild; while on the opposite shore, in the heart of the Highland group, is beautiful Undercliff, the abode of his friend Morris. The quiet studio of Weir stands upon the grand esplanade of West Point, and within the same evening shadow of the crumbling walls of old Fort Putnam is the island home of the fair sisters of the "Wide, Wide World." Hereabout, too, lives the polished scholar Gulian C. Verplanck. Yet further below, and looking far down upon the broad waters of the Tappan Sea, is Cedar-Hill Cottage, the savory *cuisine* whence come the dainty viands of the *Knickerbocker* "Table;" while yet nearer to the city, Mr. and Mrs. Sparrowgrass live and recount the pleasant incidents of their simple lives.

Lower yet, at Manhattanville, within the limits of the great city, but as yet unprofaned by its touch, is the revered resting-place of that devoted friend of the feathered world, Audubon.

Last, and perhaps the dearest to us of all these household names which come so gratefully to our remembrance, doubling the charms of the scene as we journey up the fair river, is that of Irving, who, of all our authors, here fittingly finds a home amidst the altars upon which he has devoutly offered up the love and worship of a long life, and upon which he has reverently placed many of the sweetest fruits of his genius.

The Hudson, he says, has ever been to him a river of delight; and here, after many wanderings, he has "set up his rest," thanking God that he was born upon its banks, and brought up in



POCANTICO POINT, FROM IRVINGTON.







THE PALISADES, FROM IRVINGTON.

that companionship with its glorious scenes, from which has come so much of what is best and most pleasant in his nature. It is, he says, in a manner his first and last love, and after all his seeming infidelities he has returned to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers of the world.

Through a varied life passed in many climes, he has ever treasured the fondest and most enthusiastic remembrance of the scenes which brightened his dawning life, and which now shed a mellow radiance upon its decline; and eloquent expressions of this noble attachment are to be found every where throughout his works, though written afar off, now in one land, now in another.

Mr. Irving has laid his hearth-stone upon the site of his boyhood's haunts, and amidst the early inspirations of his muse; on the very spot, indeed, which long, long ago he said he should covet, if he ever wished "for a retreat, whither he might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remainder of a troubled life." Happily he has not reached his sighed-for haven, wrecked upon the rocks of trouble and disappointment; for, later, we find him writing thence in a spirit of glad content: "Though retired from the world, I am not disgusted with it."

Sunnyside, the apposite and familiar name of Mr. Irving's charming cottage, lies hidden among the jealous trees, some twenty-two or three miles up the Hudson, on the eastern shore of that first and greatest of its famous expan-

sions, the Tappan Bay. It is a region scarcely less beautiful, though not so striking in its character as the more renowned Highlands. In historic story it is equally rich, and far more so in romantic association.

In an hour's ride, and at almost any hour, the railway will convey you from New York to the station at Irvington, a little walk below the Sunnyside Cottage; or to Tarrytown, the distance of an agreeable ride above. To see the setting of this sparkling little jewel of a home properly, though, you should make your approach by water, which is at all times, in the river travel, the most enjoyable way. One gets but a very inadequate glimpse of the beauties of the Hudson by the railroad route; indeed, it seems to us that in process of time the popular estimate of the landscape must grow to be very false and unjust; every body imagining that in their railway glance they have learned all about the subject, when really they remain in most profound ignorance. Even the voyage of the steamer fails to give one a fair idea of the scene. This is to be obtained only by long and loving study, afloat and ashore, in the neighboring valleys, and on the near and distant hill-tops. Every new visit which we make to the Hudson assures us that we have it yet to see.

It is a glorious sight which greets our eyes, as, leaving the noisy city wharf, we push our way through the crowding sails out into the broad waters, and onward toward the veiled meeting of the distant shores. On one side stretches the seemingly interminable Island





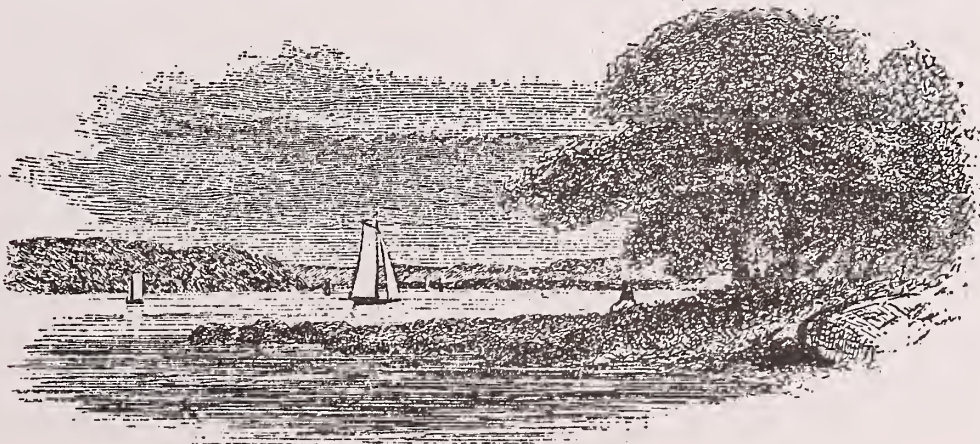
City, and on the other lie the suburban villages and villas of New Jersey, now crowning rocky heights, and now nestling by the river's narrow marge, until we reach those grand columnal walls, the famous Palisades, happily contrasted, in all the journey of twenty miles to the Tappan Bay, by the village and cottage-dotted slopes of the opposite shore. The Palisade rocks form the speciality of the landscape in this part of the Hudson; and so, still, in all the views looking south from the vicinage of Mr. Irving's dwelling. They are admirably seen from the shore at Irvington, and again, over a richly cultivated interval, from the hill terraces above. Both situations give equally attractive glimpses of the river, overlooking that topographical will-o'-the-wisp Point-no-Point, the villages of Irvington and Tarrytown, and the mystic precincts of Sleepy Hollow. Three miles away across the wide bay are the busy little towns of Nyack and Piermont, with their background of bold hills, led by the brave Tower Rock. Piermont is the river terminus of the great Erie Railway, and it was in the sanguine expectation of advantage as a lighter to the freights of this road that the opposite village of Irvington, once Dearman, was laid out. It came to pass, however, that the Erie highway found an outlet elsewhere, and Irvington remains to this day but little more than it was at first—a capital beginning. The neighboring village of Tarrytown has drawn off all its springs of local business, insomuch that it possesses only one small store, and not even an apology for a hotel.

Tarrytown, in the reckoning of this fast age, is an ancient burgh, mossed and lichened with old traditions and historic reminiscences. Mr. Irving tells us, in his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," not, he says, to vouch for the truth, but to be precise and authentic, "that there is a story that in the olden time its name was given to it by the good housewives of the adjacent country from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days."

Tarrytown, and all the country round, was a

region of stirring incident and interest in the days of the Revolution. Then it was scarcely less bustling, both river and shore, than now, when it has become the environs of a metropolis and the crowded highway of commerce. It lay between the territory of the enemy, who occupied the city and island of New York, and the patriot forces encamped under the Highlands at Peekskill, and was the ill-fated Africa into which both parties carried the war, under the marauding banners of the chivalric Skinners and Cow Boys, claiming to serve respectively under *carte blanche* American and British commissions; and with such zeal, says Mr. Irving, with his characteristic pleasantry, "as often to make blunders, and to confound the property of friend and foe, neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, having time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off into captivity; or when wringing the neck of a rooster, to trouble themselves whether he-crowed for Congress or King George."

Here, in the quiet bay, lay the armed ships of the foe, stealthily watching for an opportunity to slip through the guarded pass of the Highlands, and thus gaining possession of the river, to open a communication with their forces in Canada. With what anxious hearts must not Washington and his brave men, from their threatened position above, have watched the moves of this deadly game—so nearly lost through Arnold's treacherous play. It was in this immediate vicinity, the very spot now marked by a monument in the heart of Tarrytown, that the possession of the river was secured to the patriots by the timely arrest of André. This region was the theatre also of the closing scene of the sad drama thus opened. Here, just across the river at old Tappantown, hidden from view by the intercepting hills of Piermont, the unfortunate soldier was tried and executed. The house from which he was led to the gallows is still in good condition, and is now a wayside inn, under the name of the "Old Stone House of '76." We visited it last summer on the occasion of a ball given in commemoration



POINT-NO-POINT, FROM IRVINGTON.







DOWN.



UP.

RIVER VISTAS, FROM THE LAWN.

of the "capture." Of the troubles and trials of the people of this portion of the river when the enemy's ships anchored in their bays, and of other revolutionary incidents of the vicinage, Mr. Irving gives us detailed and graphic accounts in the second volume of his "Life of Washington."

In "Wolfert's Roost" our author narrates an ancient legend of the Tappan Sea, so pleasant in itself, and so marked with the quiet humor with which he tells such a story, that we are tempted to repeat it. "Even the Tappan Sea," he says, "in front (of Sunnyside), was said to be haunted. Often in the still twilight of a summer evening, when the sea would be as glass, and the opposite hills would throw their purple shadows half across it, a low sound would be heard as of a steady vigorous pull of oars, though not a craft was to be descried. Some might have supposed that a boat was rowed along unseen under the deep shadows of the opposite shores; but the ancient traditionists of the neighborhood knew better. Some said it was one of the whale-boats of the old water-guard, sunk by the British ships during the war, but now permitted to haunt its old cruising grounds; but the prevalent opinion connected it with the awful fate of Rambout Van Dam, of

graceless memory. He was a roystering Dutchman of Spiting Devil, who, in times long past, had navigated his boat alone one Saturday the whole length of the Tappan Sea, to attend a quilting frolic at Kakiat, on the western shore. Here he had danced and drunk until midnight, when he entered his boat to return home. He was warned that he was on the verge of Sunday morning; but he pulled off nevertheless, swearing he would not land until he reached Spiting Devil if it took him a month of Sundays. He was never seen afterwards; but may be heard plying his oars, as above mentioned, being the Flying Dutchman of the Tappan Sea, doomed to ply between Kakiat and Spiting Devil until the day of judgment."

With this peep at the surroundings, let us now look for the cottage itself; for it must, like its occupant, be looked for, lying, as it does, like "modest violet in hedge-row hid," and venturing to peep out from its timid seclusion only, as Mr. Irving himself describes it, "with half-shut eyes." When once congratulated upon the absolutism of his jealously-veiled domain, "Yes," said he, in his pleasant way, and straining his eyes to take in the whole wide compass, to wit, the little tree-encircled farm, "yes, I'm monarch of all I survey!"





The most imposing view (though, as we have intimated, it is not the cue of Sunnyside to be imposing) is that of the east side, seen in our initial picture, and approached by a shady lane, through the simple but characteristic gateway beneath. This is the only carriage access. The nearest way to reach it from the station at Irvington is on the railroad track, up to the foot of the lawn upon which the cottage stands. Among our pictures is a view of this approach, also of the little glimpse of the south end or porch, which it once afforded and still would, if a few obscuring boughs were to be trimmed away. We have preserved, too, a sketch of the rustic stile and path which leads from the railroad up the bank, and opens upon that part of the lawn where we picked up our picture of the north and west side of the cottage, and the group of vistas up, down, and across the river.

It is a sweet scene of rural simplicity and comfort which is disclosed to us by either approach; as the open sunlit lawn, so affectionately embraced by its protecting trees and shrubbery, which, though permitting little peeps here and there from within, deny all vagrant observation from without. One can scarcely believe himself as thickly surrounded as he really is here by crowding cottage and castle, so en-

tire is the repose and seclusion of the spot. Years ago, when Mr. Irving first took up his abode at Sunnyside, he was all alone by himself, yet now every inch of the adjacent country is gardenized, and lawned, and villaed, to the extreme of modern taste and wealth; yet all so charmingly under the rose, that you always stumble upon the evidences unexpectedly, as you dreamingly pursue the thicket-covered and brook-voiced wood-paths. It is like the discovering of birds'-nests amidst forest leaves. Seen from the opposite shore of the river, the whole hillside is glittering with sun-tipped roof and tower, but like the Seven Cities of the Enchanted Island, it all vanishes as you approach.

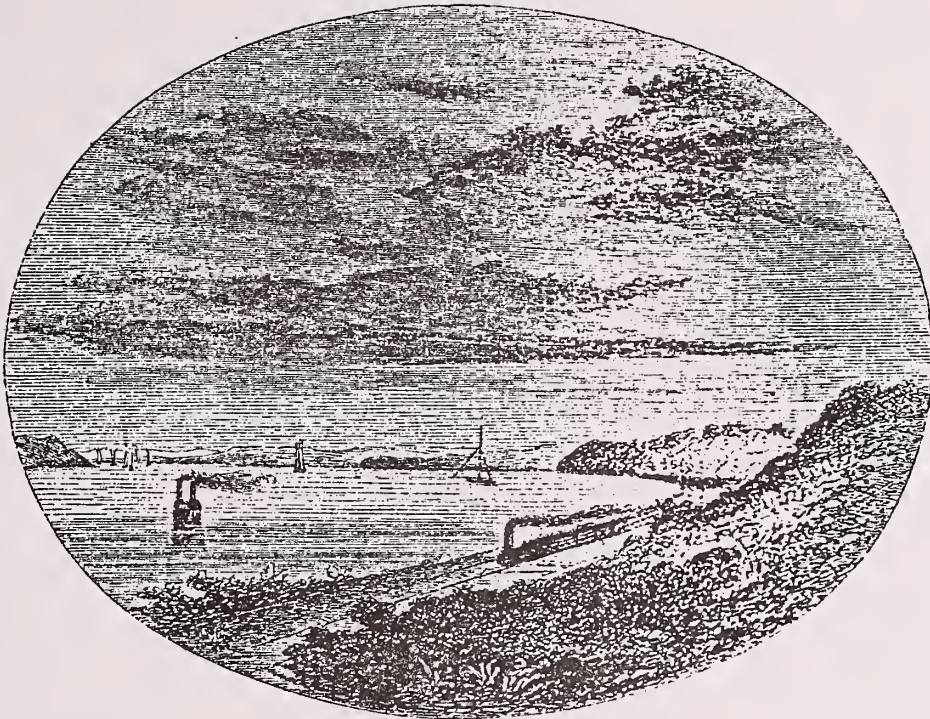
The cottage, with its crow-stepped gables and weathercocks overrun with honey-suckle and eglantine, with the rose-vine and the clinging ivy, is a wonderfully unique little edifice, totally unlike any thing else in our land, but always calling up our remembrances or our fancies of merrie rural England, with a hint here and there at its old Dutch leaven; in the quaint weathercocks, for instance, one of which actually veered, in good old days gone by, over the great Vander Heyden Palace in Albany, and another on the top of the Stadt House of New Amsterdam. A lady would be apt to call the Sunnyside cottage



NOETH AND WEST SIDE OF THE COTTAGE.







RAILWAY APPROACH TO SUNNYSIDE.

"the dearest, cosiest, cunningest, snuggest little nest in the world." Mr. Irving describes it as "a little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat." "It is said, in fact," he continues, "to have been modeled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Esecorial was modeled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence."

A gentleman passing up the river before the trees had so entirely obliterated Sunnyside, was told by an intelligent cicerone that Mr. Irving had brought the pagodaish-looking tower, on the north end, from the ruins of the Alhambra. It is cruel, of course, to destroy poetic beliefs, but, to be conscientiously exact, we must, though it pains us, confess that there is reason to think it was conceived and executed by a Tarrytown carpenter, all unknown to fame.

As painters are given to using their wives for models, when available, so perhaps Sunnyside was made to "sit" for our author's pleasant picture of a home on the Hudson, in his story of "Mountjoy:" a home "full of nooks and crooks and chambers of all sorts and sizes; buried among willows, and elms, and cherry-trees, and surrounded with roses and hollyhocks; with honey-suckle and sweet-briar clambering about every window; a brood of hereditary pigeons sunning themselves upon the roof, with the nests of hereditary swallows and martins about the eaves and chimneys, and hereditary bees humming among the flowers." As in this romantic homestead, so in the dreamy atmosphere of Sunnyside, one might very easily invest all the scene, as did the imaginative Mountjoy, with an ideal character and sentiment; very

naturally transform the humming-birds and the bees into tiny beings from fairy land, and see their dainty homes in the flower-cups, and long for Robin Goodfellow's power of transformation to be able to compress his form into utter littleness; to ride the bold dragon-fly, swing on the tall, bearded grass, follow the ant into his subterranean abode, or dive into the cavernous depths of the honey-suckle.

Before the intrusion of the railroad, which has profaned so much of the river shore, the quiet beach, with its little cove, into which a rural lane debouched, was one of the sweetest features of Sunnyside. This part of the domain is beautified by a sparkling spring, draped, like all the region round, as we shall see by-and-by, in the fairy web of romantic fable. "Geoffrey Crayon" tells us, in his patient researches into the early history of the neighborhood, that this storied spring was, according to some authorities, invested with rejuvenating powers by one of its aboriginal owners, who was a mighty chieftain and a most cunning medicine-man; while the old Dutch tradition says that it was smuggled over from Holland in a churn by Femmetie Van Blareom, wife of Goosen Garret Van Blareom. "She took it up," says the worthy Geoffrey, "by night, unknown to her husband, from beside their farm-house near Rotterdam; being sure she should find no water equal to it in the new country—and she was right!" You may at this day descend the gentle slope of the green lawn, step over the moss-grown wall, and pushing aside the protecting tendrils, yet imbibe the provident widow's Rotterdam nectar; but very likely, with a startling whew and whiz, there will rush past you engine and car, shak-





ing the hills around, and mortally terrifying all your growing fancies. The road passes so near to the cottage, though entirely hidden from view, as to drown the voices within. It must for a while have been a sore annoyance to the quiet-loving Prospero of Sunnyside. Happily he is a philosopher—and a good-humored one—as well as a dreaming romancer, and so has made the best of it, accepting the convenience of the thing as compensation for the poetry it has driven away. It serves him as the always needed moral of the skeleton at the feast, and calls him healthfully back to mortal mundane fact, when lawless fancy bears him too far away. In the best-tempered view of the matter, however, Poetry and Steam can not be made to harmonize. They will always give each other the cold shoulder.

The acres of Sunnyside, all told, are not many; and yet so varied is their surface, so richly wooded and flowered, and so full of elfish winding paths and grassy lanes, exploring hillsides and chasing merry brooks, that their numbers seem to be countless; a pleasant deception greatly aided by that agreeable community of feeling between Mr. Irving and his neighbors, which has so banished all dividing walls and fences, that while you think you are roaming over the grounds of one, you suddenly bring up among the flower-beds of another. Especially is this the case in respect to the beautiful seat of Mr. Moses H. Grinnell, nearest to Sunnyside on one hand, and the residence of Dr. McVicar on the other.

The woodland of Sunnyside is very happily varied, offering every variety of sylvan growth, beech, birch, willow, oak, locust, maple, elm, linden, pine, hemlock, and cedar; while on the lawns are evergreen and flowering shrubs; and, trailing over the vagrant walls and fences, honey-suckle, rose, trumpet-flowers, and ivy. The latter plant, which is very abundant, is of the famous stock of Melrose Abbey. The garden, which is in keeping with its surroundings, is watched by a favorite retainer, for whom Mr.

Irving has built a snug cottage, fronting the lawn in face of his own mansion. This little edifice is especially interesting, from its having been designed by Mr. Irving himself; his only venture, he once told us, as an architect. It brings to mind that only published example of his skill as a painter, the outline picture of the broad Stratford sexton in the "Sketch-Book," so boldly signed "Geoffrey Crayon, *del.*" He may have other conceptions in his portfolio, for he is an earnest lover of the pencil, which once disputed with the pen for the preference as the interpreter of his fancies. He came, indeed, long ago, very near being able to repeat the famous boast, "*Sono anch' pittore!*" This was during his first visit to Europe, when he fell in with Allston, as both were entering the earliest years of manhood. As they rambled together among the art-treasures of the Old World, the thought, he says, suddenly presented itself, "Why might not he remain there and turn painter?" He mentioned it to his friend, who caught at it with eagerness, and offered him all the assistance in his power, with enthusiastic predictions of success. "I promised myself," he says, "a world of enjoyment in the society of Allston, and other artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise. My lot, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually cooled over my prospects; the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining at Rome with Allston and turning painter." We can not regret this early disappointment when we think of the happy results of his devotion to the more successful rival art.

We have referred to the welcome presence at Sunnyside of the picturesque English-like lane. Among our pencil memoranda the reader will find two illustrations of this attractive feature, looking toward and from the little cove where lies the widow Femmetie's wizard spring. We have preserved, also, some passages in the merry



THE COTTAGE FROM THE RAILROAD.



PATH FROM THE RAILWAY.







THE RIVER, FROM THE LANE.

brooklet which trips so gayly through the woods to meet the river at their rendezvous by the cove. They will be easily found, with other scenes of the same type. Our picture of the wood-path stile, though not a literal portrait, is a fair example of one of the most charming features of the landscape.

Separated from the lawn around the cottage by the belt of trees in which stands the gardener's dwelling, is another open area occupied by a pretty lakelet "expansion" of the brook—an echo of the great bay beyond. The painter gives unity, and harmony, and force to his picture by distributing throughout the work its leading sentiment or story and its prevailing color; so, in the artistic composition of Sunnyside, its chief feature, the great "Mediterranean" of the river, as Mr. Irving calls the Tappan Bay, with its fleet of white sails thick as the passing clouds, is repeated by the little "Mediterranean" of the brooklet and its fleet of snowy ducks.

Before we relieve the reader's impatience to join the happy circle in-doors, let us glance briefly at the past history of the Sunnyside cottage. In his own serio-comico description of his home, Mr. Irving speaks of it as being "one of the oldest edifices, for its size, in the whole country;" and as, "though of small dimensions,

yet, like many small people of mighty spirit, valuing itself greatly upon its antiquity." Pleasant are his fanciful pictures of the spot, in the old fabulous age of Indian rule, when "the unsophisticated inhabitants lived by hunting and fishing, occasionally recreating themselves with a little tomahawking and scalping." And diverting, too, is his story of the second epoch in its history, in the good Dutch days of Peter Stuyvesant, when it fell into the hands of that hard-headed hero's privy counselor, Wolfert Acker, who inscribed upon its walls his favorite motto of "Lust in Rust" (pleasure in quiet), and thus gave it the name of "Wolfert's Rust," afterward corrupted into Roost "by the uneducated who did not understand Dutch; probably from its quaint cock-loft look, and from its having a weather-cock perched on every gable." The next lustrum in its life was in the days of the Revolution, when it became the homestead of the great family of the Van Tassels, by whose name it was known down to the time when Mr. Irving came into the possession, and baptized it "Sunnyside." The valiant Van Tassel, Mr. Irving tells us, was "a flagitious rebel" in the war-time, and his Roost was a pestiferous den of the rampant marauders of the region. Indeed, so greatly annoyed were the enemy by the machina-





tions therein concocted, that they made it a special mark of their vengeance, and thumped it into a more fearful effigy of a cocked hat than ever.

It was at the Roost that Diedrich Knickerbocker, according to Mr. Irving's grave story, found the invaluable state papers rescued by the thoughtful and patriotic Wolfert from the archives of the conquered city of New Amsterdam, upon which his marvelous History of the Dutch Dynasty was built; and here he pursued his erudite researches in the very room which is now our author's sanctum.

Katrina, the mischievous heroine of the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and the idol of the rival swains Ichabod Crane and Brom Bones, was of the gallant family of the Van Tassels, and the Roost is supposed to be the very house where was given that famous quilting frolic, in returning from which the ill-fated Ichabod was so relentlessly pursued by the rollicking Brom Bones, under the awful guise of the Headless Horseman. Here, in the little garden, grew, no doubt, the veritable pumpkin which so materially assisted in this tragic scene! The present aspect of the old church toward which Ichabod flew for sanctuary on the night of that fearful ride, is seen in one of our pictures.

The Roost wore its old Dutch aspect (of which there is a faithful drawing extant) when Mr. Irving purchased the domain. The alterations which he has since made were begun in 1835, and completed in the autumn of the following year, at which time he took possession.

The air of graceful simplicity and cozy comfort which so strongly marks the exterior of the Sunnyside cottage, is felt quite as vividly within doors. It is cut up into just such odd, snug little apartments and boudoirs as the rambling, low-walled, peak-roofed, and gable-ended outside promises. The state entrance is by the porch at the south end; the household exit is from the drawing-room, across the piazza, to the lawn on the east or river front. It is on this side of the cottage that the family chat or read the news of the great world, away, on summer days and nights. On the north side of the



THE PORCH.

drawing-room there is a delightful little recess, forming a boudoir some six or eight feet square, the whole front of which is occupied by a window looking across the lawn, and through the up-river vista chronicled in our portfolio. It is, in summer, neatly matted and furnished with little stands of books, and flowers, and statuettes, and the low-toned walls are hung with drawings and sketches by Leslie, Stuart Newton, and others—mementoes of Mr. Irving's sojournings and friendships in England—with some of Darley's admirable etchings from *Rip Van Winkle* and the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. It is a little nook which you would set down at once as under special female guardianship. Perhaps it is the veritable chamber haunted by the sleepless ghost of the young lady who, the tradition says, "died somewhere in the Roost of love and green apples."

The graceful simplicity which marks the appointments of this Lilliputian sanctum is seen through all the furniture and adornments of the mansion. The spirit throughout is that of refinement without affectation, elegance without display, comfort without waste.

This winsome and delicate frame is in delightful keeping with the picture of social and domestic life within it; for, though a bachelor, Mr. Irving has not, as, in his sweet story of "*The Wife*," he tells us a single man is too apt to do, "run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant." On the contrary, he has, happily,



THE SOUTH END OF THE COTTAGE.







VIEW IN THE LANE, EASTWARD.

made himself "monarch of a little world of love" in the "domestic endearments of the kindred he has gathered under his roof, and the reverent affection of the friends who share his generous hospitality."

In the society of his nieces, who have long been to him as daughters, and of their father, his elder and only surviving brother; in the companionship of tried friends, and in the genial pleasures of his literary occupations, all sweetened by the grateful reminiscences of a long and eminently useful life, his little home, let us hope, is to his own heart within as true a "Sunnyside" as it is to the world without.

We have yet to instance beauties and harmonies in our charming picture. It has grown up out of our author's own heart, and both in unity and in detail it is a striking reflex of his character, and even, fanciful as the parallel may seem to be, of his physique and manner. In its very modest yet well-balanced proportions we see his figure of healthful manliness, though scarcely reaching to the middle stature. There is, too, about the odd little mansion, an air of quiet, true dignity, mingled with a feeling of sly mischievousness; unconscious, yet observant: dreaming, yet wide-awake; silent, yet full

of thought, which always reminds us of certain peculiarities in his movement and bearing, and of an expression coming from his habit of inclining his head always a little to one side. There is about the cottage, as about himself, an air of reserve, without coldness, which, while cordially inviting approach, creates instinctively and willingly a respectful deference. The sweet, sunny sentiment of his home is ever seen in his genial smile, and his kindly and benevolent nature in its aspect of cheerfulness and benignity; while its odd twists, and turns, and unexpected vagaries speak of the quaint and whimsical, yet refined and delicate humors of his character.

Of Mr. Irving's fragrant penchant for dream-land, to which we owe his exquisite fairy tales of poetic superstition, romance, and chivalry, there is an early and amusingly extravagant hint of re-

cognition in Disraeli's story of "Vivian Grey," where "Geoffrey Crayon" is rallied upon a mood so obviously *distract* as to be utterly unconscious of being transferred by his waggish friends from one party of pleasure to the revels of another. His humor, cheerful, gently enjoyable, and lasting, rather than bold, uproarious, and transient, giving the especial charm to another class of his imaginings, runs through all his every-day conversation and gossip. He was once alluding to the passing away of his years and youthful strength, when, pointing to the twin elms framing the up-river lawn scene, which, years ago, he had planted with his own hand, "Those trees," said he to us, with a quaint smile, "I once carried on my shoulder; but I could not do it now!"

We recognized the genial, "golden-hearted" "Geoffrey Crayon" of our old stolen midnight readings, when, talking of his trees, he remarked that he once entertained the black-walnut and the butternut, but as they were whining misanthropes, who cowardly shed their autumn leaves and put on long wintry faces while all their companions were lifeful and merry, he had turned them out. "I banished them," said he, "as incorrigible croakers."





Of the goodness and loving-kindness of his heart we once heard a gentle anecdote, which we hope it will not be improper to repeat. Speaking of the growing deafness of his favorite brother, who has long been a member of his family circle at Sunnyside, "Alas!" said he, "he can not now hear half I say to him; but, thank God, we can yet see each other!"

In his professional and private life Mr. Irving has ever been much swayed by a constitutional waywardness of character, now indolent and dreaming, now impulsive and active. "I have wandered," he says, in his character of "Geoffrey Crayon," "through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I can not say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher, but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another; caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape." In his preface to the last revised edition of the "Sketch-Book" there are some confessions of this humor in a correspondence, referring to the publication of that work, between himself and his friend Sir Walter Scott. He is in London, long years ago, asking Scott's counsel, which he intimates is especially desirable to him, since reverses of fortune have made the successful employment of his pen all-important.



THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

Scott, in reply, and acting upon his hint at necessities, generously proposes to him the office, in his gift, of editor of a new weekly periodical then about to be established in Edinburgh, with emoluments to the amount of five hundred pounds sterling per annum, and the prospect of further advantages. Mr. Irving, in declining this tempting gift, says: "I feel myself peculiarly unfitted for the situation offered to me, not merely by my political opinions, but by the very constitution and habits of my mind. My whole course of life has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind. I have

no command of my talents, such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would those of a weather-cock. Practice and training may bring me more into rule; but at present I am as useless for regular service as one of my own country Indians or a Don Cossack. I must, therefore, keep on pretty much as I have begun—writing when I can, not when I would. I shall occasionally shift my residence, and write whatever is suggested by objects before me, or whatever rises in my imagination; and hope to write better and more copiously by-and-by. I am playing the egotist; but I know no better way of answering your proposal than by showing what a very



OVERLOOKING SUNNYSIDE.







GLEN ON THE BROOK.

good-for-nothing kind of being I am. Should Mr. Constable feel inclined to make a bargain for the wares I have on hand, he will encourage me to further enterprise; and it will be something like trading with a gipsy for the fruits of his prowlings, who may at one time have nothing but a wooden bowl to offer, and at another time a silver tankard." This vagrancy of mind he seems to have conquered, at least for brave intervals, in later years; otherwise we should not now possess the fruits of those sustained and laborious efforts, his classic "Columbus," and his "Columbus and his Companions," and his latest, though we trust not his last work, the "Life of Washington." Still he is the same retiring lover of quiet and seclusion as of yore, shrinking from popular remark, and cherishing an especial distaste for all or any

active participation in public affairs. Though it is said that once, and for a moment, he was moved by friendship to attend a political meeting across the bay from Sunnyside, to take the stump, and hurrah for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!"

Mr. Irving is now in his seventy-fourth year, having been born on the 3d of April, 1783, in the city of New York, in a house which but lately stood on what is now the corner of William and Fulton streets. His father, who was a native of Scotland, and his mother, an English lady, had settled in America some twenty years before his birth. He is the youngest of five sons, who were all addicted to literary pursuits, excepting the one who now lives, with his daughters, under his brother's roof at Sunnyside.





William Irving, the eldest of the brothers, was a writer in the famous *Salmagundi* papers, to which he contributed most of the poetical pieces, the letters and verses "from the Mill of Pindar Cockloft." He was a member of Congress from 1813 to 1819, and died in 1821. "He was," say the Messrs. Duyckinck, in their admirable "Cyclopædia of American Literature," "a merchant at New York, with the character of a man of wit and refinement, who had added to a naturally genial temperament the extensive resources of observation, and a fresh experience of the world, gathered in his border life."

Peter Irving, the second brother, studied and graduated in medicine, but never practiced. He established and edited the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper; wrote a stirring tale of piratical adventure called "Giovanni Sfogarro," and assisted his brother in the conception of the comic "Knickerbocker History." He died in 1838.

Ebenezer Irving was once a merchant, but has long since retired from the cares of business, and is now one of the family at Sunnyside. His son, Theodore Irving, the author of "The Conquest of Florida," was formerly Professor of History and Belles Lettres in Geneva College, and afterward at the New York Free Academy. He is now an Episcopal clergyman in Western New York.

John T. Irving, the fourth brother, practiced the profession of the law so successfully that he rose to the bench, and presided over the Court of Common Pleas in New York for seventeen years. He died in 1838. His son, John Treat

Irving, is well known as the "Quod" correspondent of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, in the columns of which were first published his successful novels, "The Attorney," and "Harry Harson, or the Benevolent Bachelor." He has written also a series of spirited "Indian Sketches"—reminiscences of an expedition to the Pawnee tribes.

The intimation which this glance at the literary tastes of his brothers gives us of the atmosphere in which Mr. Irving's boyhood was passed will readily explain the early manifestation of his love of books; and the classic character of the volumes which then happily fell into his hands, reveals the secret of that pure, simple, old-fashioned art which, from his earliest efforts, has ever marked his style. His literary *début* was made in 1804, in a series of essays upon the manners, amusements, and fashions of the town and the time, under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle." They were contributed to his brother's paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, and were afterward issued, though without his approval, in pamphlet form.

His career had thus scarcely begun when his health failed, and, apprehensive of a pulmonary complaint, he thought it necessary to remove to the south of Europe. During two years' rambles amidst the natural beauties and the attractive associations of many lands—France, Italy, Sicily, Switzerland, Flanders, and Holland—he formed that attachment to the Old World which at another time led him from home through the long lapse of seventeen years; and again for an interval of four years. In these residences abroad he amassed the valuable material from which has grown so much of his literary labor—the Pictures and Tales of English Rural Life, in the "Sketch-Book" and "Bracebridge Hall;" the Memories of Abbotsford and of Newstead Abbey, in the "Crayon Miscellany;" the "Tales of a Traveler;" and the volumes relating to Columbus and to his Companions, to Granada and the Alhambra. Through these works are scattered, however, many of his choicest American themes; proving that, though far from, he was not unmindful of his native home.

Before going abroad he began the study of the law, which he resumed on his return to New York in 1806. He was the same year admitted to the bar, but with no sequence, as he never practiced the profession. We soon again find him in the literary ranks, contributing, with his brother William Irving, and his friend James K. Paulding, to the "Salmagundi," a semi-monthly journal of "whimwhams and opinions," humorous and satirical. In this work, which was continued during one year, the follies and fancies of the day were attacked with such amusing and effective skill that it was eagerly looked for at the time,



THE BROOK, FROM THE LAKE.







THE "LITTLE MEDITERRANEAN."

and is referred to with interest now. It was the most popular and successful American production of the day, and in its rich and racy humor gave clear promise of the genius afterward developed by its authors.

Mr. Irving's next appearance was two years later, in 1809, with that most unique and surprising volume in our literature, Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty;" which at once elevated the author to the first rank among native writers. It opens with such profound Dogberry gravity that no wonder the unsophisticated reader, not forewarned, took it seriously at its word until its irresistible drollery grew too rampant to be longer masked. A story is told of a solemn judge who smuggled a copy of the work into court, and actually collapsed over it while upon the bench. In his preface to the revised edition of the work, the author explains all the circumstances under which it was written; how it was his first intention simply to parody a pretentious Guide-Book to the City, and "to burlesque the pedantic lore displayed in certain American works; how, as his material extended, he found that he should have enough to do, if he confined himself, as he did, to the period of the Dutch ascendancy only; and how, in his droll pictures of our phlegmatic fathers, he was only in fun, and meant no offense to the general." When he found, he says, "how few of his fellow-citizens were aware that New York had ever been called New Amsterdam, or had ever heard of the names of its early Dutch gov-

ernors, or cared a straw about their ancient Dutch progenitors," the matter broke upon him "as the poetic age of the city; poetic from its very obscurity; and open, like the early and obscure days of ancient Rome, to all the embellishments of heroic fiction." And so well has he availed himself of the "doubt and fable" of his theme, that he has created pictures and scenes which will forever remain pleasurably associated with all the local recollections of the Gothamites. So happily did he hit the popular fancy, that "Diedrich Knickerbocker" has almost become the tutelary saint of his native city; the people, generally, are Knickerbockers; they eat Knickerbocker ices and Knickerbocker oysters, travel in Knickerbocker coaches and Knickerbocker steamboats, read Knickerbocker magazines, pray in Knickerbocker halls, and, by-and-by, will, no doubt, go to Knickerbocker graves, in hope of a Knickerbocker heaven. The "good-humor and good fellowship" which the History inspires is made to sweeten many healthful pills of needed satire and sage instruction; for there are, and always will be, the world over, many dreaming Oloffes, and doubting Walters, and testy Williams, and headstrong Peters.

The Knickerbocker completed, we find the current of our author's literary life subsiding for a while, with here and there only a sparkling bubble; among them a Biographical Sketch of Campbell, written at the solicitation of the poet's brother—who was then residing in New York—to help the sale of an American edition of "O'Connor's Child," just received from Lon-







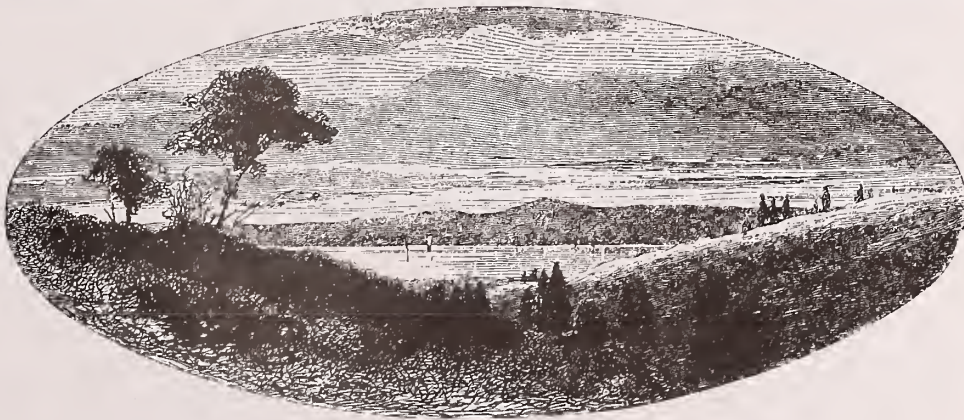
STILE IN THE WOODS.

don. This paper led afterward to a pleasant acquaintance between the American and the English author.

In this interval of repose Mr. Irving entered into commercial life, as a silent partner of two of his brothers; but the second war with Great Britain soon following, he became infected with the popular enthusiasm, and assumed the editorship of the *Analectic Magazine*, in Philadelphia, for which he wrote a series of succinct and elegant biographies of the American Naval Captains. His patriotic feelings not finding sufficient vent through the quiet channel of the pen, he seized the sword, and donned the epaulet, in the character of aid-de-camp and military secretary to Governor Tompkins, of New

York, and, for a while, was honorably known as "Colonel Irving."

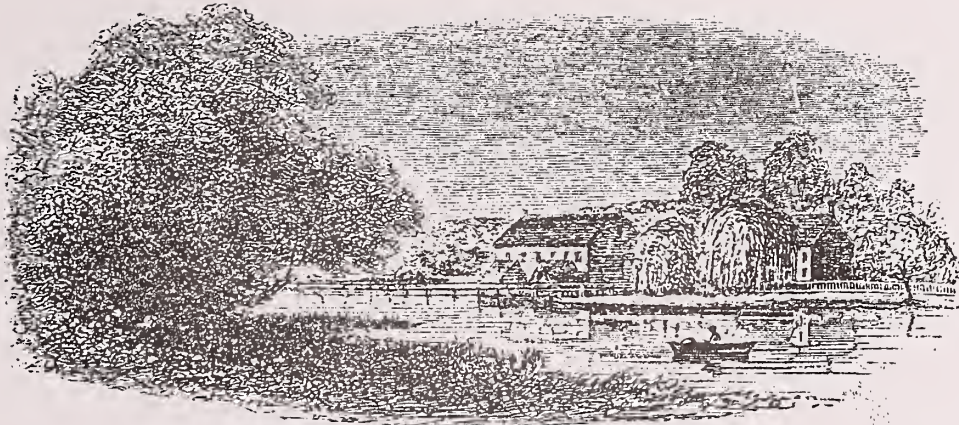
Among the commercial disasters caused by the war, was the destruction of the house of "Irving and Brothers," which suddenly cast our author—who had gone to England on the business of his firm when peace was restored—once more upon his literary resources. He now prepared to bring out his "Sketch-Book," for which he had gathered already so much material in his experience and observation of English life and manners. Some portions of the work had been already published in America, and the apprehension of a piratical edition in London, where they had attracted very favorable notice, accelerated his measures for their issue by himself, and for his own advantage. It was this occasion that produced the passages of correspondence with Scott to which we have previously referred. Not finding such a publisher as he desired, he determined to print at his own cost and risk; but afterward, through the mediation of Sir Walter, Mr. Murray was induced to take hold of it; which he did with so much success that he gave the author two hundred pounds in addition to a like sum which he had already paid for the copyright. This charming budget of tales—the most read, perhaps, of all Mr. Irving's works—gives us every example of those excellences of theme, thought, treatment, and style which have made his fame. It touches all chords of feeling, from the most *riant* humor to the tenderest pathos. It is not to be wondered at that it instantly made its way both at home and abroad, containing, as it does, among its gems, those masterly expressions of gentle emotion, the "Wife" and the "Broken Heart," and the immortal legends of "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow." His peaceful little valley, made forever famous as the scene of the last-mentioned fancy, is one of the most attractive features of the landscape about the author's home. Apart from its romantic associations, it is a most interesting spot; one in which the visitor might easily dream dreams for himself, if they were not already served to his hand. In our explorations of its quiet lawns and glens we were surprised to note the



THE HUDSON, FROM SLEEPY HOLLOW.







"PHILIPSENS' CASTLE."

literalness with which Mr. Irving had sketched its features. In the close portraiture we could scarce persuade ourselves that the lank Ichabod and his mischievous urchins, the malicious Brom Bones and the blooming Katrina, were only phantasies of the brain; for there, before our very eyes, lay the brook and the bridge over which old Gunpowder bore his terrified master on that eventful night when he was so relentlessly pursued by the ghostly Hessian; and yonder, on the hill, stood the old church toward which he fled for sanctuary. There, too, was the homestead, or "castle," of the once mighty family of the Philipsens, its ancient walls and chimneys reflected in the bright waters of the Pocantico; and hidden away in one of the most secluded haunts of the same lovely stream, far up in the mysterious valley, we heard the clank of the wheel of "Carl's Mill."

Besides the descriptions of the Hollow which are given in the legend, we find in the opening chapter of "Wolfert's Roost" much poetic history. There, Mr. Irving tells us how the region won its somnolent name from a charm laid by a rival chieftain upon its ancient people—a charm so potent, that they sleep among the rocks and recesses to this day, with their bows and arrows beside them. "Often," he says, "in secluded parts of the valley, where the stream is overhung by dark woods and rocks, the plowman, on some calm and sunny day, as he shouts to his oxen, is surprised at hearing faint shouts from the hillsides in reply; being, it is said, the spell-bound warriors, who half start from their rocky couches, and grasp their weapons, but sink to sleep again." "Carl's Mill" figures in our author's fancies as the haunted house, occupied by an old, goblinish-looking negro, from whom, he says, Diedrich Knickerbocker gleaned, as he chatted with him on the broken millstone, many valuable facts, and among them "the surprising though true story of Ichabod Crane" itself. The old church of Sleepy Hollow was once a pure specimen of the good, solid Dutch architecture; but of late years its harmony had been destroyed by the incongruous addition

of a Greek portico. In speaking of this ancient relic, in the droll chapters from which we have already quoted, Mr. Irving says that it was once graced by two weather-cocks, "one perched over the belfry and the other over the chancel. As usual with ecclesiastical weather-cocks, each pointed a different way, and there was a perpetual contradiction between them on all points of windy doctrine; emblematic, alas! of the Christian propensity to schism and controversy." "The drowsy influence, too, of Sleepy Hollow," he adds, "was apt to breathe into the sacred edifice; and now and then an elder might be seen with his handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, and apparently listening to the dominic, but really sunk into a summer slumber, lulled by the sultry notes of the locusts from the neighboring trees."

But lest we too catch "the witching" influence of the air, which Mr. Irving assures us still affects all who enter the wizard valley, we will hasten to make our way out, and resume the record of our author's literary achievements, which our long digression has so irrelevantly interrupted.

Mr. Irving's next volumes, written in Paris, were those of "Bracebridge Hall." This work is a continuation of the "Sketch-Book," especially of those portions dealing with English rustic life, manners, and pastimes, of which it presents pictures never rivaled by England's own best painters. Our pleasant Christmas introduction to the hearty old Squire and his factotum, Master Simon, in the pages of the "Sketch-Book," made us glad to improve their genial acquaintance and that of their worthy neighbors, General Harbottle and Master Ready Money Jack Tibbetts, under the frank and hospitable roof of Bracebridge Hall.

We next find Mr. Irving wandering along the Rhine, and among the German capitals; wintering in Dresden in 1822, and back again the following year to Paris. In 1824 he published the "Tales of a Traveler," which provoked some fault-finding by the English critics, who had become tired of calling Aristides the Just. These





envious shafts, however, proved very harmless, for the public verdict declared the author's original and rare genius, well sustained in the strange stories of the Nervous Gentleman, in graphic pictures of literary life found in the Experiences of Buckthorne and his Friends, in the romantic episodes in Italian life, and in the novel character of American tradition and adventure. Moore, who during the preparation of this work was with the author in Paris, says, in his Diary, that the publisher, Murray, purchased it at the price of fifteen hundred pounds, and would have given, if it had been asked, two thousand pounds. The poet also expresses his surprise at the rapidity with which it was written—one hundred and thirty printed pages having been made in the brief space of ten days. This must have been during one of Mr. Irving's happiest moods; for, as a general thing, we believe that literary composition is a slow and careful process with him. His is the laborious, though unseen art, which conceals art.

By this time Mr. Irving's reputation had spread far and wide, and his works, which had become in universal demand, were translated into all the languages of the Continent. In 1826, two years after the appearance of the "Tales of a Traveler," he went to Spain, and took up his residence at Madrid. Here, availing himself of the important series of documents then recently collected by Navarrete, he prepared his elegant and classic "History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus," and afterward of the "Discoveries and Voyages of Columbus's Com-

panions." The first of these works gained for him the compliment from George the Fourth of one of two fifty-guinea gold medals which that king had offered for eminence in historical composition. So well suited to the turn of his mind was the dramatic and adventurous spirit of the age and land of Columbus, that his task was one of love; and without prejudice to philosophy and fact, his narratives have all the charms of a tale which is told.

So completely, indeed, was his imagination taken with the romance of his theme, that he was led to give further expression of his interest in a "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," and an exploration of the poetic marvels of the Alhambra. Following Columbus, as he did, step by step, in his close attendance upon the Spanish monarchs, in court and camp, through all the changing scenes of the Moorish war, up to the final catastrophe before the walls of the Moslem capital, he had, like him, become almost an eye-witness of the scenes he was called upon to narrate. Thus, in the "Chronicle," while truthfully detailing historical events, he has yet draped all in the airy garb of romance; and from the "Alhambra," that fountain of poetry, where he was less fettered by the sober shackles of Fact, and his fancy had freer play, he has drawn wells of winsome story even *plus Arabe qu'en Arabie*. In this Spanish Sketch-Book, as it has been called, we read the tales of dauntless chivalry, bold emprise, generous valor, and devoted love, as though we were, like the poetic Moslems of old, listening to the



DISTANT VIEW OF THE OLD CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.







NEAR VIEW OF THE OLD CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.

mingled speech of mystic bard and falling fountain.

In 1829 Mr. Irving was awakened from his dreams in the ruined halls of the Alhambra, where he had passed three happy months, by a call to the post of Secretary of Legation to the American embassy in London. This unsolicited office he filled until the Minister, Mr. M'Lane, returned home, when he was left for a while as *Chargé d'Affaires*. In his diplomatic character he officiated at the coronation of William the Fourth, and he received from that monarch and the royal family, as well as from various distinguished personages of the court, many marks of high esteem.

At this time, too, the English University at Oxford conferred upon him, in compliment to his genius, the honorary degree of LL.D. This distinction he received in person, and amidst the cordial acclamations of the students and graduates, and of a brilliant and learned assemblage.

In 1832 he returned home from his second residence in Europe, which had lasted seventeen years. The fame which he had acquired in this long interval won him the heartiest reception from his countrymen. The public enthu-

siasm was indeed so great, that, had it so pleased him, his tour through his native land, which soon followed, might have been one continued and most sincere ovation. From this display, however, he naturally shrunk, declining all invitations save one to a public dinner in his own city of New York.

From the journeys in the United States which Mr. Irving made soon after his return home, and especially from his rambles over the prairies and wildernesses of the Far West, have grown his "Tour on the Prairies," embodied in the revised and uniform edition of his works recently published by Putnam; in the "Crayon Miscellany," his "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," and the "Astoria" narrative. In these works, all marked by the author's habitual elegance and grace of style, we have striking pictures of the wild trapper-life and adventure of our Rocky Mountain and Pacific regions.

In 1837 and 1840 Mr. Irving contributed, at intervals, to the columns of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. Among these papers are, "The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood," and "Mountjoy; a Passage in the Life of a Castle-builder," which, with other stray waifs from the





English annuals and elsewhere, have been recently collected and published, under the title of "Wolfert's Roost." In the little sketch of "The Creole Village," in this volume, he claims to have first used the now common phrase, "the almighty dollar;" and as the expression, he says, "has been questioned by some as savoring of irreverence, he owes it to his orthodoxy to declare that no irreverence was intended even to the dollar itself, which he is aware is daily becoming more and more an object of worship."

Among his latest published works is his loving life of his favorite author, Goldsmith, to whose genius his own has been so often and so appositely compared, and his history of "Mahomet and his Successors," another wave from the flood of his Moslem researches.

In February, 1842, he made his third and last visit to Europe, where he passed four years in the honorable position of American Minister at the court of Madrid. Since his return he has lived at the homestead made so attractive in his

works as "Wolfert's Roost," and now so gracefully known to us as Sunnyside.

Here he is at present, industriously employed upon his "Life of Washington." The publication of this noble work was commenced during the past year (1855). Three volumes have been already issued, in which the charmed reader is led, with never-flagging interest, through the varied and eventful scenes of the Revolution. The fourth and last volume, which it is understood will be devoted to the Presidential life of his hero, will, no doubt, be very soon completed.

There is a pleasant and authentic anecdote about the presentation of our author, when a child in arms, to Washington. "May it please your Excellency," said his nurse, following the General into a Broadway shop, "here's a bairn that was named after ye!" Whereupon he placed his hand kindly on the boy's head, and prayed God to bless him; thus perhaps exorcising the malign influence popularly supposed to accompany the inheritance of a great name. As Washington was the political, so is his namesake the literary Father of his country.

The scope of our paper has permitted a brief allusion only to the characteristics of Mr. Irving's genius—to the freshness and fullness of his invention—to the individuality of his conceptions—to his rich poetic fancy—to his catholic sympathies, reaching the heart in all its moods, from hearty mirth to pensive sentiment—to the simplicity, good sense, honesty, and manliness of his thought—all heightened by the marvelous ease and grace of his "mellow, flowing, softly tinted style;" and to that ever-present charm of personality, which, as he himself says of Goldsmith, "seems to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and makes us love the man, at the same time that we admire the author."

Thus have we peeped into the pleasant face of Sunnyside, and conned the magic by which it has bewitched the public heart. Long after its modest walls shall have crumbled away will the charm cling to its memory, for its associations with one who, building always upon the true foundations of life—Truth and Beauty—has reared to himself a perpetual and fragrant altar in the pantheon of the world's literature.



"CARL'S MILL," IN SLEEPY HOLLOW.





(5)

## VISIT TO SUNNYSIDE.

Continuance of letter to Morris descriptive of a day with Washington Irving—Impression of his appearance—Visit to his library—His desk and blotting-sheet—Conversation for a half-hour—Literary habits—Motley's "Dutch Republic"—Feeling as to his own new books before they were reviewed—History of the first conception of the Sketch-Book—Pictures on the walls—The grounds of Sunnyside—Comparison of climates—Tulip-trees in triplets—Squirrels and two-legged tree-destroyers—Humorous reason for growth of trees—Incident at starting on our drive to Sleepy Hollow, etc., etc.

*Idlewild, August 4, 1857.*

DEAR MORRIS,—

WITH so attractive a theme as the one I am to resume in this letter, the shorter my preface, the better, I suppose; so, (stopping only to express the content which one naturally feels when his listeners are more eager than usual,) I come at once to the spot where you were left at the close of my letter of last week:—the threshold of SUNNYSIDE.

MR. IRVING came out while we were exchanging salutations with the group under the porch—his true and easy step, pliant motion, admirable spontaneity of good spirits and quiet simplicity of address, giving him the presence of a man of half his age. This impression was somewhat corroborated, no doubt, by the summer airiness of his dress, and a certain juvenescence that there will always be about light walking shoes and a low-crowned straw hat—somewhat, too, perhaps, by the unchanged erectness and compactness of his well-proportioned figure—but I did not realize, (then, nor afterwards during the day,) that there was anything in his mien or appearance but the healthfulness of middle age, anything but the uncompelled promptness and elasticity of vigor unabated.

It was one of those mornings when the inside of the house is "the wrong side of the door;" and, to ask us to "walk in" would scarce have been a welcome. Mr. Irving leaned against one of the pillars of the piazza, chatting with us to the tune of soft air, foliage and sunshine; till, the conversation turning upon the architecture of the house, he took me into his library to see the drawing of it, as first built. There was, of course, a spell in the atmosphere of this inner sanctuary. It was on the north side; and the clustering ivy and foliage at the windows contributed to the mellowed thoughtfulness of the light. At the spacious writing-table in the centre stood the one comfortable arm-chair, with the accustomed blotting-sheet, askew at the working angle, between it and the inkstand; and of this blotting-sheet, by the way, (nothing legible upon it except two or three little sums in arithmetic, ciphered out upon the corners,) I begged the possession! It was the first time I had ever asked for an autograph, I believe; but, remembering a new volume of my daughter's, and seeing at once what a treasure of an addition to it this memorial would be—(the door-mat on which the thoughts of Irving's last book had wiped their sandals as they went in)—I begged that he would give it me, writing his name first

upon the least-specked margin. Deprecatorily insisting, for a while, that the autograph should, at least, be upon a clean sheet of paper, he finally complied; giving me, meantime, unsuspectingly, a priceless picture to store away in my memory—*himself seated writing at his table.* With his head a little on one side, (as is his wont, and as all portraits represent him,) the genial smile of his lips "holding still" for a moment, and a covert look of humor in his eye, it was wonderful how much, for that single unconscious minute, he looked as *the Sketch-Book* reads—how truthful the representation was, of the Geoffrey Crayon it conjures up to our imaginations.

The drawing of the original house hung on the wall; and it represents a very simple, practical, and every-day dwelling—poetical and even romantically beautiful as looks Sunnyside now. It was commenced as Irving commences his most airy fancies—with a foundation of common sense, that will be worth preserving when the gayer ornament shall have lost its novelty. And on the more perishable exterior, by the way, the frost of the last winter made a beginning, killing a large portion of the luxuriant ivy, (the original stock of which was brought from Melrose Abbey,) covering the wall and turrets on the east side. The additions to the house—its wings, tower, balconied windows and projections—have been the gradual pleasure-toil of Mr. Irving; in this view, being one of his "works"—built very much as the *Sketch-Book* was written—and (more than most authors' residences,) to be therefore pictured and remembered.

Our conversation, for the half hour that we sat in that little library, turned, first, upon the habits of literary labor. Mr. Irving, in reply to my inquiry, (whether, like Rip Van Winkle, he had "arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity,") said, "no"—that he had sometimes worked even fourteen hours a day, but that he usually sits in his study, occupied, from breakfast till dinner; (both of us agreeing, that, in literary vegetation the "do" is on in the morning;) and, that he should be sorry to have much more leisure. He thought, indeed, that he should "die in harness." He never had a head-ache—that is his workshop never gave him any trouble—but, among the changes which time has wrought, one, he says, is very decided; the desire of travel is dead within him. The days are past when he could sleep or eat anywhere with equal pleasure; and he goes to town as seldom as possible.

Motley's "Dutch Republic" lay open on the table, and Irving said he had been employing a little vacation from his own labors in the reading of it. It had interested him exceedingly. "How surprising," (he exclaimed, quite energetically,) "that so young a man should jump, so full-grown, to fame, with a big book, so solid and complete!" This turned the conversation upon the experiences of authorship. Irving said that he was always afraid to open a copy that reached him, of a new book.

He sat and trembled and remem-

bered of these for a book!" And, leaving his brother to go to church, he went back to his lodgings and jotted down all the data; and, the next day—the dullest and darkest of London fogs—he sat in his little room and wrote out "Sleepy Hollow" by the light of a candle.

I alluded to the story I had heard told at Lady Blessington's—of Irving going to sleep at a dinner-party, and their taking him up softly and carrying him to another house, where he waked up amid a large evening party—but he shook his head incredulously. It was Disraeli's story, he said, and was told of a party at Lady

other friends of Mr. Irving's who had asked me about him in England, opened a vein of his London recollections. He was never more astonished, he said, than at the success of the *Sketch-Book*. His writing of those stories was so unlike an inspiration—so entirely without any feeling of confidence which could be prophetic of their popularity. Walking with his brother, one dull foggy Sunday, over Westminster Bridge, he got to telling the old Dutch stories which he had heard at Tarrytown, in his youth—when the thought suddenly struck him:—"I have it! I'll go home and make memoranda

the weak points where he had been 'and perplexed, and where he felt he might have done better—having to think of the book, indeed, until the reviewers had praised it. Indifference to praise or censure, he thought, was not reasonable or natural. At least, it was impossible to him. He remembered how he had suffered from the opinion of a Philadelphia critic, who, in reviewing the *Sketch-Book*, at its first appearance, said that "Rip Van Winkle" was a silly attempt at humor, quite unworthy of the author's genius.

My mention of Rogers, the poet, and some





Jersey's, to which he certainly went, after a dinner-party,—but not with the dramatic nap at the table nor the waking up in her Ladyship's drawing-room, as described. In fact, he remembered the party, as such a "jam," that he did not get, that evening, beyond the first landing of the staircase.

Among the pictures on the walls of his library were the two admirable engravings, one representing Johnson at table with his friends, the other giving portraits of Scott's intimates, as he read his novel to them in the library at Abbotsford. "What company these are!" said Irving—"how interesting to have them!" As I walked around, I found, in a corner, a small pen and ink sketch—an exceedingly clever caricature of Paganini. It was done, he said, by Stuart Newton, as he sat with him one day—done in one of that artist's dreamy, unconscious moods—and Irving had taken it from under his hand, to preserve it. There was another, of the English wit, Lord Somers, a famous "man about town" when Irving was first in London; and another still, of a dramatist whose name does not occur to me at this moment—both impromptu pencillings on waste scraps of paper, but framed to hang up as memorials of pleasant days. And, in a dark corner, hung Leslie's portrait of Irving himself, always allowed to be the best, and so well known to the world by the engravings from it.

With the horticulture and arboriculture of "Wolfert's-dell," Mr. Grinnell has been singularly successful; and, as we were to make the rounds of the shrubberies and hot-houses, before the sun should be fairly vertical, we were now admonished that it was time—Mr. Irving at once taking his straw hat to accompany us. A remark upon the beauty of the verdure, near his door, drew from him a most poetical outburst as to the happy superiority of our climate. In Spain, he said, he had found it most depressing—the lack of verdure. In England, they have the most beautiful of fields and lawns, but it is so damp that you can never sit down, out of doors, without taking cold. In our country alone, is the grass green enough, the sun bright enough, and the sward dry enough. While we were still in the immediate grounds of Sunnyside, I observed two remarkable triplets of the tulip-tree—superb growths of three equal shafts, tall and of arrowy straightness, from each root—and in these fine specimens of the cleanest-leaved and healthiest-looking of trees, he said he took great pleasure. A squirrel ran up one of them as we approached, and, upon this race of depredators, he had been obliged to make war, this summer. They were a little bit more destructive than their beauty was an excuse for. With another class of destructives, however, he did not know so well how to contend—the visitors who drive into his grounds and tie their horses to the trees.

The well-shaded ravine which has Sunnyside sitting on one of its knees—(once called "Wolfert's Roost," and long used by that famous Dutchman as the covert-way between the river

and his haunts)—is conveniently and gracefully intersected with paths; but I remarked to Mr. Irving that they were somewhat of the outline character of ours at Idiewild. Yes, he said; on his side of the dell, they were merely dug out and *walked hard*; but, as they communicated with those of his rich neighbor, he was very often lucky enough to get the credit of the smooth gravel-walks, too! And he presently gave another of his crayon-esque touches to his neighbor, assuring us, very solemnly, while we were wondering at the growth to which the transplanted trees had attained in so short a time, that "it was done by Mr. Grinnell's going round at night, himself, with a lantern and water-pot, to see that the trees did not oversleep themselves:"—a fact, (seen through Irving spectacles,) as Mr. G., engrossed all day with his business in the city and only at home at night; sometimes takes a look at his gardener's work, by the aid of a lantern.

At the door of the hot-house, Mr. Irving said it was warm enough, for him, outside. He preferred to stand under a tree and wait for us—particularly as he had seen the grapes before and hoped to see some of them again. Astonished as my own wilderness-trained eyes were, of course, with the wonderful fecundity of those glass-covered vines, I was more interested in the visit to Mr. Grinnell's sumptuous stables; and here Mr. Irving kept us close company. He loves horses. And, as the groom led out one of the favorite "bloods," for us to look at, he gave us a thrilling account of his being run away with, a year or two ago—not by Van Tassel's horse "Gunpowder," of whose viciousness he has himself been the chronicler, though it was upon the very same ground and with the very same result. He and "Ichabod Crane" were both thrown, at the entrance to Sleepy Hollow.

As we strolled slowly through the grounds, we came to two dwarf statues—grotesque representations of "The Spendthrift" and "The Miser"—and Mr. Irving gave us a comic history of their amusing a party of friends by playing at "tableaux," the other day—stopping in their walk, and dressing these figures up with the shawls and bonnets of the ladies. Our walk was varied with incidental questions of landscape gardening, as we came to points which commanded the river-views more or less effectively; and Mr. Irving made one remark which, I thought, embodied the whole science of wood-thinning, in ornamental grounds—that "a tree is only to be cut down when the picture it hides is worth more than the tree."

But the event of the day, to me, was to be the drive through SLEEPY HOLLOW. A live ramble through Fairy-land with Spenser, would hardly be a promise of more pleasure. Mr. Grinnell's horses were at the door—(after a dinner during which I marvelled at the inexpressible frolicsomeness of the wit and spirits of the master of Sunnyside)—and, though I should have preferred to take the trip, mounted from the Sketch-Book, (Geoffrey Crayon on Van Tassel's horse "Gunpowder," and myself on the

ladies, and his humorous pleadings against the awkwardness of their forcible helpings off and on of his masculine habiliments, formed an exquisite picture—trifling, perhaps, in itself, but valuable as showing the charming *reality* of the temperament visible in his books. The playful and affectionate reciprocity between Geoffrey Crayon and his readers, is the key-note of Washington Irving's life at home.

\* \* \*  
[On counting up my manuscript pages, dear Morris, I find that they will run, already, to the full extent of any letter that is to be read in the

meet him.  
I should not omit, here, the mention of a little merriment at starting, which I, since, find myself remembering very vividly—the sudden discovery, among the group of nieces and grandnieces, that Mr. Irving was going for a warm ride with a thick coat on; and the picturesque pulling of him back from the carriage-door, stripping him to his shirt sleeves, in spite of his remonstrances, and re-clothing him in an over-all of brown linen, brought meantime from our host's dressing-room above. The tender petting of the genial uncle by the half-dozen young

"Daredevil" of "Brom Bones," I was very well contented, as it was. With my knees interlocked with Mr. Irving's, as I sat facing him in the carriage, there was, at least, a shorter road, for magnetism from him to me, than on two separate horses; and, with so energetic a millionaire on the box with the driver, and a President of a Railroad inside—to say nothing of the beloved lady who made one of our interior quartette—we were likely to be treated with respect, I think, by any hobgoblin with Dutch feelings in his bosom, or even by the "Headless Horseman," should we be belated enough to





summer solstice—even Irving, where it was any way possible, having given but a short story at a time. "SLEEPY HOLLOW," besides, is a picture well worthy of a separate frame—so, for this week, will you content yourself with SUNNYSIDE? Of our drive through the goblin-haunted glen, my next letter shall try to tell you.

Yours always, N. P. W.]

(6)

## VISIT TO SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Concluding letter to Morris about the visit to Mr. Irving—Protest against "influence of the air," of Sleepy Hollow—"Green lane" character of the road—No living Dutch inhabitants to be seen—House of the Dutch family who keep the keys of the Hollow—Boyish reminiscence of Mr. Irving's—Monument of Andre—Haunted bridge of logs—Brom Bones's pumpkin—Character of scenery—Oldest church on the river—Family tomb of the Irving's—Passing of Undercliff in the railroad—Philosophy of Mr. Irving's charm of personal character and manner, etc., etc.

Idlewild, August 12, 1857.

DEAR MORRIS,

I am to go on, I believe, with the account of my privileged day passed with Mr. IRVING—or, rather, with a description of the drive in the afternoon through Sleepy Hollow. Like the gay horses we did it with, however, I must be indulged in a pre-amble before coming down to the plain trot of my narrative—entering my individual protest, that is to say, against the Sketch-Book's rather sweeping theory as to the "influence of the air." I mean to state nothing but what soberly occurred, and I dreamed no "dreams"—(except while looking into Mr. Irving's dark eyes as I sat opposite him in the carriage, and those dreams of intercourse with a gifted spirit I could record only in verse)—yet you remember what he writes, of even stray visitors to Sleepy Hollow:—"However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams and see apparitions." To which, as I said before, I enter my protest in the proper Latin of the law:—*non est invent-us*—(let us invent nothing.)

We wound out from the smooth-gravelled and circling avenues of "Wolfert's-dell," and took to the rougher turnpike leading to Tarrytown—following it, however, only for a mile or so, and then turning abruptly off to the right, at what seemed a neglected by-road to the hills. Of the irregular semicircle of Sleepy Hollow, this is the Sunnyside end—the other opening toward Tarrytown, which lies three miles farther up the river.

Our road, presently, grew very much like what, in England, is called "a green lane," the undisturbed grass growing to the very edge of the single wheel-track; and this lovely carpeting, which I observed all through Sleepy Hollow, is, you know, an unusual feature for our country—the "Spring work" on the highways, ordinarily, (under the direction of the "path-

master") consisting mainly in ploughing up the roadsides and matting up the ruts with the ass-inated greensward. For the example of this charming difference I am ready to bless the bewitchment of the "high German doctor," or even to thank the ghost of the "old Indian chief who held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered."

With what attention I could take off from Mr. Irving's conversation and his busy pointings-out of the localities and beauties of the valley, I was, of course, on the look-out for the "Sleepy-Hollow Boys," along the road; but, oddly enough, I did not see a living soul in the entire distance! For the "Headless Horseman," it was, doubtless, too early in the afternoon. We had, neither of us, any expectation of being honored with an introduction to him. But I *did* hope for a look at a "Hans Van Ripper" or a "Katrina Van Tassel"—certainly, at the very least, for a specimen or two of the young Mynheers, "in their square-skirted coats with stupendous brass buttons," and their "hair queued up in an eel-skin." Mr. Irving pointed out an old tumble-down farm-house, still occupied, he said, by the Dutch family who traditionally "keep the keys to Sleepy Hollow," but there was not a soul to be seen hanging over the gate, or stirring around porch or cow-yard. There were several other and newer houses, though still of the same model—(or, to quote exactly Mr. Irving's words, in reply to my remark upon it, "always built crouching low, and always overlooking a little fat meadow")—but they were equally without sign of living inhabitant. Yet read again what Mr. Irving says of the vegetating eternity of the inhabitants, in his own account of Sleepy Hollow, and see how reasonable were my disappointed expectations in this particular.\*

One thing impressed me very strongly—the evidence there was, in Mr. Irving's manner, from our first entrance into Sleepy Hollow, that the charm of the locality was, to him, no fiction. There was even a boyish eagerness in his delight at looking around him, and naming, as we drove along, the localities and their associations. He did not seem to remember that he had written about it, but enjoyed it all as a scene of childhood, then for the first time revisited. I shall never forget the sudden earnestness with which he leaned forward, as we passed close under a side-hill heavily wooded, and exclaimed, "There are the trees where I shot my first squirrels, when a boy!" And, till the turn of the

\* "I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New-York, that population, manners, and customs, remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble rising quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in the mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have passed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom."—Sketch-Book.

point out "the tall walnut-trees" with such an outburst of boyish recollection—why, it was like entering with Thomson, under the very portullis of the "Castle of Indolence!"

I should mention, by the way, that we pulled up, for a moment, opposite the monument of Major Andre, a marble shaft standing at the side of the road and designating the spot (mentioned in "Sleepy Hollow") where that unfortunate man was captured. I could not read the whole inscription, in the single minute that our impatient horses stood before it, but the con-

walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all Nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley. And, to drive through "this little valley" with the man who had so written of it, and have him

road put that hillside out of sight, he kept his eyes fixed, with absorbed earnestness upon it, evidently forgetful of all around him but the past rambles and boy-dreams which the scene had vividly recalled. You will understand, dear Morris, how this little point was wonderfully charming to me—being such a literal verification, as it were, of one of the passages of his description of the spot, and one of those, too, of which the music lingers longest in the ear! "I recollect" (he says) "that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall





cluding sentence, in larger letters, stood out boldly—"HISTORY TELLS THE REST"—and it was thrilling to read that reference to a more enduring record than marble, and turn one's eyes upon the hand by which the imperishable words had been just written!

We rattled along, with a very daylight disregard of "apparitions," past the "bridge of logs" which is such a haunted spot to the school-boys, and where the mounted Ichabod first felt the full terror of his pokerish ride; but, though I looked right and left for some trace of what frightened old "Gunpowder," it was not, it seemed to me, even a scare-y looking spot—not only no footprints visible of the steed of the "headless horseman," but no posterity of pumpkins such as would spring naturally from the seed of Brom Bones's missile. Of course I have no manner of doubt of the entire veracity of the story; but, would it not look better, dear Mr. Irving, (assisting thus, the trembling, hesitating faith of a world so unbelieving,) to broider the brook-sides around with a visible sign or two—sowing the fertile spot, I mean to say, with a supposititious family of haunted pumpkins?

A more beautiful intricacy of hill and dale than that winding road through Sleepy Hollow, I never saw. Everything in it seemed so precisely of the enjoyable size—woods, meadows, slopes, thickets, and corn-fields, all in the comest-at-able and cozy quantity that looks just what you want though too little for ears. To have such a valley within horseback distance—a labyrinth to disappear into, when one wishes to be lost sight of by the world and by one's own troubled thoughts—is indeed a luxury of neighborhood. Mr. Irving sighed judiciously for it when young, (in the sweet words quoted above,) and he has enviably made his home so near it, now. Beautiful as Sunnyside is, upon the bank of the wide-awake Hudson, it has Sleepy Hollow, with its tangled scenery, for a fly-net to troubled thoughts, just behind it. And, that he enjoys it, as all readers of the Sketch-Book—millions of them on both sides the water—would fervently pray that he might do, there was evidence, that afternoon, in the tranquil heart-smile so Indian-summered on his countenance.

After regaining the turnpike, at the other end of Sleepy Hollow, we made a call on Mr. Bartlett, at his famous country-seat which is allowed to be the most successful combination of taste and luxury in our country—house and grounds altogether nobly magnificent and seated worthily on one of the most commanding eminences of the Hudson—but my "well of wonder" was at the full. Promising myself, some day, a tramp with saddle-bags up and down the river, and take a leisurely look at all the marvels of taste and luxury on both sides, I was glad, for this time, to get away—glad to have my mind again, for its already eaten feast.

We drove rapidly towards Tarrytown, where I was to take the evening train for home; and, as we neared it, Mr. Irving pointed out to me the oldest church between Albany and New-York, a small stone structure, whose narrow

windows look as if they might have served also the purpose of embrasures—the church a citadel of retreat in the Indian wars. And, not far from it, was the burying-ground, to which, lately, the remains of the deceased members of the Irving family have been brought, from the business-crowded graveyards of the city. In a subdued tone, scarce audible, as if he were unconsciously thinking aloud during the silence with which we looked upon the spot, Mr. Irving said, "It is my own resting-place, and I shall soon be there." And, neither in the cadence with which the words fell from his lips, nor in the change of expression which the stir of a deeper feeling naturally threw over the features, was there either painfulness or surprise. The utterance he had given to it was evidently the "calling by name" a familiar and welcome thought.

Our fast horses had performed their afternoon's work to very nice calculation; and, in a minute or two after arriving at Tarrytown, I had taken leave of our efficient host and his delightful carriage-load, and was on my way to Idlewild with the evening train. We ran up to Undercliff in half an hour or so, and, whirling past, I tossed a vesper blessing upon the echo of our wheels which of course reached you; and, as the evening star came out with her "obituary notice" of the departed day, I was at home—telling my wonderful adventures in Sleepy Hollow to the children who had sat up to hear them.

Of course I had often seen Mr. Irving—in the turmoil of the city and in the quiet of Idlewild—but I had never tried to understand, till this varied and delightful day, wherein lay the wondrous charm of his personal character and manner. Like everybody else who is so happy as to know him, I have yielded to the spell without caring to analyze it; and I do not know that I can speak with better knowledge of it, now. I have brought away the impression, however, I may venture to say, that a *modesty* amounting almost to diffidence, (a narrow escape, perhaps, of a want of sufficient self-confidence for the world we live in,) and a most unusual degree of *instinctive deferential courtesy*, are the two natural qualities at the bottom of it. His intellectual culture, and his refinement and knowledge of the world, have, of course, given grace and ease to these sometimes embarrassing restraints; and genius, of course, with its intuitiveness of perception, does that finer justice with its looks and words which is so agreeable in social intercourse; but, in his presence, all alike seem made happier. "Mr. Irving" though it is, and far better worth expressing as is his thought than your own, he would rather listen than talk. And age, curiously enough, has not in the least diminished his susceptibility. He gives to all that is said, the mood of attention which is most flattering to it—playful or grave with equal willingness and skill—reflecting what is offered to him, in his Claude-Lorraine glass of response, so that the sayer, at its return to him, is more pleased than when he said it. I noticed so



and put together—a concluding glance at Irving's literary career, as developed in his more recent work, the "Life of Washington," the last volume of which he told me he was about sitting down to—but I will reserve that topic for a review. Closing, where we are, this most venturesome personal mention of him I remain,  
Yours always,  
N. P. W.]

often, during that day of most familiar gossip, that no sentence of Irving's ever so lightly interrupted, was willingly resumed—no expression of a thought persevered in, if the listener took the thread up for himself. And yet this is the man who says—(quite sincerely, too, I have no doubt)—"I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration."

\* \* \* \* \*  
[There was another leaf, my dear Morris, to the torn-up letter which I have this rescued





Q. Have you any knowledge of an attempt to raise an insurrection in any other State or region of our country? A. I understood that there was an intention to attempt a movement of that kind in Kentucky about the same time.

More than once during the summer of 1867 we asserted that the reason the "Do Nothings," as we called them, were opposed to engaging in the Territorial elections of that year, and competing with the pro-slavery party for the offices of the government, was found in the fact that they wished to prolong our Kansas difficulties—to keep the Territory in a constant ferment; that their design was revolution, and anything which looked like a peaceful solution of our troubles had been and would be violently opposed by them. We stated that those who led off in the do nothing policy had no material interest in Kansas in common with the settlers—that they were "birds of passage," come here like buzzards to feed on dead carcasses, and as soon as the period should come when there was nothing left for them

to fast upon they would leave the Territory. We charged them with embossing almost wholly on funds sent here from the charitable in the East to supply the wants of the destitute and suffering. These men had charge, generally, of the avenues to public opinion. They were the correspondents of Eastern newspapers and of journals at home. The country was continually flooded with their falsehoods, and efforts were constantly made to convey the idea that those who were in favor of settling our troubles quietly and without a resort to bloodshed were cowards, or 'had sold out to the pre-slavery party.' And who were those men in the Territory at that time? We remember meeting a delegation of them at Centropolis in August of that year. There were Walden and Thatcher, Ralph and John E. Cook, Holmes and East, We believe; Phillips and Redpath, Hinson and made the Leecompton constitution itself was made the pretext for saying what was unable to call up the incidents of the 22d and 23d of December Convention held in Lawrence will be able to corroborate this to which were various officers of the Collier Kitchen Convention.





a servile insurrection. But Brown did not go alone. John E. Cook, who figured so conspicuously with the do nothing in Kansas, was with him, and was his "right bower." Kagi was his "left," whilst Coppie, Hazzlett, Anderson and Evans, of Jayhawking notoriety, were prominent actors. Whether Redpath was there we are not advised; but they sympathizers and co-operators in Kansas were posted in all the movements of these men, and at a short time before the breaking out of the difficulty at Harper's Ferry, some of them were trying to have money in Lawrence with which to pay their expenses to the scene of contemplated strife, no doubt desiring to raise the means to refund the borrowed money from the sale of "watches, jewelry and plate" which the constitution of the organization provided should be used to defray the expenses of the war. The whole plan of the organization, in a word of operation, *de, it seems has been known in Kansas for a long time.* We are to be by parties who were in the secret, that the plan of Old Brown & Co. was to strike such a bold and vigorous blow as to intimidate the entire population of Virginia and the South, who are known to be exceedingly timorous over their slave population. With his few immediate supporters he was to take possession of the armory, while others, with teams, were to carry the arms and military supplies to the mountains. In those fastnesses he was to erect his independent standard, around which the negroes were to assemble. A secret organization, permeating all sections of the North, with powerful backing in Kansas, was to furnish recruits. Thus strengthened they would be able to bid defiance to State and federal authority, and though a seven years' war should follow, or though it should be protracted through half a century, they would keep alive their movements, acting mostly upon the defensive at first, till the negroes of the Caucasus and of the South could give them sufficient strength to justify aggressive movements. We do not wish to implicate innocent persons, and we believe, yea, we know we do not do it, if the statements of others can be relied upon, when we say that Gerrit Smith, of New York, a man of noble impulses, and generous to a fault, was a tool of these designing men, and too cheerfully has entered into their plans, and furnished them material aid. While we have him for his philanthropy, his devotion to Kansas in the darkest hour of her history, and for his heavy contributions in aid of the right and the oppressed, we cannot sympathize with his hostility to the federal government, and his readiness to engage with men in an attempt to overthrow it. The movement at Harper's Ferry may appear to be an insignificant affair, and interested parties will endeavor to make it appear such. Since its failure every one will deny its cognizance of it, and "Old Brown, the monomaniac," will be held responsible for it all; but, as we said last week, "there was method in his madness," and that eye of his, sparkling with fire, spoke secrets to the initiated that the world knew not of. As frequently stated, the whole programme was developed to us while a prisoner, charged with high treason, in the summer of 1856, with the exception that the field of operations as then contemplated has been removed from Missouri to Virginia. When we first learned of it we resolved to resist the conspiracy, cost what it would, and we have done so whenever we saw evidences of its movements, though it has assumed Protean forms. Our present fears are that the republican party will suffer by the action of these parasites who have fastened themselves upon it to gain strength before the country. More than once we have stated that they were bastard republicans, with hardly a single principle in common with that party, and so we repeat now. The republican party, if true to itself and its own best interests, will everywhere denounce the treacherous enterprise, and all its aiders and abettors. If they do this, some distinguished aspirants for office, now in Kansas, will find themselves minus a position a few months hence. *We have facts and figures in our possession whenever they shall be called for.*

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## FRATERNITY LECTURES.

"CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE," BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

[From the Boston Atlas and Daily Bee, Nov. 3.]

The lecturer originally announced for last evening in the Fraternity Course, was Frederick Douglass. Charles W. Slack, Esq., appeared before the audience to apologise for Mr. Douglass' absence. At a late hour on Monday a message had been received from him, at a point which need not be mentioned, and imparting intelligence which could not properly be disclosed. In this communication Mr. Douglass expressed his regret that the fulfilment of his engagement to lecture was not in his power. A freeman, Mr. Slack continued, by right of taking that which to him belonged, as well as by purchase, a citizen of the Empire State, Frederick Douglass would not, that night, be safe in the city of Boston. However differently the audience might view the recent events in the South, there were few present who did not honour the manly bravery of John Brown in this hour of his deep distress. If they had not one with them who, many think, was engaged in the scheme of Brown, they had one who sympathized with him in his enterprise—Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord. Mr. Thoreau commenced by saying that he did not wish to force his thoughts upon the audience, but he felt forced himself to speak. Little as he knew of Captain Brown, he would fain do his part to correct the tone of the newspapers, and of the country generally, respecting his character. We can at least express our admiration of and sympathy with him and his companions, and this it was that the lecturer proposed to do. First, of his history. His

grandfather, John Brown, was an officer in the Revolution. He himself was born in Connecticut, about the beginning of this century, but early went, with his father, to Ohio. His father was a contractor, who furnished beef to the army there in the war of 1812. John Brown accompanied his father to the camp, and assisted him in his employment, seeing considerable of military life—more, perhaps, than if he had been a soldier—for he was often present at the councils of the officers. He learned by experience how armies are supplied and maintained in the field. He saw enough of military life to disgust him with it, and to excite in him a great abhorrence of it. Though tempted by the offer of some petty office in the army when about eighteen, he not only declined to accept this, but refused to train, and was lined in consequence. He then resolved that he would have nothing to do with any war unless it were a war for liberty. When the struggle began in Kansas he sent several sons there to help the free State party, telling them that if there were need he would follow and assist them with his hand and counsel. This he soon after did; and it was through his agency, more than that of almost any other, that Kansas was made free. For a part of his life he was a surveyor. At another time he was engaged in wool growing, and went to Europe when engaged in that business. He was an old fashioned man in his faith in the constitution and the Union. Slavery he believed to be opposed to both, and he was its determined foe. He was a New England farmer. *He was like the best of those who stood at Concord Bridge and Lexington Common and Bunker Hill.* It was no abolition lecturer that converted him to anti-slavery. *Ethan Allen and Stark, with whom he may be in some respects compared, were rangers in a far lower and less important field than he. They could face their country's foes; he faced his country herself, when she was wrong.* He did not go to Harvard. He was not fed on the pap that is there furnished. As he phrased it, "I know no more grammar than any of your calves." But he went to the university of the West, where he studied the science of liberty. And having taken his degrees, he finally commenced the public practice of humanity in Kansas. Such were his humanities—he would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a failing man. *He was a Puritan; and that was not so strange, for, some of the Puritans once settled in America. It would be vain to kill him; he died in the time of Cromwell, but he appeared here.* In his camp he permitted no profanity. No man of loose morals was suffered to remain there except as a prisoner of war. "I would rather," says he, "have the smallpox, yellow fever and cholera together than a man without principle. It is a mistake that our people make when they think that bullies are the best fighters or the men to oppose the Southerners. Give me God-fearing men, who respect themselves, and with a dozen of them, will oppose a hundred such men as these Buford ruffians." If a man boasted, he had little confidence in him. He had prayers in his camp morning and evening. He was a man of Spartan habits. At table he would excuse himself, saying he must eat sparingly and live hard, as a man in war who would fit himself for a life of action and exposure, and for great enterprises. He was, above all, a transcendentalist, a man of ideas and principles, not yielding to a mere transient impulse, but carrying out the purposes of a life. He was a man accustomed to speak within bounds—a volcano with an ordinary ebullition. An illustration of this, of certain border rudeness he said, simply, "They had a perfect right to us, and in its presence eloquence seemed at a discount. As to his tact and prudence—when scarcely a man from the free States could enter Kansas without inhibition, he, with what weapons he could collect, slowly drove an oxcart through Missouri, apparently as a surveyor. When, in Kansas, he saw a knot of the ruffians, on the prairie, discussing the topic which then engaged their thoughts, he would take his compass and one of his sons, and proceed to run an imaginary line right through the spot where the confederate was assembled. On coming up with them he would have some talk, and, having learned their plans, and thus completed his real survey, he would proceed to finish his imaginary one. As to his reason, failure, it must be remembered that we do not know the facts about it. His enemy, Mr. Vallandigham, said it was one of the best planned conspiracies that ever failed. Did it show want of good management to deliver a dozen human beings, as he did, walking leisurely with them

from one State to another, the government officials not lenient, but afraid of him? But to make haste, said the lecturer, to his last act, and its effects. The newspapers seem really ignorant of the fact that there are at least two or three individuals to a town, throughout the North, who think much as the speaker did about Brown and his enterprise. It may be true that only a scattered white men and a few negroes were concerned in the enterprise. But the anxiety exhibited to show this may convince us that all is not told. They are so anxious, because of a dim consciousness of a fact which they do not distinctly confess, that at least a million of the free inhabitants of the United States, not privy to this attempt, would have rejoiced if it had succeeded. If any one who has seen him here can pursue, successfully, any other train of thought, I do not know, said the lecturer, what he is made of. I put a piece of paper and a pencil under my pillow, and when I cannot sleep, I write in the dark. The lecturer's respect for his fellow man was not being increased in these days. The fact of this man's ordinarily spoken of as if a common criminal, with only the redeeming quality of being, as Governor Wise, in the language of the cockpit, calls him, "the earnest man" alive, had been apprehended. When Gov.

placing them at a distance, but let some significant event occur in our midst, and we discover this distance and strangeness between us and our nearest neighbors. Our crowded societies become well spaced all at once—a cry of marauding discords. I read, said Mr. Thoreau, all the newspapers I could get the week after this event, and I do not remember a single expression of sympathy for these men. I have since seen one noble statement of not a colored man in the Atlantic City. Some voluminous sheets decided not to print Brown's exploits, to the exclusion of other matter. It was as if a publisher, about to publish a manuscript of the New Testament, and print therein a bit chiefly filled, in parallel columns, with the reports of political conventions. They should at least have been printed separately, in an extra. Return from the words and deeds of earnestment to the cackling of political conventions. It was not so much to what they have inserted. Even the *Liberator* called it a misbegotten, wild, and apparently insane effort. As for the herd of paucers and lackeys, he did not know of one in the country which would print anything that would ultimately and perma-

little, but chiefly studying that fear of Puritanism, who was let down in a wolf's den; and in this wise nourish themselves for brave and patriotic deeds, some time or other. But the fact we have to meet here in our midst and all about us. There is hardly a house but is divided against itself; for our foot is the want of unity in man, where are begotten fear, sloth, superstition, persecution, slavery of all kinds. We are mere fire-brands upon earth. The curse of the times is the worship of idols, which at last changes the worshipper himself into a stone image. This man was an exception for he did not even set up a political graven image between him and his God. Our modern Christianity is wicked. All the modern Christians' prayers begin with "Now I lay me down to sleep," and he is always looking forward to his "sleepy rest." He shows the whites of his eyes on the Sabbath, and the blacks all the rest of the week. Many, no doubt, are well disposed, but eligible by constitution and habit, and they cannot conceive of a man actuated by higher motives than they are. Accordingly, they pronounce his man insane, for they know they never could have none as he does, as long as they are themselves. We dream of other countries and times,

Wise thought he looked so brave, he was not thinking of his loss. One neighbor of the speaker said, "He died as the fool die, which suggested a likeness between his dying and his neighbor's living. Others disparagingly said, 'he threw his life away.' How do these men know their lives away? Another asks, 'What will he gain?' as if he expected to fill his pockets. He will not gain anything by it, for he could not get four-and-sixpence a day for being hung take the year round, but he has considerable chances to save his soul, and such a small cost you do not. No doubt you can get more in your pocket for a quart of milk than a quart of butter, but such is not the market that harvest carries their things. When you plant or bury a hen, crop of corn, or are sure to spring up. The monetary charge at Blackheath has been celebrated by a good natured. But the spirit, and for the most part useful, charge of this man for years against the *Liberator* was a mark more honorable than that of an individual and contentious man in a superior to a machine. Do you think that that will do us any good? Survived his right—a dangerous man! He is undisciplined, if insane." So they proceed to fire their shot and wise and altogether admirable lives, reading their picture a





lently reduce the number of its subscribers. How, then, can they print truth? A man does a brave and humane deed, and we hear parties on all sides crying, "I didn't help him to do it, or in any way connive at it." They need not take so much pains to wash their skirts of him—no intelligent person will ever be convinced that he was any connection of theirs. He went and came, as he himself informs us, under the auspices of Brown, and nobody else. *The republican party does not perceive how many his failure will make to vote more correctly than they would have then. They have counted the votes of Pennsylvania and Co., but they have not correctly counted Captain Brown's vote. He has taken the wind out of their sails—the little wind they had—and they must lie to and repair.* Mr. Thoreau exultingly prophesied the fall of the republican party as the necessary result of Brown's attempt. What though he did not belong to our clique? We may not approve his principles—let us recognize his magnanimity. Do we think we would lose our reputation? As we lose at the stake, we should gain at the bung. The lecturer quoted, from one of the newspaper descriptions of Brown, an allusion to the unparalleled indignation he was accused to exhibit whenever the subject of slavery was broached, as if it were a matter of surprise or censure. The slave ships on its way, crowded with its dying victims, a small crew of slaveholders, with the vast body of passengers smothering under the hatches, and yet we hear that the only way we are to help the matter is by "the quiet diffusion of the sentiments of humanity," without any outbreak; as if you could dispense with evidences of humanity, all finished, the pure article, as easily as water with a water pot, and so lay the dust. What is that we bear east overboard? The bodies of the dead, who have found deliverance. That is the way we are disembodying the sentiments of humanity. Low men suppose Brown was animated by revenge. They do not know the man; they must enlarge themselves to conceive of such a man—a man of faith in principle. He was one who recognized no unjust human laws, but resisted them, as he was bid. *No man in America has ever stood up so resolutely for the dignity of human nature, knowing himself for man, and the equal of any and all governments.* In these respects he was the most American of us all. He needed no lawyer, making false issues, to defend him. *He could not have been tried by his peers, because his peers did not exist.* As for the democratic journals, they are not human enough, the lecturer said, to afford me at all. I do not feel indignation at anything they may say. *I would rather see the statue of Captain Brown in front of our Massachusetts State House than that of any other man that I know.* I rejoice that I live in this age, that I am his contemporary. Insane! A father and six sons, and one son-in-law, and several more men, beside at least twelve disciples, all struck with insanity at once! Just as insane were his efforts in Kansas. Ask the tyrant who is the most dangerous foe, the same man or the insane. Such a word as insane is a mere trope with those who persist in using it, and I have no doubt that many of them, in silence, have already retraced their words. Read his admirable answers to Mason, and others. How they are dwarfed and defeated by the contrast! On the one side, half brutish, half timid questioning; on the other, truth, clear as lightning, crashing into their obscene trimples. They are made to stand as Philae and Gesler, and the Quagmire. *Probably all the speeches of all the men whom Massachusetts has sent to Congress for the last few years do not match, for clarity, directness and force, and for simple truth, the few casual remarks of John Brown on the floor of the Harper's Ferry engine-house—that man whom you are about to send to the other world—though not to represent you there. He is too fair a specimen of a man to represent the like of us. Who, then, were his constituents? Read his words understandingly and you will find out. In his case there is no idle eloquence. Truth is his inspirer, and earnestness the polish of his sentence. He could afford the loss of his Sharp's rifles, while he retained the faculty of speech—a life of far-straighter sight and longer range. It is a relief to turn from the slanders against him to the testimony of his enemies. Mr. Thoreau here quoted from the published remarks of Governor Wise, Colonel Washington and Mr. Vallandigham, in praise of Brown's evient integrity and heroism. This event, the lecturer considered, is a touchstone to bring out with distinctness the character of this government. When a government puts forth its strength on the side of injustice, it reveals itself a merely brute force; or worse, a demagogical force. It is the head of the Plug Uglies. He saw this government to be fairly allied with France and Austria in oppressing mankind. It says, "Cease agitation on the subject of slavery or I will make a slave of you or hang you." The only government he recognizes is the power that establishes justice in the land. Treason! Where does such treason take its rise? You presume to contend with a foe against whom West Point cadets and filled cannon point not. The lecturer proceeded to denounce the government at much length, and to charge upon Massachusetts complicity in its worst crimes. He defended Brown from the imputation of folly in undertaking his enterprise with so few assistants. Would we have the good and brave wait for action till they are in the majority? His company was small, simply because few could be found worthy to pass muster. Each was a picked man, called out of thousands, if not of millions. Surely they were the best men you could select to do hung. That is the greatest compliment this country could pay them. It was Brown's downfall that we have a right to interfere, by force, with the slaveholders, to rescue the slave. The lecturer agreed with him. A true man would not be as much shocked by the death of the slaveholder as by his life. Forever talk against slavery, and never to act, is*

futile and foolish, unless a man were continually inspired. The question is not about the weapon, but the spirit in which you use it. No man has yet appeared in America who loved his fellow man so well, and treated him so well. For him he took up his life; for him he will lay it down. This event advertises us that there is such a thing as death. There has been, before, no death in America, for there has been no life. Men have only rotted and sloughed off as they rotted and sloughed along. The best only run down like a clock. They say they will die. I defy them; they cannot do it; they only deliquesce, and leave a hundred eulogists mopping up the spot where they left off. *These men at Harper's Ferry, in taking us how to die, have at the same time taught us how to live. Their deed is the best news that America has ever heard.* Mr. Giddings says their history will fill a short page in the history of the country. If that will fill a short page, how long a sentence does Mr. Giddings think the history of the republican party will fit?

Mr. Thoreau proceeded to considerable length to eulogize Captain Brown as, perhaps, the noblest man on whom the sun will ever rise in America, and closed by reading a large part of Brown's conversation at the academy, as he lay on the floor, after his capture. That scene, he said, will stand in history with the landing of the Pilgrims and the Declaration of Independence. It will be the ornament of some future national gallery, when at least the present form of slavery shall be no more. Then, and not till then, we will take our revenge.

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### THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR AS PARTY CAPITAL.

[From the Washington National Era.]

The attempts to implicate the republicans in the schemes of Brown may to some extent affect the approaching elections in New York and New Jersey, but their worst consequences must fall upon the South. \* \* \* The mendacious whom the South has to fear are these demagogues, who, for the sake of frightened timid men from the republican party, are inciting the spirit of insurrection among the slaves.

It is only two or three weeks ago that we pointed out this negative effect of such falsehoods, when we had no suspicion that so soon an event would occur well calculated to call them forth with tenfold profusion. But we feel it to be due to the South and to the cause of humanity again to give warning of the danger. Every statement implicating the republican party in the Harper's Ferry affair, which appears in a Southern newspaper or issues from the lips of a demagogue, is a brand which may light the fires of insurrection.

Southern men know that it is impossible to publish any thing in their newspapers relating to the freedom of the negroes, without the glad tidings reaching their ears.

Can any intelligent man who is acquainted with Southern life, doubt that the negroes will in this way be led to expect immediate emancipation as the fruit of a republican triumph? And is it not highly probable that the belief among them that the great majority of the Northern people stand ready to second their efforts for liberation, will cause them, in their eagerness and haste, to plot insurrections?

It would be a fatal mistake to infer that the negroes have no desire to be free, because they remained passive at Harper's Ferry. They know their own strength too well in that vicinity to rush upon destruction, as did Brown and his conspirators. But suppose the same thing happened in South Carolina, where there are two negroes to one white person; does any one believe that they would have remained quiet spectators? In Northern Virginia, and especially in the immediate neighborhood of the Ferry, there are perhaps ten white men to one negro. The slaves, therefore, could not hope for liberation by their own efforts; and they doubtless regarded the efforts of Brown, if he relied essentially upon their co-operation, as all the world seems to do—viz. as the enterprise of a madman. They are, besides, the class of slaves from whom we should expect an effort at insurrection. They are on the border of the free States, and it would be much easier and safer to liberate themselves by running away than by revolting. The facility with which they can run off is a fact well understood by themselves and their masters; and the consequence is, that they are treated with a degree of consideration and kindness which is not generally experienced by the slaves further south. For these reasons alone but denuded, enthusiasm could have dreamed of a successful insurrection at Harper's Ferry. But in any of the Gulf States the same efforts might have been attended with an amount of bloodshed and devastation from which the imagination recoils with horror.

### HOW IT WILL END.

[From the New Orleans Bee.]

We have taken some pains to notice the tone of the black republican journals in their comments upon the Harper's Ferry conspiracy. They may be divided into two distinct classes: those who wheedle and those who bully. To our mind the second class—the bullies—who brazen it out, and chuckle over murder and rapine, having the bloody deeds at Harper's Ferry as the inauguration of a reign of terror in the South, which shall crimson our fields and surrender our dwellings to the torch of the incendiary, are not a particle more horrible and loathsome than the others. They are at least entitled to the merit of an honest and fearless

avowal of their principles, execrable as they are; while the former would press us by the hand and term us brethren, while they stab us under the fifth rib. They dyed in the wool, red-under the white cloth, carried away by a bitter and venomous sectional hatred, or they fooled himself into the belief that slavery ought to be abolished instantaneously and without regard to consequences, is not to be won from his errors by the prospect of the most dreadful excesses.

Several views which they bring forward to justify their policy, most largely and clearly, must make them emancipationists. Here, then, is the great importance of the abolition efforts in Virginia. It shows to the people of the South the enemy which swarms them in their midst, under the control of a sectional anti-slavery party in the free States. It is fast coming to be a fact of life. It is the legitimate fruit of the Union as it is. It is a significant sign of progress. Taken in connection with the fact, it is a portentous omen of the future.

So far from creating any surprise, we do not suppose that there is a thoughtful man in the South who has not been expecting, for the past year, such events as those which lately transpired at Harper's Ferry. Our country has with the North is a standing accusation of immorality in the South. This and the fact that the Southern States, when the constitution of the United States openly avowed that it was established to secure a negro slave as a foundation for its commerce, and the Union itself a power of organization by which America's population is created and the might of the government over the States, have it of tranquility, and protection, hostility and insurrection are now its natural fruits. *The Harper's Ferry insurrection, therefore, is only*

government to suppress it, as very absurd and ridiculous. Events are often important, not on account of their immediate magnitude, but on account of their significance. A simple one of the class may be a very trifling disorder; but if it betokens erysipelas, it is the indication of disease which may be fatal. And so it is in the political world. The importance of any event, however insignificant in itself, must be measured by the principle it involves or the policy it indicates. For twenty-five years the Northern people have been keeping up a continual agitation in the Union concerning the institution of slavery. They have broken up our churches; they have run off our slaves; they have excluded us from our territory on the ground that the institution of slavery is too ignominious to expand, and they have now organized a vast controlling party in the Northern States, looking to the possession of the general government to further their purposes of emancipation. All along, however, we have heard of forth protest professions that no interference with the institution of slavery in the Southern States was intended or contemplated, although every principle they asserted led them just as much to restricting slavery in the States as in our Territories. The constitutional and

avowal of their principles, execrable as they are; while the former would press us by the hand and term us brethren, while they stab us under the fifth rib. They dyed in the wool, red-under the white cloth, carried away by a bitter and venomous sectional hatred, or they fooled himself into the belief that slavery ought to be abolished instantaneously and without regard to consequences, is not to be won from his errors by the prospect of the most dreadful excesses.

### THE INSURRECTION.

[From the Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, Oct. 31.]

The insurrection at Harper's Ferry was simply no insurrection at all. Not a slave joined the reckless fanatics who sought to promote their nefarious policy of emancipation by blood and treason. It was a silly invasion of Virginia by some eighteen men. Four or five men were killed, and a few more will be hanged, and there will be the end of the enterprise in its more physical aspects. The press of the North, looking no further than these results are pretty harmonious in representing it as a very light and trifling affair, and the friends of the Southern States, and of the military of States and of the general





considered, is of vast significance, and should lead the people of the South to prepare for those future events, of which this is only the premonition.

### THE PLAN OF INSURRECTION.

[From the Charleston (S.C.) Mercury, Nov. 1.]

Although Brown's effort at an insurrection has been silly and abortive, the developments are rapidly showing that a wide spread scheme was maturing at the North for insurrections throughout the South.

A carefully concocted plan is published in the New York Herald, republished in the Richmond Whig, and incorporated into the address of the Democratic Committee of the City of New York in an address to the people of New York, by which slavery was to be overthrown in the South with the aid of a military force from the North. We forbear laying this scheme before our readers on account of its incendiary nature, but we advise our readers to get it and read it for themselves. It will give them a clearer insight into the true relations they occupy in the Union, and the "priceless value" of its continuance to them than any other document which has yet seen the light. It is no answer to say that the diabolical inventions who can in cold blood get up such a scheme for our destruction are comparatively few in number in the North. It is enough for us to know that, few or many, they have, by the constitution of the United States, the right to come among us, to live among us, and in their good time carry out their purposes; and, even if their purposes should fail again and again, and scaffold after scaffold shall drip with their gore, the elements of mischief and trouble may survive them, and give new impulse to future adventures and fanaticisms. The great source of the evil is, that we are under one government with these people—that by the constitution they deem themselves responsible for the maintenance of slavery, and, therefore, they seek to overthrow it. They do not plot insurrections for Cuba or Brazil. If we had a separate government of our own, the Post Office, all the avenues of intercourse, the police and military of the country, would be under our exclusive control. Abolitionism would die out of the North, or its adherents would have to operate in the South as foreign emissaries, in a country armed and prepared to exclude their intercourse or arrest their designs and punish their interference. As it is, the "irrepressible conflict" of Seward is destined to go on, although it may be checked and suppressed by repeated failures, until one of two things shall take place—the Union shall be dissolved or slavery shall be abolished. The experience of the last twenty-five years, of ignominious toleration and concession by the South, with the lights of the present reflected on them, show to the most bigoted Unionist that there is no peace for the South in the Union from the forbearance or respect of the North. The South must control her own destinies or perish.

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#### The Progress of Revolution—The Beginning of the End.

In another page of this day's issue of the HERALD the reader will find some extracts from our contemporaries, North and South, giving expression, not only to their own opinions, but to the sentiments of the population among which they circulate. The lecture deifying John Brown, copied from the Boston Atlas, is particularly deserving of attention. Washington, and the other heroes of the Revolution of the last century, are but small potatoes beside the hero of the second revolution. William Tell is but a faint type of him; while his prosecutors are compared with Pilate, Gesler and the Inquisition. Even the cunning and cautious anti-slavery Washington Era predicts fearful servile massacres in the Gulf States; while the pro-slavery Southern journals are preparing their readers for the worst, and declaring in favor of immediate secession and separation, in order to avert a bloody civil war.

But blood is already shed; civil war is begun, and the Southern journals, as well as the Northern, are fanning the flames. Wendell Phillips and the other panegyrists of Brown insist that Harper's Ferry is the Lexington of the revolution of 1839, and will bear to it the same relation in the page of the historian as the event at the little town in Massachusetts bore to the seven years' war of Independence. Brown has been called imprudent by some of the organs of the second

revolution; but they only mean that he is unwise in the same sense that the volunteer leader of the forlorn hope, who attempts to storm a fortress and is mowed down, is considered imprudent by the army who are to follow him and carry the works. John Brown is only foolish because he is braver than his fellow conspirators, and not wicked and criminal because of his treason and murder. On the contrary, his cause is, according to them, good and righteous, and if he had only succeeded in his attempt, he would not only be wise, but greater than Washington himself.

He is thus but a few steps in advance of those revolutionary journals and leaders who are following in his track, *hand passibus aequis*, not with the same impetuosity with which he has charged, but still making steady progress in the same direction. He has led the way, they are on the road. He is the leader of the advance guard—they are leading the main body and the rear. Their time for the assault is not yet come, but it is coming fast. Under the battle cry of Harper's Ferry, and with the name of John Brown inscribed on their banners and re-echoed through their ranks, they intend to carry the State of New York in the ensuing week, and that is the captured bridge that leads Seward to the White House, as the passage of the bridge of Turbigo over the Ticino on the 3d of June led to the victory of Magenta, and opened Louis Napoleon's way to Milan. . . . They may find, to their cost, that they have gone too far, and kindled a fire in their neighbor's house which they cannot quench till it consumes their own. The journals at the South are equally violent, though not so fanatical. They are throwing oil instead of water on the incipient conflagration, and if their advice is adopted it is not long before this great confederacy is split into two halves. Nor would the calamity end there; in spite of all the influence of the press a fierce war would inevitably follow, whose horrors no human heart can conceive.

From all appearances there is only one thing that can prevent this dire catastrophe, which hangs over the Union like two dark thunderclouds, which are approaching each other and at any moment may explode. Nothing can prevent it but the interposition of the conservative element between the antagonistic forces, keeping them both in check by firmness and discretion, and rallying around itself the public virtue and the patriotism of the country.

### (11)

#### Will Brown be Executed?—The Abolitionists Preparing to Celebrate the Day.

"Old John Brown" has been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, by a Virginia court, upon the grave charges of treason, insurrection and murder, and the important question which now agitates our politicians on all sides is, "Will he be executed?" The Richmond Enquirer, the confidential organ of Governor Wise, says that "the Presidency is the offer now

made to the Executive of Virginia for an unjustifiable exercise of Executive clemency" (the pardon or commutation of the sentence of Brown); that many of the sympathizing writers to the Governor on the subject "make their appeals through the fears of personal violence," but that "most of them appeal to the magnanimity, the kind-heartedness, and the ambition of the Executive." The same authoritative journal further informs us that these efforts "are not confined to the black republican journals," but that some of our Northern democratic papers are joining in this cry, and upon the plea that Brown, as a "living martyr, at hard work

for life," would do less damage to the democratic cause in the North, than as a dead martyr.

All such appeals and arguments, however, in behalf of Brown, are very decisively answered by the Richmond journal aforesaid, in the emphatic declarations that "Virginia will execute Brown and his associates, and feels herself able to meet all the consequences that may arise from that act;" and that Brown, having forfeited his life, need not expect the saving intervention of "pity and commiseration." The Enquirer also takes the ground that the execu-

tion of Brown is the shortest way of disposing of the agitation of Brown for political purposes in the North; for it contends that while Brown, in the State prison, would be a constant theme of abolition and black republican agitation, the hanging of Brown would be, even politically, the last of him.

Thus, notwithstanding the confident and defiant language of the Cavalier Webb, that Brown will not be hung, and that Governor Wise dare not permit his execution, we must confess that Brown's chances of escape from the hangman are exceedingly gloomy. The





Governor of Virginia appears to be inflexibly resolved to allow the law to take its course in regard to Brown and his associates. We fear, indeed, that the intervention of Tammany Hall and the Albany Regency combined, in behalf of the commutation of Brown's sentence to imprisonment for life, would be unavailing. Greeley evidently understands better than Webb the temper of Governor Wise, for Brown has hardly the shadow of a hope of escape from the scaffold.

Acting upon this opinion, the radical Boston abolitionists, through the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, have adopted the following resolution:—

EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, Nov. 1, the following resolution was adopted:—

Resolved, That it is recommended to the friends of impartial freedom throughout the free States, in case of the execution of Captain John Brown, now on trial for his life in Virginia, to observe that tragical event, ON THE DAY OF ITS OCCURRENCE, in such manner as by them may be deemed most appropriate in their various localities—whether by public meetings and addresses, the adoption of resolutions, private conferences, or any other justifiable mode of action—for the furtherance of the anti-slavery cause, and renewedly to consecrate themselves to the patriotic and Christian work of effecting the abolition of that most dangerous, unnatural, cruel and iniquitous system of slavery, which is the fruitful source of all our sectional heart-burnings and conflicts, which powerfully and increasingly tends to promote servile insurrections and civil war, which cannot be more truly or more comprehensively described than as “THE SCUM OF ALL VILLANIES,” which is a burning disgrace and fearful curse to the whole country, and by the speedy extinction of which, alone, can the land be saved from violence, blood and utter demoralization.

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS,  
CHARLES C. BURLINGAME, } Secretaries.

From this dreadful manifesto, it will be seen that the abolitionists proper are the first in the field upon the martyrdom of “Old Brown,” and that they intend to make the same use of him that W. H. Seward, Thurlow Weed and the anti-Masonic party of some thirty years ago made of a dead body alleged to be that of Morgan, a recanting Mason, who had published a book disclosing the mysteries of the Order, and had then mysteriously disappeared. But Garrison, Phillips and the American Anti-Slavery Society, will have the advantage over Seward, Weed and the anti-Masons, in having a martyr about whose identity there can be no doubt, and concerning whose fate there will be nothing left to conjecture. Whether Weed, Seward and the republican managers generally will consent to follow in the wake of Garrison and Phillips, in the celebration of the day of Brown's execution in lieu of the Fourth of July, remains to be seen. But as the dead body of the alleged Morgan was paraded by Weed as “a good enough Morgan till after the election,” so, perhaps, the republicans may consent to howl over the execution of Brown when the election is over.

Meantime, we have no advice to give to the Governor of Virginia. If the appeals from the Northern democracy, and the threats of the republicans, in a political and Presidential view of the subject, have failed to shake his resolution to hang Brown, then we may say that the argument is ended. Accordingly, let the American Anti-Slavery Society prepare for their funeral orgies; and if our black republi-

cans should wish to join in the ceremonies, perhaps our red republicans will lend them the funeral paraphernalia which they used in memory of that other crazy champion of “human freedom,” Orsini.

KANSAS TESTIMONY AGAINST BROWN.—We print elsewhere extracts from a Kansas republican paper—the *Herald of Freedom*, published in Lawrence—which represent Old Brown's case in a very unfavorable light. When we add that this testimony comes from a journal which has hoisted the names of Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, for President, and Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, for Vice President, its abolition orthodoxy will not be questioned, nor its evidence impugned on the ground of political hostility. Well, this *Herald of Freedom*, published in the abolition stronghold of Lawrence, Kansas, and edited by a namesake of old Ossawatimie himself, shows up John Brown in the very worst colors as a malignant cut-throat and murderer. It gives dates and circumstances with the greatest minuteness, and shows that on the 24th of May, 1856, three months before the first of Brown's sons (Frederick) was killed and before any of the family had had a hair of their heads injured, Old Brown, with seven men, had marched at night to a point eight miles above Potawatomie creek, called from their beds five pro-slavery men, whose names are given, and ruthlessly assassinated them.

The same paper tells, also, how at the Lawrence Convention there was organized by Lane, Brown, Redpath and others, “a secret oath-bound league, the object of which was to massacre, in cold blood, every officer elected under the Lecompton constitution.” But as no officers were elected under it, and as it never went into operation, there was no opportunity for carrying out the ruthless conditions of the oath of blood. Finally, we are told that the whole plan of the Harper's Ferry organization, mode of operation, &c., had been known in Kansas for a long time, and that Gerrit Smith was the tool of the conspirators. The editor gives notice, too, that he has all the facts and figures in his possession, and will make good his statements when called on.

Really, in view of this evidence, voluntarily given by an abolition organ, we begin to think that Old Brown has had too large a measure of sympathy, and that he deserved a long rope and a short shrift years ago.

We can hardly think that the *Herald of Freedom* has been influenced, in stating these facts, by the cold blooded political calculations that are inducing the abolitionists and black republicans of the North to provoke Governor Wise into renouncing any ideas of mercy he might have been forming in regard to Old Brown. At all events, Brown has every reason to pray to be saved from his friends.

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HALF AN HOUR AT SUNNYSIDE.

A Visit to Washington Irving.

now; for at that time our busy author had sealed himself from almost everybody but one near neighbor; while he has since unwittingly gathered around him a little community of New York merchants, whose elegant country-seats, opening into each other by mutual intertwining roads, form what looks like one vast and free estate, called on the time-tables of the railroad by the honorary name of Irvington. But even within the growing circle of his many neighbors, the genial old Knickerbocker still lives in true retirement, entertaining his guests within echo distance of Sleepy Hollow—without thought, and almost without knowledge,

pretending to be the true red-breast that laid the leaves over the babes in the wood!

The morning had been rainy, and the afternoon showed only a few momentary openings of clear sky; so that I saw Sunnyside without the sun. But under the heavy clouds there was something awe-inspiring in the somber view of those grand hills with their many-colored forests, and of Hendrik Hudson's ancient river still flowing at the feet of the ancient palisades.

The mansion of Sunnyside has been standing for twenty-three years; but when first its sharp-angled roof wedged its way up among the branches of the old woods, the region was far more a solitude than

I had half an hour one day last week at Sunnyside—the residence of Washington Irving. Such a half hour ought to have been one of the pleasantest in one's life; and so it was! The pleasure began before reaching the door-step, or taking the old man's hand—in the thousand associations of the place. For a visit to Sunnyside is equal to a pilgrimage to Abbot's ford.

The quaint, grotesque old dwelling, with its old-fashioned gables, stood as solemn and sleepy among the trees, as if it had been built to personate old Rip Van Winkle at his nap. The grounds were covered with brown and yellow leaves, with here and there a red squirrel running and rattling among them, as if





"—how the great world  
Is praising him far off!"

He withdrew a year ago from all literary labor, and is now spending the close of his life in well-earned and long-moored repose.

Mr. Irving is not so old-looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall into the back-parlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year! He was suffering from rheumatism, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he made me almost forget that I was the guest of an old man long past his "three-score years and ten."

But what should one talk about who had only half an hour with Washington Irving? I ventured the question,

"Now that you have laid aside your pen, which of your books do you look back upon with most pleasure?"

He immediately replied, "I scarcely look with full satisfaction upon any; for they do not seem what they might have been; I often wish that I could have twenty years more, to take them down from the shelf, one by one, and write them over."

He spoke of his daily habits of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more. His usual hours for literary work were from morning till noon. But, although he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, and could never tell, when he took up the pen, how many hours would pass, before he would lay it down.

"But," said he, "these capricious periods, of the heat and glow of composition, have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in anything outside of the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind awake."

His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

"Some writers," said he, "appear to have been independent of moods. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could Crabbe—but with this difference: Scott always, and Crabbe seldom, wrote well. I remember," said he, "taking breakfast one morning with Rogers, Moore, and Crabbe; the conversation turned on Lord Byron's poetic moods; Crabbe said that, however it might be with Lord Byron, as for himself he could write as well at one time as at another. But," said Irving, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, "Crabbe has written a great deal that nobody can read!"

He mentioned that while living in Paris, he went a long period without being able to write. "I sat down repeatedly," said he, "with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on the paper. At length, I told my friend Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast, and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon—when I had completely covered the table with freshly-written

sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks."

I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy; he replied, "Bracebridge Hall."

"None of your works," I remarked, "are more charming than the Biography of Goldsmith."

"Yet that was written," said he, "even more rapidly than the other." He then added:

"When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read."

Sometimes, also, as the last Illwild letter mentions, he gets up to shave!

"When I was in Spain," he remarked, "searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the Life of Columbus, I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four."

He said that whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless; and he invariably threw it away, and began again; "for," as he observed, "an essay or chapter that has been only hammered out, is seldom good for anything. An author's right time to work is when his mind is aglow; when his imagination is kindled;—these are his precious moments: let him wait until they come, but when they have come, let him make the most of them."

I referred to his last and greatest work, the Life of Washington, and asked if he felt, on finishing it, any such sensation as Gibbon is said to have experienced over the last sheet of the Decline and Fall. He replied that the whole work had engrossed his mind to such a degree, that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feebleness of health; that he feared in the midst of his labor that it would break him down before he could end it; that when the last the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back upon his red-cushioned lounge with an indescribable feeling of relief! He added that the great fatigue of mind, throughout the whole task, had resulted from the care and pains required in the construction and arrangement of materials, and not in the mere literary composition of the successive chapters.

But what magnificent volumes! What a work for an old man to have achieved! What a fitting close to the labors of a long and busy life! They unite on one page, and will perpetuate in one memory, not only a great name, but its great namesake: the Father of the American Republic, and the Father of the American Republic of Letters!

On the parlor wall hung the engraving of Faed's picture of "Scott and his Contemporaries;" I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

"Yes," said he, "I knew every man of them but three; and now they are all gone!"

"Are the portraits good?" I inquired.

"Scott's head," he replied, "is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force; Campbell's is tolerable; Lockhart's is the worst. Lockhart," said he, "was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than in the picture."

"You should write one more book," I hinted.

"What is that?"

"Your reminiscences of those literary friends."

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it is too late now! I shall

his morning-ride—brought him his hat for his fine weather walks—and in every possible way humored him in every possible whim!

"I call them sometimes my nieces," he said, "but oftener my daughters!"

As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. "It was a gift from a little child who had come to see him every day during his sick-

am the most fortunate old bachelor in the world! Yes," he repeated with a merry emphasis, "the most fortunate old bachelor in all the world!"

It was delightful to witness the animation of his manner, and the heartiness of his spirit, as he continued to relate how they supplied all his wants—gave him his medicines at the right time, without troubling him to look at the clock for himself—called him down to breakfast—clonked and shawled him for

never take the pen again; I have so entirely given up writing, that even my best friends' letters lie unanswered. I must have rest. No more books now!"

He referred to the visit, a week before, from Mr. Willis, whose letter he had just been reading in *The Home Journal*.

"I am most glad," said he, "that Mr. Willis remembered my nieces; they are my housekeepers and nurses; they take such good care of me that really I





ness. The picture was accompanied with a note printed in large letters, with a lead-pencil, by the little correspondent who said she was too young to write! He spoke with great vivacity of his childish visitor. "Children," said the old man, "are great pets; I am very fond of the little creatures."

The author's study—into which I looked for a few moments before leaving—is a small room, almost entirely filled by the great writing table and the lounge behind it. The walls are laden with books and pictures, which evidently are rearranged every day by some delicate hand; for none of the books were tumbled into a corner, and no papers were lying loose upon the table. The pen, too, was laid precisely parallel to the edge of the ink-stand—a nicety which only a womanly housekeeper would persevere to maintain! Besides, there was not a speck of dust upon carpet or cushion!

I stood reverently in the little room—as if it were a sacred place! Its associations filled my mind with as much delight as if I had been breathing fragrance from hidden flowers. On leaving, I carried the picture of it vividly in my mind, and still carry it;—the quiet, secluded, poetic haunt in which a great author wrote his greatest works!

As I came away, the old gentleman bunched his shawl about him, and stood a few moments on the steps. A momentary burst of sunshine fell on him through the breaking clouds. In that full light he looked still less like an old man than in the dark parlor by the shaded window. His form was slightly bent, but the quiet humor of the early portraits was still lingering in his face. He was the same genial, generous, merry-eyed man at seventy-seven as Jarvis had painted him nearly fifty years before. I wish always to remember him as I saw him at that last moment!

THEODORA TILTON.

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## General News.

### DOMESTIC.

#### Harper's Ferry.

The excitement in Virginia in regard to the rescue of John Brown has become so absurd as to be a matter of shame to those who have caused it. Troops have been kept under arms at Richmond; troops have been hastened forward from Alexandria; munitions of war have been expedited from the arsenal at Washington to the arsenal at Harper's Ferry; the railroad company has placed an armed guard to wait upon the highness of the Harper's Ferry bridge, and yet the accounts from Baltimore, based upon the latest information advanced from Charlestown, assure that no enemy has appeared to withstand these formidable preparations; and that the moving cause of the extremely violent popular emotion was the conflagration of a hay-stack.

#### Aid for John Brown's Family.

Ten thousand photographs of Capt. Brown (copied from an admirable likeness) have been prepared under the direction of Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt of New York, and are offered for sale at one dollar each, the proceeds (after paying the trifling expense of the work) to go to Capt. Brown's family. We understand that \$200 have already been realized from the sale.

In Boston, on Saturday evening, a public meeting was held in Tremont Temple, attended by two thousand people, to raise a fund for the same purpose.

The assemblage was called to order about 7½ o'clock by Hon. J. A. Andrew. He was accompanied by Rev. J. M. Manning of the Old South church, Rev. Dr. Neal of the Somerset-street Baptist church, and Wen-

dell Phillips. The Divine blessing was invoked by Dr. Neal, who also offered up prayer for the family of Brown.

Addresses were made by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rev. J. M. Manning, and Wendell Phillips, Esq. We have no room except for a single extract from one of three stirring speeches. Rev. Mr. Manning thus uttered "The Voice of Old South." He said:

"Mr. Manning thought it was rather difficult to speak of the subject on hand to-night without expressing an opinion regarding the affair at Harper's Ferry. He should never have advised Brown to do what he had done. Filibusters went to Southern lands to rescue men from Spanish tyranny, and were not molested. But Brown had interfered with home tyranny, and must die. Brown was not insane. He was the sword in the hand of a higher power. It was the finger of God writing upon the wall of Belshazzar's palace the doom of the tyrants. Mr. Manning took his hearers back to the day of the Boston massacre, when Crispus Attucks, the colored man, fought in defense of the liberty of white men. No patriot would have advised his attack on the British soldiery. But the citizens of Boston followed his remains to the grave in a long procession, and year after year celebrated the anniversary of that massacre. The last public address Joseph Warren made before he fell at Bunker Hill was on such an occasion—an address made in the very face of British bayonets, and defying intimidation. After Barker Hill that celebration was changed to the 4th of July. Daniel Webster said that from the day of the Boston massacre was dated the disruption of the British empire. So might it be with the death of John Brown. Should, half a century hence, its result be the freedom of the whole land, no man would find fault with the battle of Harper's Ferry—when some other Daniel Webster, at a safe distance, might say that from the moment when John Brown swung between heaven and earth might be dated the beginning of the end of American slavery. Mr. Manning drew other parallels. The Government journals of 1770 charged the trouble on the ministers stirring up the people. The patriots said that it was caused by parading British regiments in Boston. So does the Slave Power parade before Northern conscience the revolting wickedness of slavery. The ansaker then counseled at some length the cherishing of love for the slaveholder while he hated slavery. Faithfulness linked with love and firm adherence to duty was the rightful path, remembering that the roots of slavery were in Northern soil as well as Southern."

#### Later Advances.

##### MORE TROOPS FOR CHARLESTOWN.

HARPER'S FERRY, Nov. 19th, 12 p.m.—Various rumors have been afloat to-day as to the approach of armed men from Ohio in the direction of Wheeling. The respectable source from which the report originated, has created some excitement about Charlestown, but none here. More troops are being demanded of the Governor, but this may be as much to protect the prisoners from the populace as anything else.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19th.—The Richmond Regiment and Governor Wise arrived at 7 a.m., and left for Charlestown, in a special train, at 10. On arriving there, the troops will go into encampment, and remain till after the executions. There is nothing confirmatory of the rumor that a body of armed men has crossed the Ohio.

HARPER'S FERRY, Nov. 20th, evening.—The fresh excitement was caused by the arrival from Bellair, near Wheeling, of a man named Smith Crane, who stated that he had incidentally overheard a conversation between some men, who had organized a band of five hundred to march to the release of Brown and the other prisoners at Charlestown. He immediately set out for Harper's Ferry to apprise the inhabitants of the fact.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20th.—The extra train, with Wise and the 1st Regiment, arrived at Harper's Ferry at 4.30. The Petersburg battalion—four companies—arrived here by the boat in the afternoon, and await instructions from the Governor. Roger A. Pryor and the venerable Hugh Pleasants are privates in the Petersburg battalion.

#### Gov. Wise in a Flight.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20th.—Governor Wise was waited

upon at the Washington junction by several officers of the railroad, with whom he conversed quite freely with regard to the excitement. The Governor was understood to say, in response to suggestions, that the rumors were probably unfounded; that though he might be regarded as making unnecessary preparations for an enemy that might not appear, yet, in so grave a matter, and with the clear and positive evidence in his possession of the existence of an intention and an organization to attempt a rescue of the state prisoners, he preferred to have fifty times too many men to

places in the vicinity of Charlestown.

Governor Wise further declared that while it would gratify him to find that no effort at a rescue would be made, and that his visit and attendant precautions were entirely unnecessary, yet it would, he believed, be useful to Virginia in the end, as showing the alacrity with which the volunteers responded to a public call, and the ease and promptitude with which she could concentrate them in force, to sustain her laws or to repel the violent invasion of her soil.





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## THE DAY OF EXECUTION.

FRIDAY of next week is the day fixed by the court for the execution of John Brown. Unless with a view to pander to the appetite of Virginians for a bloody demonstration, Gov. Wise shall respite the old man until the 16th, when his comrades are to be hung, before our next issue can reach our readers, the execution will have passed; and therefore we now throw out a few suggestions with reference to the day.

In permitting the sentence of death to take effect, Gov. Wise will act against the unanimous sentiment of the North. We say unanimous, for after all our reading and inquiry on the subject we have been able to learn of but one man who thinks that John Brown *ought* to be hung; that man is the editor of *The N. Y. Observer*, who even after such men as the editors of *The Herald* and *The Journal of Commerce* have endeavored, from motives of expediency, to stay Brown's execution, still clamors for it, as with the conscience of an inquisitor!

For ourselves, we cannot resist the conviction that God has in view the overthrow of Slavery, in all the steps of this sad but most impressive event. No servile insurrection at the South, not even a combination among the slaves reaching through all the states, and a simultaneous uprising from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande, could have awakened such a sensation throughout the country, as did the raid of John Brown into Virginia. This unprecedented assault upon the institution of slavery opened a new and irrepressible cause of agitation and alarm. Men having no personal interest to serve, were ready to make war upon Slavery at the hazard of their own lives. This fact has commanded the attention of thousands who would have given but a passing thought to a negro insurrection; and has led them to inquire, What is the system that has provoked such an assault? What is the cause for which these brave and honest men are willing to die? And now, as if on purpose that this lesson might not be lost, the Virginians have done everything to concentrate public attention upon the scene. The exaggerations of danger into which their own fears betrayed them, the movements of their Governor, and their militia, the telegraphic rumors and alarms, the suspicion and vigilance manifested toward strangers, all kept up the excitement, till every newspaper in the land was filled with it, and every reader made familiar with its details. The indecent haste of the court to obtain a verdict of *Guilty* against the prisoner, the rude treatment of counsel from abroad, the disregard of the forms and proprieties of law,—all this infuriate zeal of the slave-power, in contrast with the manly demeanor and conscientious integrity of the prisoner, has excited universal discussion as to the principles of the case. And again, the speedy close assigned to the tragedy, has prevented any such decline of public interest as time would have insured. Had John Brown been sentenced to be hung six months hence, the day of his execution would hardly have been remembered by the great body of the reading public. But the court in its eagerness for publicity in the whole transaction, has made sure that everybody shall ponder that event

with unabated interest till the sentence shall be executed. The day of execution will fix and crown these manifold impressions.

And what is it that is thus on trial before the great public of these United States? What is it that is undergoing the scrutiny of thousands of eager eyes? What is it that will be hung up on the gallows in the gaze of all men? Not John Brown, but Slavery! John Brown has already received the verdict of the people as a brave and honest man. Governor Wise himself has told the world that he never saw such courage, truthfulness, and sincerity, as he saw in that wounded old man at Harper's Ferry, indicted for murder and treason. The letters of Brown, and his speeches to the court, have convinced all men that Governor Wise read him truly. Misguided as he was by his zeal for the oppressed, wild and unwarrantable as was his whole scheme for their emancipation, he yet stands forth in his motives, his spirit, and his intention, the bravest, truest, noblest man Virginia has seen since her race of Revolutionary heroes passed away. It is impossible to hang such a man so as to attach to his name any of the obloquy of the gallows. For him it has no terrors, and it can inflict no reproach upon his memory. Not John Brown but Slavery will be gibbeted, when he hangs upon the gallows. Slavery itself will receive the scorn and execration it has invoked for him. That execution will strengthen and consolidate the feeling of the North in determined and irrepressible hatred of the barbarism that makes traitors and criminals of men who seek to deliver the oppressed. Just this was needed to arouse the North to the perils that threaten the nation from the preponderance of the slave-power in the Federal Administration. Just this brief inauguration of a reign of terror was needed, to prepare the way for that peaceful but triumphant revolution by the ballot-box, which shall wrest the government ordained for liberty, from the tyranny that has usurped it.

When John Brown is executed, it will be seen that he has done his work even more effectually than if he had succeeded in running off a few hundred slaves. The bare financial cost of all the prosecutions and precautions that have grown out of his invasion, the proclamations and rewards of the Governor, the maintenance of the

troops in all their seditious excursions, the distribution of fire-arms throughout the state,—the money bill that Virginia must pay for John Brown, will make a serious inroad upon her profits in negroes for the year. *The terror by night* that rules in every household upon her soil, driving sleep from mothers and children, and starting Governor and troops upon railway marches on the Sabbath; the anxieties and fears that for months to come will burden her population; Incendiarism, and Assassination haunting the sleep of those who have participated in these trials, and perhaps marking them as victims; the spirit of revenge which that execution will awaken in thousands of slaves made desperate by hope deferred;—all this will make the cost of slavery to Virginia greater than she can bear. The ridicule, scorn, and indignation of the civilized world which Virginia will draw upon herself by this execution, will soon make intolerable a system that can be maintained only at such fearful cost. John Brown has done his work. John Brown swinging upon

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## FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Saturday, Nov. 19, 1859.  
STRANGE to tell, the panic about the Harper's Ferry invasion will not go down in this region, and the rustling of a leaf, the explosion of a gun, the burning of a rick of wheat, or any other petty occurrence, suffices to set the whole District, Maryland, and Virginia, into a great commotion. This capacity for cowardice in the Southern people astonishes me. That Southern slaveholders have always heretofore

simultaneous public meetings to concentrate the feeling and unite the action of the North against slavery. Then when the body of John Brown shall be delivered to his family, there will be an opportunity for a funeral oration which shall teach the world that the mistakes and infirmities of our humanity in a good cause, cannot repress our admiration of the hero who braved death for the weak and the wronged.

the gallows, will toll the death-knell of slavery. But the friends of freedom must take heed that they do not mar his work by any mistake on their part. They should arrange to make the day of his execution impressive and memorable. We would suggest that on that day there be special prayer in families and in public assemblies, for the speedy and peaceable emancipation of the slaves; that on that day special contributions be made as a memorial of John Brown, and for the future support of his family; and that in the evening of that day, there be as far as possible





won their victories by threats rather than by genuine courage, we all know, but the education of the slaveholder is such as to call out his military qualities and endow him with physical courage. The man who goes always armed and on horseback, should be, according to the nature of things, a better soldier than the artisan and farm-laborer.

But notwithstanding these advantages, the slaveholders of all this region are either palsied with fear, or they are crack-brained. A few days ago stories came of barn-burning and rick-firing near Charlestown. It was no uncommon occurrence in any of the states of this Union, and in this case, without doubt, all the offensive acts were committed by two or three Virginian ruffians. But no sooner does Gov. Wise hear of it than he sends three hundred armed men, with a couple of cannon behind them, to make war upon one or two rick-burners! Washington resounded with martial music for several hours, and our railway was instantly pressed into the service of those life-preservers of Despotism.

Candid men here, who by position and education naturally sympathize with the South in her struggle with the North for political supremacy, are ashamed of this development. They admit that *something* is making arrant cowards of all Virginia, and declare that it is a burning shame to the slaveholding states. John Brown is opening the eyes of many people in the slaveholding states to their weakness. *Something* must cause all this panic, this shameful cowardice, and it does not take an intelligent man long to discover what that something is. It is slavery—the consciousness of occupying a wicked attitude toward a race—in short, it is *conscience which makes cowards of them all*.

The leading journals of the South, and especially those of Washington, have already indicated the issue which they were to tender the people of this country next fall. It is simply Union or Disunion—the triumph of the nominee of the Charleston Convention and Union—that of the Republican Convention and Disunion. Day after day the organ of Mr. Buchanan, and in a certain sense the organ of the so-called Democratic party, is filled with diatribes against the disunionists, the traitors, the disorganizers, etc. etc., and with the same breath tries to force the disunion issue upon the people. A disunionist, says the organ of the Slave-Power, is of all knaves the worst—and disunion of all calamities is to be most dreaded. So far so good. But it goes further, and *threatens* disunion in case a Republican President is elected in 1860. This is to be the great party cry of the Democratic party next year, and already it has had an effect in some portions of the free states, so that it may as well be exposed at the outset.

How are we to have disunion if a Republican be elected to the Presidential chair? Will the Republicans sever the Union? Not at all. Who will? Why, the so-called Democracy. This is the kind of political slavery which the Slaveholding party proposes to the freemen of the North. It is for a Union so long as it triumphs, and no longer. So long as the North will remain a political vassal of the South all is well, but the moment the North elects a President after its own heart, the South will withdraw from the Union! The South, in short, will not allow the majority principle to be put into practice nationally, and will not abide the Constitution. . . .

Gov. Wise passed through Washington yesterday for Charlestown, and various speculations are afloat respecting his purpose. Before this letter is in type the object of his visit may be known to you. It is

supposed here that John Brown will be respited until the 16th of December, but nothing is certain. If Cook is to be pardoned, perhaps it will be thought best to hang Brown as the leader of the invasion, and respite the others for a few months. This will give a fitting opportunity to get Cook's sentence commuted or set aside altogether. Gov. Willard of Indiana has spent the week with Gov. Wise, and it is not improbable that the brother-in-law of a Democratic Governor will be singled out from among the rest of the insurgents for mercy.

Gov. Wise is playing a desperate game with the tragedy at Harper's Ferry. He thinks to win the Presidency through a Southern panic, and he ministers to the fears and cowardice of the people of the slaveholding states. But he is too eager, and has overplayed his part. The Democracy even is not sunk low enough to take him up with the conditions he demands. So may it be with all the enemies of Liberty!

D. W. B.

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#### A LETTER FROM MRS. STOWE.

MILAN, Oct. 23, 1859.

WE have passed three most delightful days in Milan—a beautiful city of itself, and now animated by all the hilarity and enthusiasm of recently recovered national independence.

One could not look into the street without seeing everywhere the tokens of the change that has redeemed the fair capital of Lombardy.

Our first glance, of course, when we rose in the morning, was from the balcony of our hotel toward the Cathedral, which rises, a labyrinth of fairy frost-work with its thousand snowy spires:—and above all, in the hand of the gilded Madonna that crowns the summit, waved a broad tricolored banner—the long forbidden green, red, and white of Italy. The street on either side displayed the flags of the same. "In the shop windows one sees constantly memorials of the recent struggle. The pictures of Victor Emanuel and of the Emperor of the French, of Garibaldi and Count Cavour, figure side by side. In the shops we remarked tricolored ribbons, tricolored scarfs, tricolored jewelry, crosses, buttons, brooches, ornaments for the hair—in short, it seemed astonishing to see the ingenuity of the devices by which the idea was repeated.

The city presents a most animated aspect, from the presence of the French army, who seem to be living in the closest intimacy with the Italian soldiery. Fifty thousand French are to winter in Lombardy, to be on hand for future events—whatever these may be. Besides this, we were informed by an Italian gentleman, that multitudes of families and individuals had flocked in from Venice, Verona, and other cities, in the regions which are still under Austrian rule. On asking for letters to Venice, the reply was, It is almost impossible to give you the address of any of the Liberals, for all who can possibly do it, come here to Milan.

One sees certain things in the very atmosphere and air of a place. One thing is quite evident, and that is, that the Italians at present seem to have the greatest confidence in the French, and regard them with enthusiastic gratitude as the saviors of the country.

them answered with a face full of satisfaction, "and this is the Emperor;—don't you want the Emperor too?" Unfortunately we did not—not sharing fully the confidence felt by her. An Italian gentleman of intelligence and education with whom we talked, said to us, One thing is certain; Victor Emanuel will know nothing of the peace of Villafranca;—and if the Pope does not make concessions, the

There seems to be confidence reposed in Louis Napoleon as the protector of Italy. We stopped in the street near the Cathedral, where some tricolored trinkets were exposed for sale, and bought a lock of which had the Sardinian arms and Italian colors on one side and a miniature of Victor Emanuel on the other. It was very small, and we were somewhat uncertain, and inquired if it were really the King of Sardinia. "Yes, it's Victor," the woman who sold

While walking on the roof of the Cathedral, we noticed the lower statues perfectly covered with names and inscriptions scribbled in pencil. When we expressed our surprise, our guide, an Italian, answered with indulgence, "Ah, these poor fellows who have come here to fight for us, if they want to get a little renown by putting their names here, we must let them. . . . We can clean the statues again by-and-by!"





Emperor will withdraw the troops from Rome, and then the people there will take the power into their own hands." So people talk, and expect, and look to the future, though all agree that no decisive movement will be made this winter.

No man of modern times seems to have a more brilliant position opening before him than Victor Emanuel. In view of all that depends on him, one is glad to see that all his busts and pictures unite in giving him the signs of a nature of great vigor and force. He seems a strong man, made for strong work, and to possess the heart of the whole Italian people. "That Italy should unite as one man, under such a king, is a thing almost too good to be hoped—a scene surpassing fable." "Never before," said this gentleman to me, "were we all so united; now we could all come together in one if we were permitted. Poor Italy! they have not suffered her to show what she could do."

Speaking of "*poor Italy*," reminds me of a shop window where I saw silk handkerchiefs with tricolor borders in commemoration of recent events. One of them represents Italy as a beautiful woman, in the national peasant costume, kneeling in distress and raising imploring hands, while a French soldier is coming to her rescue. Another handkerchief bears Italian colors, with the motto "Defend the Independence of Italy."

The cities that yet remain under the Austrian yoke, are like caged birds watching the flight of their free companions, or like hounds held in leash after all their fellows have gone to the chase. It is impossible that they should quietly submit—nothing could be more galling than the subjugation of Italians to Austrians. One could see that they might much easier be reconciled to the sway of a race congenial as the French; but the Austrians are their entire antipodes. They cannot understand the Italians, nor the Italians them.

We are going to-morrow to visit the field of Magenta, where was struck the decisive blow that freed Milan. We are all brimful of Italian enthusiasm, and I fancy this quick-witted people perceive it, for we get many smiles of good-will. Magenta and our peaceable adventures there, may serve for another letter. H. B. S.

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## THE VIRGINIA SCAFFOLD.

Rear on high the scaffold-altar! all the world will turn to see

How a man has dared to suffer that his brothers may be free!

Rear it on some hill-side looking north and south and east and west,

Where the wind from every quarter fresh may blow upon his breast,

And the sun look down unshaded from the chill December sky,

Glad to shine upon the hero who for Freedom dared to die!

All the world will turn to see him;—from the pines of wave-washed Maine

To the golden rivers rolling over California's plain,  
And from clear Superior's waters where the wild swan loves to sail

To the Gulf-lands, summer-bosomed, fanned by ocean's softest gale;—

Every heart will beat the faster in its sorrow or its scorn,

For the man nor courts nor prisons can annoy another morn!

And from distant climes and nations men shall westward gaze and say,

"He who periled all for Freedom on the scaffold dies to-day."

Never offering was richer, nor did temple fairer rise  
For the gods serenely smiling from the blue Olympian skies;

Porphyry or granite column did not statelier cleave the air

Than the posts of yonder gallows with the cross-beam waiting there;

And the victim, wreathed and crownéd, not for Dian nor for Jove,

But for Liberty and Manhood, comes, the sacrifice of Love.

They may hang him on the gibbet; they may raise the victor's cry

When they see him darkly swinging like a speck against the sky;—

Ah! the dying of a hero that the right may win its way,

Is but sowing seed for harvest in a warm and mellow May!

Now his story shall be whispered by the firelight's evening glow,

And in fields of rice and cotton when the hot noon passes slow,

Till his name shall be a watch-word from Missouri to the sea,

And his planting find its reaping in the birthday of the Free!

Christ, the crucified, attend him! weak and erring though he be,

In his measure he has striven, suffering Lord! to love like Thee.

Thou the vine—thy friends the branches—is he not a branch of Thine,

Though some dregs from earthly vintage have defiled the heavenly wine?

Now his tendrils lie unclaspéd, bruised, and prostrate on the sod,—

Take him to thine upper garden where the husband-man is God!

DEAN.

## (18)

## DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

At length the genial old man of Sunnyside is dead! The news has excited less surprise than regret, for seven years ago he had reached his "three score and ten," and for several months past had been afflicted with an asthmatic complaint which threatened shortly to bring him to the grave. The event, which was sudden at last, fell more unexpectedly on the members of his own household than on the public.

It occurred on Monday evening last. He had not been confined to his bed during the day, and in the evening had been sitting with his nephews and nieces at the tea-table—at which his conversation had been even more lively and cheerful than usual. About ten

Thus, in the fullness of his years and of his honors, after a life of labor that had brought a rich reward to himself and a richer profit to the world, he finished his life after having finished his works, and his name now passes into American history as the father of American literature!

Who now will write his biography? Boswell, in beginning his memoirs of Dr. Johnson, confessed in his first lines the difficulty of writing "the life of him

then observed suddenly to raise his hand and press it upon his breast, and the moment afterward he fell to the floor. The relatives and friends in the house gathered instantly about him. Various restoratives were applied to reawaken him to consciousness, but in vain. A physician, who had been sent for at the first moment of alarm, came quickly to the bedside, but came too late. The life had gone out of the body, and no mortal power could win it back!

o'clock, on preparing to retire, he complained of languidness, and of a recurrence of the old pain in his left side, which, at intervals, had given him trouble for months past. He expressed to his niece a fear that he might not sleep well. He placed some books near his bed-side (as on many previous occasions during his indisposition) that in the night he might light his lamp, to while away, over their pages, some of his wakeful and restless hours. He was





who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others." But it will be a still more difficult and delicate task to write the life of him who, in this species of writing, excelled both Boswell and Johnson. If the biography of Irving could be written as well as he himself has written the biography of Goldsmith, it would be a book more fascinating than his own *Tales of the Alhambra*.

After a man has lived to a ripe old age, there have been many events even in an uneventful career. The leading incidents in the life of our great author were the researches, travels, studies, and various labors connected with the writing and publication of his numerous works. With these charming volumes most of the readers of this journal are too familiar to need a catalogue of their titles, or a late word spoken in their praise. For ease and grace of style, and for a genial humor that exhales almost like an actual fragrance from every page, they have long since divided equal honors with the essays of *The Spectator*. The name of Irving may stand side by side with the name of Addison.

A single word may be added to this notice, which has not yet been said in any of the more extended sketches of the daily press. It is not generally known with what fidelity, during the whole period of his life, Mr. Irving followed his natural and particularly his intellectual instincts—never permitting himself to engage in any work, even in the times of his most necessitous poverty, to which he did not feel drawn by the strong leadings of his own tastes. Thus, born with a genius for literature, he refused, after he had been educated for the law, to enter upon its practice. When, still a young man and traveling in Italy, he met Allston, the artist, who strenuously advised him to the pursuit of art—he obeyed his own nature rather than his friend's advice. When for a time he attached himself to the mercantile business of his brothers, he stipulated that the details of business should never be allowed to encroach upon his literary pursuits. When, after mercantile reverses, he went to Scotland, and received from his generous friend Walter Scott the offer of the editorial chair of a new political magazine—he had the courage, although he was then almost a beggar for his daily bread, to decline a proposal to which his nature could give no congenial response. Moreover, when engaged even in his favorite literary studies and labors, he never allowed his mind to work beyond the period of its true inspired and glowing moods. He never forced or hurried his thinking or writing. He kept the pen busy only while the mind was fresh. Every page of his volumes, from the early papers of *Salmagundi* to the final chapters of the *Life of Washington*, will bear witness to this unvarying and conscientious fidelity of his own mind to its best moods. Is not this the secret of the perpetual and unbroken charm of his style?

The writer of these lines can never forget a late visit to Sunnyside, of which a record already has been made in these columns. On that afternoon, it was little anticipated, either by host or guest, that so lively an interview was to be followed in a few short days by the sad event of death. To the writer, that occasion was made the more delightful by the generous welcome with which an old man kindly received a stranger, and by the unexpected sympathy, vivacity, and ardor with which he voluntarily began and continued a conversation which lengthened to half an hour a visit that had been designed, on the part of the visitor, for scarcely more than a few hurried

moments. How vivid a picture of that scene now rises to the mind! It is Geoffrey Crayon sitting in his arm-chair, in an interval of relief from the more acute troubles of his illness, his mind excited into what seemed to be one of his most inspired and happy moods—moving his hands and arms with gesture, and leaning forward in the animation of discourse—speaking, with an easy and rapid flow of utterance, on various literary topics, but chiefly of the operations of his own mind during the heat and glow of literary composition. In all he said, there was such point and vigor, such liveliness of expression, such intellectual richness, that it recalled, and well-nigh outvalued, the best recorded table-talk of Coleridge or Charles Lamb.

That brief interview was concluded at the door-step. As the venerable man stood on the threshold, with his gray shawl wrapped about his shoulders, the wind slightly rustled some of the brown leaves that lay scattered on the ground. He looked at them a moment, and when a chance word was spoken of Autumn as having already stripped the trees, he replied with a smile, "It is Autumn with me too!" The end was nearer than he thought! May the brown leaves fall lightly now upon his grave! THEODORE TILTON.

## (19)

### LATEST FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

Our latest intelligence from Charlestown is that on Tuesday John Brown found it necessary to decline visits, as he was deeply engaged in preparing his public explanatory letter. He will make no speech at the execution, and says he has no confession to offer. Gov. Wise has issued orders that no one be admitted to see Brown between this and the time for the execution. There is to be a guard of 2,500 soldiers at the execution. A proclamation has been issued by Gov. Wise, announcing that the state has taken possession of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, and that on the first three days of December it will be used for military purposes. He also warns the people to stay at home on patrol duty on the day of the execution, to protect their property; and that, if it is necessary, martial law will be proclaimed. Gen. Taliaferro has also issued a proclamation that all strangers who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves will be arrested; and that all persons coming to Charlestown merely to witness the execution will be turned back. Several reporters for the Northern press have been driven out of Harper's Ferry, and compelled to go to Baltimore. Passengers now riding on the railroad are required to procure passports from Gov. Wise.

### Exhibition of the Rope with which Capt. Brown is to be Hung!

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 27, 1859.

The principal excitement of yesterday (Saturday) was caused by the public exhibition, at the Sheriff's office, of the rope with which John Brown is to be hung. It was examined by crowds. The horrible, bloodthirsty discourses for which it afforded the text, were almost startling, even in this region of barbarous freedom of speech. I think that if ample arrangements had not been made to preserve order during the execution, Brown might be seized by the infuriated people and torn in pieces. There is no limit to the violence of expression here; whether it will lead to equal violence of action is doubtful. I should judge not; words cost nothing—deeds demand daring and courage.

The fact that the rope is made of South Carolina cotton is pointed out with exultation. "No Northern hemp," says the Sheriff, "shall help to punish our felons."

**The Excitement in Virginia.**  
The military occupation of Charlestown has had the effect of suspending business, closing the churches, and depopulating the school-houses; the latter having been turned into barracks for the troops. Preparations are going forward for the execution of Brown. A general order, issued by Gen. Taliaferro, announces that that officer has assumed the supreme command of the forces quartered in the town, and pays a compliment to the military skill of Col. Davis, by way of compensation for depriving him of his command. Our latest advice announces a rapid and formidable concentration of troops at Charlestown, to withstand an attempt at rescue, of which Gov.

Ferry insurrection which is, and must continue to be, productive of the most depressing results. The heavy property-holders of the state see interminable strife in the future, and material decrease in the value of all descriptions of property. Several leading and wealthy families contemplate a change of residence to England or the Continent. The panic pervades all classes of citizens; there is no freedom of speech; suspicion and distrust are abroad; the last resort to check the progress of crime, the jury system, has become weak and corrupt; the spirit of religion is dying out, and infidelity taking its place. The country, according to this representation, is in fact but one degree removed from a state of anarchy.

## General News.

### DOMESTIC.

#### Harper's Ferry.

#### Uneasiness of Residents in Virginia.

Virginia correspondents report a gloomy state of affairs. A feeling of uncertainty has grown out of the Harper's





Wise and Mr. Andrew Hunter profess themselves to be reliably instructed. The students of the University of Virginia, eager to uphold the honor of the Commonwealth, have tendered their services to Gov. Wise, as a body; but His Excellency has not yet accepted the offer. Another suspicious peddler has been arrested, and another farm has been fired by the torch of the incendiary.

#### John Brown's Reply to a Slaveholding Minister.

Capt. Brown was visited in prison by Rev. James H. March of the M. E. Church. The reverend gentleman having advanced an argument in favor of the institution of slavery, as it now exists, Brown replied to him, saying: "My dear sir, you know nothing about Christianity; you will have to learn the A B C's in the lesson of Christianity, as I find you are entirely ignorant of the meaning of the word. I, of course, respect you as a gentleman, but it is as a *heathen* gentleman." The reverend gentleman here thought it best to draw such a discussion to a close, and withdrew.

#### The Tribune's Correspondent.

A correspondent of *The Baltimore American* says "Much anxiety is evinced to know who the Charlestown correspondent of *The New York Tribune* is. I was offered \$20 yesterday for his name, but I was as ignorant of it as the man making the offer. If found out he will fare badly."

#### "What, Becomes of Their Bodies?"

In a paragraph thus headed, (says *The Tribune's* mysterious correspondent,) a Western paper asks "what was done with the bodies of the dead insurgents after the Harper's Ferry outbreak, and states that 'no one has ever recorded the fact of their burial, and no one knows that burial was ever given them.'"; The Colonel in charge at Harper's Ferry tells me that the bodies were all hurriedly and loosely thrown into the ground, but were exhumed the same night, and carried away for dissection at a medical college in a town not far distant—Winchester, I believe. I understood from his manner of speaking that this disposition of the bodies was not objected to by the authorities, but was readily favored by them.

#### Preparation for the Execution.

*The Herald* has the following special dispatch:

HARPER'S FERRY, Nov. 28, 1859.

The arrangements for Brown's execution are now nearly completed, and every precaution has been taken to guard against a surprise or disturbance of any kind.

I have just learned that the most stringent regulations have been adopted in regard to the presence of civilians at the execution. All applications for passes for civilians to attend within the military lines are refused by the Governor, on the ground that it would conflict with the military programme. He said that no civilian could, under any circumstances, be admitted within the military lines, the outer one of which would be nearly a mile from the scaffold. *Not a word of what John Brown may utter, if he should say anything, will, therefore, be audible to the men forming even the line next the gallows.*

Governor Wise stated the cause of this exclusion of all persons other than the military to be, that in the event of an attempted rescue, an order to fire upon the prisoner will be given, and that those within the lines, especially those sufficiently near the gallows to hear what Brown may say, would inevitably share his fate.

This will give you an idea of what the authorities of Virginia think of this affair.

#### The Military Force at Charlestown—Ramers of a Rescue.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 28, 1859.

On Saturday and Sunday the town was crowded with strangers and soldiers. Extensive preparations are making for the reception of additional military forces, which are hourly expected. The churches have all been taken possession of for barracks. Sentinels nightly fire at imaginary foes, and a number of citizens have narrowly escaped the bullets. On Sunday night the military confidently expected an attack, and the sentries were doubled. No disturbances appeared, however. It is stated on good authority that Governor Wise has sent spies into Ohio and Pennsylvania, and it is from their reports that large bodies of men are arming and moving toward Virginia, that the military forces are being so largely augmented. About 700 additional troops have arrived here since Saturday, including two companies from Wheeling, so that we now have about 1,600 soldiers under arms. A letter from Huntington co., Pennsylvania, states that large bodies of armed men are moving toward Virginia, across the North mountain, supposed to be on their way to Charlestown. These reports cause constant excitement among the people.

#### Capt. Brown Preparing a Public Letter.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 28th.

This place is now guarded by one thousand troops. The circumspection is closer than ever. No one is admitted to the jail without a written order from Gen. Taliaferro. Brown is engaged in preparing a long letter, to be published after his death, explaining his course, and correcting certain newspaper misstatements. He looks forward to

his fate with perfect composure. The other prisoners are also occupied with correspondence. All of them except Stephens are chained. Cook alone fails to retain his self-possession. The rope with which Brown is to be hung is an exhibition at the Sheriff's office. It is made of South Carolina cotton, a fact which is announced with glee.

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### MENTAL HALLUCINATION AND MORAL HEROISM.

A MAN who has exhibited before this nation and the world the noblest example of Moral Heroism witnessed by this generation, is to be hung to-morrow for a Mental Hallucination. It is impossible to make the world believe that John Brown is a *wicked* man. The object at which he aimed was good and righteous. No one who believes that the negro is a man, no one who believes that "all men are created equal," no one who believes the Bible, will pretend that the slave has not an equal right with his master to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. No candid and enlightened mind can deny that *in itself* the complete emancipation of the slaves of the South would be a just and righteous thing. In view of the best interests of both the slave and the master, there is a choice as to the time and mode of emancipation. Christian philanthropy dictates wise and patient, though earnest and decided, measures toward this end, and discountenances those precipitate and violent measures that scruple not at any means. But the end itself, the complete emancipation of the slaves, viewed as a fact accomplished, can be regarded only as just and righteous;—just and righteous, if it come as a voluntary confession by slaveholders of their wrong, none the less just and righteous, if in the way of retribution upon slaveholders for their persistent iniquity. The present masters at the South have no right over the slaves, which would not equally pertain to the slaves themselves if at any time they could gain the mastery. The two parties are in a state of war; and the conquerors hold the conquered as their slaves. If the conquered and enslaved party could turn the tables upon their oppressors, and reduce *them* to abject bondage, they would have all the rights which the slaveholder now claims. Slavery rests not upon reason, or natural right, or any moral sanction whatever, but solely upon brute force. If there is any right with the slaveholder, it is the sheer right of force, and this continually challenges the enslaved to resist and overthrow it. A successful insurrection would transfer that right to the victorious party, and the black freeman could hold the white slave by the same tenure by which the white man now holds the black. The title would be just as perfect in the one case as in the other.

The abstract right of the enslaved to emancipate themselves by force, if they can, is simply in abeyance. No degree of oppression passively endured, no duration of undisputed servitude, can vitiate that right. It simply bides the time for its assertion. But the rightfulness of any particular attempt on the part of the enslaved to achieve their own freedom by force, must be determined by those principles which legitimate a revolution, viz.: that the evil sought to be removed by force has become intolerable: that there is no other apparent way of

in raising a mob to break down the jail. Other questions are to be considered, other interests regarded. The right of any person to join in a general African revolution in the South, is as perfect as was the right of Lafayette or Kosciuszko to join the American colonists in their rebellion against Great Britain, or the right of any man to join Greece, Poland, Italy, Hungary, in a struggle for freedom. But every such volunteer ally goes at his own risk, sub-

the speedy and peaceable abolition of slavery, lest a worse thing come upon them!

But the rights of the oppressed with respect to their own deliverance, do not alone determine the duties of those who are outside of their sphere. The fact that a man is unjustly sentenced is not enough to warrant the bystanders in violently rescuing him from the officers of the law. The fact that one is unjustly imprisoned may not warrant us

deliverance; and that there is a reasonable prospect of deliverance in that way. If ever that day of conflict shall come in the South, the life of the slave will be just as good as the life of the master; and the instincts of humanity will be with the oppressed rather than with the oppressor. These are whole-some truths, which the new crisis that John Brown has precipitated upon the slaveholders must compel them to consider. May they heed this warning in





ject to the fortunes of war. If taken, he must expect the vengeance of the party in force. The almost certainty of a disastrous result to any invasion of the South for the emancipation of slaves, the palpable impossibility of accomplishing anything for the enslaved that would warrant an armed expedition from without, is enough to condemn such a scheme as weak and foolish, even when the actors cannot be looked upon as criminal. The Moral Heroism of John Brown, his unselfish devotion to the cause of the weak and the wronged, is truly sublime. The Supreme Court of the United States had uttered the *dictum* that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect. John Brown threw himself in the face of that decision, and at the very heart of the system for which it was uttered, saying, these poor, despised, enslaved black men have rights for which a white man is willing to die. The whole nation has heard that voice, and applauds the sincerity and bravery of him who uttered it.

But when we look at the scheme by which John Brown thought to accomplish his end, we see that he labored under a mental hallucination, none the less weak and flighty because it had possessed his mind for twenty years. *Hallucination* is the fittest term by which to describe his mental state. He was not crazy in any common acceptance of the term. He knew perfectly what he was about. He planned for it deliberately, cautiously, and as he thought efficiently. But the average common sense of mankind applied to such a scheme as he proposed to himself, would have exploded its fallacy in a moment. It was absurd to think that the slaves of the South, unarmed, undisciplined, accustomed to be cowed down by force, unorganized for action, unprepared by conference and discussion, would rise at the beck of a stranger, and put their lives in jeopardy in an unknown and untried scheme of emancipation. It was absurd to imagine that any number of slaves, though accompanied by a body-guard, could be marched through Pennsylvania and New York toward Canada without being attacked and overpowered by the militia of those states and the Federal troops. The least reflection should have convinced a sound mind that to arouse a town and a commonwealth to the revenge that terror inspires, and then to shut oneself up in an arsenal from which there was no escape, must result in the swift destruction of all engaged in such an enterprise. The bare statement of such a scheme as that of Brown, is enough to condemn its author as void of judgment. And the fact that he devised this scheme, and pertinaciously adhered to it through years of discouragement, and had the fullest confidence in it to the last, is proof that he labored under a hallucination, by which reason was blinded or persuaded against itself. Aristotle says that "the command which Reason has over the Imagination resembles that of a magistrate over a free citizen; *who may come to rule in his turn.*" Some Phantasm in the brain of John Brown had come to rule his reason.

It is not difficult to analyze this hallucination into its elements. An intense sympathy with the oppressed, working upon a nature of rare simplicity and benevolence, made him willing in the most lit-

eral sense to put himself in their stead; willing, if need be, to sacrifice himself in their cause. A noble sentiment of humanity, a Christian spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others, was evidently the spring of his whole movement. With this ardent sympathy with the weak and wronged, was united a strong faith in God as the hater of iniquity, and in the Providence of God as upholding the right. His reading of the Old Testament had impressed him with the fact that God had often interposed by very feeble agencies to overthrow the enemies of righteousness. The examples of Gideon, Jephthah, and Samson, haunted his imagination with the idea that a bold stroke for the right would carry with it a favoring Providence. His conflicts with the border-ruffians in Kansas, and the prodigies achieved by his bravery, gave shape to what had else been but the dreams of a religious enthusiast. His successful foray into Missouri gave opportunity to test his calling to assault slavery in its own citadel. His conversation and prayers abounded in allusions to "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" and the *hallucination* that he was called of God to imitate that valiant son of Manassah, thenceforth possessed his mind, beyond the power of reason and counsel to dislodge it. There is no infatuation so blinding to the reason, yet so inspiring to the will, as that of being called of God to execute his judgments and to work out his salvation. That hallucination lured John Brown to an enterprise as weak and disastrous as its motive was pure and generous.

He dies to-morrow as a criminal, for that hallucination. But no verdict of jury nor sentence of court, nor all the clamor and execration of affrighted Virginia, can make him a criminal in his own eyes or in the eyes of mankind. Had he been shot in the fray or hung by a mob, his act would have been condemned as crazy, and he would have passed away almost unnoticed. But his demeanor upon his trial and in prison has brought out his Moral Heroism in bold relief against his mental hallucination; and men hardly pause to pity his delusion, in their admiration of his character. There he stands, free alike from selfishness, from hypocrisy, from cant, from bravado, and from fear, ready to testify by his death against the crime of holding men in bondage. He will betray no weakness to impair the moral testimony of his latter days. His execution will expose the weakness and the cruelty of slavery; and posterity will enroll his name with the martyrs for freedom, unchallenged even by a "Commission of Lunacy."

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#### DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Now that Washington Irving has passed away, our readers will recall with pleasure the graceful sketch of his person, his study, and his conversation, which appeared last week in the columns of *The Independent*. We seem to have been invited to a parting interview with the patriarch of American literature, in his own home. How beautiful the picture of one, who in the ardor and romance of his youth unconsciously created a name not for himself alone but for his country, in the world of Letters; who had devoted half a century to works of

snear of an English Reviewer, "Who reads an American book?" was long ago silenced by the name of Irving. And henceforth, not even the home of Walter Scott will be more sacred to pilgrims to the shrines of genius, than the house where Irving wrote the life of Washington.

contemplations of religion. Just as our visitor described him, moving so peacefully in that retired home-circle, he passed away to his final rest, almost without pain or premonition. His death occurred on Monday evening.

The name of Washington Irving will live in American literature, while the name of Washington himself shall live in American history. The

elegant literature—always pure, genial, instructive, and refining; who had done more than any writer of his time to educate the taste of his countrymen to a chaste simplicity of style; and who had consecrated his later years to a historical monument of Washington;—calmly laying aside his pen and resting from his labors, in the quiet enjoyments of his rural home, the society of selected friends, and the





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## WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Washington Irving is dead!"

The word passed in whispers through the train, as it went noisily along the banks of his beloved river—beside the very trees that fringed Sunnyside.

And within that hallowed ground, Earth's Greatest Favorite lay silent.

Who can mourn for him? Not one! We may mourn for ourselves,—for what we have lost in him; it was fitting that his life should have such a close; that his gentle spirit was not taxed with pain, nor did dissolution advance with lingering pace. But when the labor of his life was accomplished, and he rested, Death, gently as a child, drew aside his curtains of repose, saluted him with a kiss, and said, awake, for it is morning!

I count it one of the greatest privileges to have known Mr. Irving personally. Not from that idle vanity which too often leads the humbler writer to claim acquaintance with the most renowned in the field of letters; nor from any desire to repeat his private conversations in the public ear; nor yet to gather serviceable hints that might be used hereafter; nor yet to task his courtesy with that delicate criticism which, under the disguise of advice, covets the latent compliment; but simply because his genial and benevolent nature was such that it inspired the tenderest and the truest emotions. It is not easy to express what I mean, but those who knew him best will understand me.

If to convey the peculiar grace that his presence inspired, be beyond the power of description, yet its influence upon others is less difficult to represent. In his household, affection seemed to pervade the very atmosphere. The kindest, the tenderest language, to each and to all; the joyous welcome that awaited a distant relative visiting Sunnyside; the quiet, but constant care manifested for stranger guests; the happy, tranquil face of an elder brother; the cheerful, "pleased alacrity," of the servants; all seemed the very reflex of such a man:—so good, so true, so modest, so eminent.

"It seems," said a lady after a visit to Washington Irving's family, "as though I had been in Heaven, for a little while."

I do not misdoubt much that a letter from Washington Irving is the treasured possession of almost every decent writer, known or unknown, in America. I have seen many such; not addressed always to the author personally, but written sideways, recommending him to editors of magazines, or to publishers; and sometimes, a right out and out note of brief encouragement;—bidding the youthful aspirant God speed! and saying such words, as a true man could say, in such a matter. And let any, whether "despondency weigh down their fluttering pinions," or heartless adulation terrify them, take up their Irving letter! Up or down, it will bring them to the true level; if as rightfully read, as rightfully written.

We cannot, think him dead, whose words, whose tones and accents yet linger in the ears of the living.

But when these recollections fade, and wither; when, link by link, the associates of his lifetime separate from life, yet will his enduring memory survive. What he will be, requires neither the voice of prophet or commentator; what he was, is this—Not one man of all human kind so beloved as he.

It is a very common belief that what is easily read, was as easily written. But the profoundest research of the student, fails to explain simplicity of style. It is not difficult to employ technical phrases, or to press into the service the unusual diction current with transcendentalists; but that language by which heart speaks to heart, the touch of nature which makes the whole world

kin, lies beyond the cunning of the most acute analyst. This is the art that will survive the test of translation. Need I repeat, what has been so often said—"the name of Irving is an honored household word in Spain, rivalled only by that of the world-worshipped Cervantes."

How many proofs of such recognition might be recalled? "When I travelled through Spain," said a dear friend, "the best passport I had was, that I was a countryman of Washington Irving. When I went to Grenada, old Mateo, 'Child of the Alhambra,' ceased dancing the bolero with his newly married fourth wife, that he might talk with me of his honored patron." And with equal affection, did the master of Wolfert's Roost draw forth that yellow silk scarf, knitted by the fingers of his faithful servitor, and relate with grateful, kindling modesty, that his old friend in Grenada had not forgotten him. "He thinks," said Irving, "that gastric complaints are dangerous in this climate; and so he warns me not to expose myself to the air without this protector!" Whereupon he wound the yellow scarf around his waist, not without a cogent twinkle of humor in his eye, but with a loving remembrance behind all that.

So, too, we may recall that reminiscence of Lord Byron, stamping through the hall of his Italian palace, to meet his American guests, and with the first salutation saying, "I have just read Braecbridge Hall; has your countryman, Washington Irving, written anything since? for whatever he writes I have a great desire to read." And in travelling through England, lately, when my slouched hat betrayed that I was an American citizen, twice in a day's journey was that beloved name the subject of conversation. I do not know whether or not I felt prouder because Irving was an American, or whether or not I did not feel prouder myself, as an American, because of him.

The ingenuous modesty which, in so eminent a degree, was his peculiar attribute, added a charm to every action of his life. The honors which public men so earnestly covet, he appeared to avoid; fulfilling the duties of his profession, and shrinking from the applause so faithfully and so honestly earned. It was not unusual for him to coincide with the most adverse and injurious criticisms. In one of his pleasantest Sunnyside letters he speaks of "that self criticism which is apt to beset me and cuff me down at the end of a work, when the excitement of composition is over." Thus, with a kind word of encouragement for every one, he was "forgetful only of himself." When his faithful physician and friend, Dr. Peters, told him, fifteen months since, that he had a subtle disease that might be fatal at any moment—an enlargement of the heart—his only reply was, "Do not tell it to the family."

If, while speaking reverently of Irving, I allude to that gentle play of humor which illuminated his conversation, I do so with a full sense of the impropriety of introducing so subtle an element in an obituary. But when we speak of Irving, when we recall him, as he lived, and moved, and spoke, surely this must not be forgotten. Other men—famous, wise, but not so great as he, had learned the trick of dignity, and knew its value, but a kind word, a felicitous expression, that seemed to couple a smile and a tear, that smoothed the asperities of life, and awakened all its gentlest amenities, from Washington Irving was like a sunbeam! It broke forth amid the clouds, and its mellow effulgence lightened the path of the listener for that, and for many a day.

And when the volume of his life was closed, so did grace and peace follow his footsteps. Bidding farewell to them for whom he had lived, he retired to rest!

And the simple record of the end of a life so renowned, is sweet as the record of the life itself. Placing his hand upon the table that had been so long his midnight companion, he sank down upon his knees, and with the arms of affec-

tion supporting his honored head, saw the first dawn of an celestial morning.

Not in the cheerless winter, but in the Indian summer of his days, he departed.

Is it well, is it well with thee, beloved master? Not with mourning and funeral symbols; not with the pomp of public obsequies; not with the heartless array of alien magnificence; but decked with flowers, wreathed with laurel garlands, followed by those who knew him best and loved him most, the hearse bearing the beloved remains of Washington Irving, went silently towards his long home. Of all men, no man so beloved as he.

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*Chestnut Cottage, Dec. 2, 1859.*

## Emerson's "Conduct of Life."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who has written many things worth reading, has exceeded himself in this. In other words, there is less mannerism and more force—namely, the force of downright truth and sound logical argument—in this volume than in any other of his. At one time, we grieved that Emerson should have so imitatingly modelled himself upon Carlyle's style, which is scarcely bearable, from Carlyle himself, and is wretched in the hand of any one else. It is no distinction for a writer to be sneered at, as "Carlyle-and-water," as Mr. Emerson was, on account of

his earlier productions. Now, and here, we have Emerson writing a book of which the staple is common sense, plainly put before the public, so that "those who run may read." You take up one of Carlyle's transcendental essays, abounding in inversions of language, and platitudes of various kinds, and you must read it three or four times, before you can persuade yourself that you know what the man was driving at; the odds are that, after the fourth perusal, you have little more than a glimmer of the difficult writer's meaning—if, indeed, he meant any thing. But, in the new book by Emerson, whose title heads these re-

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marks, the great merit is that the reader arrives at the author's meaning at once. It is clear as crystal, and, in many places, has the sparkle with the incidity of the diamond. Right to the mark flies the arrow of thought, and lo, the bull's eye is hit in the centre.

A perusal of Carlyle is always fatiguing to us—with a few exceptions, among which we class the *Lives* of Schiller and Sterling. A dozen pages or so tire us so much that we would fall back for relief, if not upon such innocencies as *Goody-Two-Shoes* and *Tom Thumb*, upon the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Gil Blas*, or immortal *Robinson Crusoe*. No one ever tires of *them*. No one ever wearies of reading, for the five-hundredth time, how Moses was cheated in that affair of selling the mare for a gross of green spectacles; or how *Gil Blas* escaped out of the cave, or offended the Archbishop by his plain speaking; or how terribly frightened *Robinson Crusoe* was when he first caught sight of the print of a man's foot upon the sandy beach of his desolate island. The style of these books is winning, because it is transparent; a child can understand, an aged man can enjoy what Goldsmith, *Le Sage*, and *De Foe* have written for mankind. But the Carlylean dialect, with its ultra-Germanisms, is not known, or to be known, by many. Happily for his fame, Emerson is convinced of the necessity of writing plainly.

This new book of his, entitled "*The Conduct of Life*," consists of nine Essays upon the following subjects: Fate, Power, Wealth, Culture, Behavior, Worship, Considerations by the Way, Beauty and Illusions. These Essays contain the reflections of a man who has read much and wisely, who has studied the world and its ways observingly and improvingly. We shall not analyze the book—rather let it speak, in extracts. Here is philosophy as well as illustration:

"The menagerie, or forms and powers of the spine, is a book of fate: the bill of the bird, the skull of the snake, determines tyrannically its limits. So is the scale of races, of temperaments; so is sex; so is climate; so is the reaction of talents impregnating the vital power in certain directions. Every spirit makes its house; but afterwards the house confines the spirit.

"The gross lines are legible to the dull: the oaken man is phenologist so far: he looks in your face to see if his shilling is true. A dome of brow denotes one thing; a pot-belly another; a squint, a pug-nose, mats of hair, the pigment of the epidermis, betray character. People seem sheathed in their tough organization. Ask Spurzheim, ask the doctors, ask Quetelet, if temperaments decide nothing, or if there be anything they do not decide. Read the description in medical books of the four temperaments, and you will think you are reading your own thoughts, which you had not yet told. Find the part which black eyes, and which blue eyes, play severally in the company. How shall a man escape from his ancestors, or draw off from his veins the black drop which he drew from his father's or his mother's life? It often appears in a family, as if all the qualities of the progenitors were potted in several jars—some ruling quality in each son or daughter of the house—and sometimes the unmixed temperament, the rank unmitigated elixir, the family vice, is drawn off in a separate individual, and the others are proportionally relieved. We sometimes see a change of expression in our companion, and say, his father or his mother comes to the windows of his eyes, and sometimes a remote relative. In different hours, a man represents each of several of his ancestors, as if there were seven or eight of us rolled up in each man's skin—seven or eight ancestors at least—and they constitute the variety of notes for that new piece of music which his life is. At the corner of

the street, you read the possibility of each passenger in the facial angle, in the complexion, in the depth of his eye. His parentage determines it. Men are what their mothers made them. You may as well ask a loom which weaves huckaback why it does not make cashmere as expect poetry from this engineer, or a chemical discovery from that jobber. Ask the digger in the ditch to explain Newton's laws: the fine organs of his brain have been pinched by overwork and equal poverty from father to son, for a hundred years. When each comes forth from his mother's womb the gate of gifts closes behind him. Let him value his hands and feet, he has but one pair. So he has but one future, and that is already predetermined in his lobes, and described in that little fatty face, pig-eye, and squat form. All the privilege and all the legislation of the world cannot meddle or help to make a poet or a prince of him."

Here is another quotation, replete with truth:

"The population of the world is a conditional population; not the best, but the best that could live now; and the scale of tribes, and the steadiness with which victory adheres to one tribe, and defeat to another, is as uniform as the superposition of strata. We know in history what weight belongs to race. We see the English, French, and Germans planting themselves on every shore and market of America and Australia, and monopolizing the commerce of these countries. We like the nervous and victorious habit of our own branch of the family. We follow the step of the Jew, of the Indian, of the negro. We see how much will have been expended to extinguish the Jew, in vain. Look at the unpalatable conclusions of Knox, in his 'Fragment of Races,'—a rash and unsatisfactory writer, but charged with pungent and unforgettable truths. 'Nature respects race, and not hybrids.' 'Every race has its own habitat.' 'Detach a colony from the race and it deteriorates to the crab.' See the shades of the picture. The Germans and Irish millions, like the negro, have a great deal of guano in their destiny. They are ferried over the Atlantic, and carted over America, to ditch and to drudge, to make corn cheap, and then to lie down prematurely to make a spot of green grass on the prairie."

The great Napoleon used to point to his star, and say that while it glittered with light in the Heaven his Fate was to be prosperous. From his mouth, the word *Destiny* was often heard. Mr. Emerson thus explains its rationale:

"I cited the instinctive and heroic races as proud believers in *Destiny*. They conspire with it; a loving re-creation is with the event. But the dogma makes a different impression, when it is held by the weak and lazy. 'Tis weak and vicious people who cast the blame on Fate. The right use of Fate is to bring up our conduct to the loftiness of nature. Rude and invincible except by themselves are the elements. So let man be. Let him empty his breast of his windy conceits, and show his lordship by manners and deeds on the scale of nature. Let him hold his purpose as with the tug of gravitation. No power, no persuasion, no bribe, shall make him give up his point. A man ought to compare advantageously with a river, an oak, or a mountain. He shall have not less the flow, the expansion, and the resistance of these.

"'Tis the best use of Fate to teach a fatal courage. Go face the fire at sea, or the cholera in your friend's house, or the burglar in your own, or what danger lies in the way of duty, knowing you are guarded by the cherubim of *Destiny*. If you believe in Fate to your harm, believe it, at least, for your good."

Here is a little bit which Goldsmith might have written—a morsel of personal observation which draws a character as clearly in miniature as if it had been magnified by the Stereopticon:

"I knew a hurly Boniface who, for many years, kept a public house in one of our rural capitals. He was a knave whom the town could ill spare. He was a social, vascular creature, grasping and selfish. There was no crime which he did not or could not commit. But he made good friends of the selectmen, served them with his best chop, when they supped at his house, and also with his honor, the Judge, he was very cordial, grasping

his hand. He introduced all the fends, male and female, into the town, and united in his person the functions of bully, incendiary, swindler, bar-keeper, and burglar. He girdled the trees and cut off the horses' tails of the temperance people in the night. He led the 'rummies' and radicals in town meeting with a speech. Meantime, he was civil, fat, and easy in his house, and precise in getting the roads repaired and planted with shade-trees; he subscribed for the fountain, the gas, and the telegraph; he introduced the new horse-rake, the new eraser, the baby jumper, and what not, that Connecticut sends to the admiring citizens. He did this the easier that the pedler stopped at his house, and paid his keeping by setting up his new trap on the landlord's premises."

Every one will acknowledge the pregnant

truth of this:

"As long as our people quote English standards they dwarf their own proportions. A Western lawyer of eminence said to me he wished it were a penal offence to bring an English law-book into a court in this country, so pernicious had he found, in his experience, our deference to English precedent. The very word 'commerce' has only an English meaning, and is plucked to the crann ex-  
genies of English experience."

And here again, the sterling common sense shines through the writing, with a sparkle all its own:

"Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago; but is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on

the steam-pipe to the wheat-crop. Puff now, o steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hangry New York and hungry England. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the Flood, until a laborer, with pick and windlass, brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of the tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whither-soever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whis-  
pered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a half-ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power."

After Mr. Ruskin's weary platitudes on that portion of Political Economy which treats of

wealth, it is quite refreshing to have the *rationalist* plainly stated thus:

"He is the rich man who can avail himself of all men's facilities. He is the richest man who knows how to draw a benefit from the labors of the greatest number of men, of men in different countries, and in past times. The same correspondence that is between thirst in the stomach, and water in the spring, exists between the whole of man and the whole of nature. The elements offer their service to him. The sea, washing the equator and the poles, offers its peripatetic aid, and the power and empire that follow it,—day by day to his craft and audacity. 'Beware of me,' it says, 'but if you can hold me, I am the key to all the lands.' Fire offers, on its side, an equal power. Fire, steam, lightning, gravity, ledges of rock, mines of iron, lead, quicksilver, tin, and gold; forests of all woods; fruits of all climates; ani-





PERSONAL GOSSIP;  
LITERARY, POLITICAL,  
AND  
MISCELLANEOUS.

(25) [PREPARED FOR THE NEW YORK LEADER.]

— HENRY D. THOREAU'S funeral took place in Concord, Mass., on Friday last, and was attended by a large concourse of his literary and personal friends. The Boston *Transcript* of Saturday, in a touching notice of the occasion, says:

It derived uncommon interest from the remarkable character of the man whose earthly life was ended, and from the weight and worth of the tributary words so fitly, so tenderly spoken there by friendly and illustrious lips. As that fading image of pathetic clay, strewn with wild flowers and forest sprigs, lay awaiting interment, thoughts of its former occupant seemed blent with all the local landscapes. And though the church bell—after the affecting old custom—told the forty-four years he had numbered, we could not deem that he was dead whose ideas and sentiments were so vividly alive in our souls.

Selections from the Bible were read by the minister. A brief ode, written for the purpose by William Ellery Channing, was plaintively sung. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson read an address of considerable length, marked by all his felicity of conception and diction—an exquisite appreciation of the saint and subtle traits of his friend's genius—a high strain of exaltive thoughts, full of beauty and cheerfulness, chastened by the gentle sorrow of the hour. Referring to the Alpine flower *edelweiss*, or noble purity, which the young Switzers sometimes lose their lives in plucking from its perilous heights, Mr. Emerson said: "Could we pierce to where he is, we should see him wearing profuse chaplets of it; for it belonged to him. Where there is knowledge, where there is virtue, where there is beauty, where there is progress, there is now his home."

Mr. Alcott read some very appropriate passages from the writings of the deceased, and the service closed with a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Reynolds. A long procession was then formed to follow the body to the grave. The hands of friends reverently lowered it into the bosom of the earth, on the pleasant hillside of his native village, whose prospects will long wait to unfold themselves to another observer so competent to discriminate their features, and so attuned to their moods. And, now that it is too late for any further boon amidst his darling banquets below,

"There will yet his mother yield  
A pillow in her greenest field,  
Nor the June flowers scorn to cover  
The clay of their departed lover."

For the Liberator.

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The following lines, with the accompanying note, as the date shows, were written some time ago, and during the life of the good and noble man they attempt, in part, to illustrate. They are now offered, for the first time, for publication to the *Liberator*, a journal which the deceased highly valued for its unflinching devotion to the cause of the slave, and the oppressed everywhere.

HENRY D. THOREAU died at his home in Concord, Mass., May 6th, 1862, in the 45th year of his age.  
New Bedford, May 11, 1862.

WALDEN.

Here, once a poet most sorely lived,  
A poet and philosopher, forsooth,  
For in him both have joined, and greatly thrived,  
And found content before the God of Truth.

A plain set man, a man of culture rare,  
Who left an honor on old Harvard's walls;  
An honest man, in search of Nature's fate,  
The spot more rich where'er his shadow falls.

Near by the shore his cabin reared its head,  
With his own hands he built the simple dome,  
And here, alone, to thought and study wed,  
He found a genial, though a humble home.

From the scant produce of a neighboring field,  
Tilled by his hands, he got his honest bread;  
But Nature, for him, greater crops did yield,  
In rich abundance daily for him spread.

male of all habits; the powers of tillage; the fabrics of his chemic laboratory; the webs of his loom; the masculine draught of his locomotive, the talismans of the machine-shop; all grand and subtle things, minerals, gases, ethers, passions, war, trade, government, are his natural playmates. and, according to the excellence of the machinery in each human being, is his attraction for the instruments he is to employ. The world is his tool-chest, and he is successful, or his education is carried on just so far, as is the marriage of his faculties with nature, or the degree in which he takes up things into himself.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"To be rich is to have a ticket of admission to the master-works and chief men of each race. It is to have the sea, by voyaging; to visit the mountains, Niagara, the Nile, the desert, Rome, Paris, Constantinople; to see galleries, libraries, arsenals, manufactories. The reader of Humboldt's 'Cosmos' follows the marches of a man whose eyes, ears, and mind are armed by all the science, arts, and implements which mankind have anywhere accumulated, and who is using these to add to the stock. So is it with Denon, Beckford, Wilkinson, Layard, Kano, Lepsius, and Livingston. 'The rich man,' says Saadi, 'is everywhere expected and at home.' The rich take up something more of the world into man's life. They include the country as well as the town, the ocean side, the White Hills, the Far West, and the old European homesteads of man, in their notion of available material. The world is his who has money to go over it. He arrives at the sea-shore, and a sumptuous ship has floored and carpeted for him the stormy Atlantic, and made it a luxurious hotel, amid the horrors of tempests. The Persians say, 'Tis the same to him who wears a shoe, as if the whole earth were covered with leather.'"

All the extracts which we have here made are to be found in the first eighty pages of this book, containing only 288 pages in all. Judge, then, how rich must the whole be. Of course, it will be largely read.

We cannot, however, omit saying that the poetical arguments prefixed to each of the nine Essays, remind us, only too strongly, of the various cantos of *Hudibras*. Here is one meant to be the key to the remarks on illustrations:

Flow, flow the waves hated,  
Accursed, adored.  
The waves of mutation:  
No anchorage is.  
Sleep is not, death is not;  
Who seem to die live.  
House you were born in,  
Friends of your spring-time.  
Old man and young maid,  
Day's toil and its gerdon,  
They are all vanishing,  
Fleeing to fables,  
Cannot be moored.  
See the stars through them,  
Through treacherous marbles.  
Know, the stars yonder,  
The stars everlasting,  
Are fugitive also,  
And emulate, vaulted,  
The lambent heat-lightning,  
And fire-fly's flight.

When thou dost return  
On the wave's circulation,  
Beholding the shimmer,  
The wild dissipation.  
And, out of endeavor  
To change and to flow,  
The gas become solid,  
And phantoms and nothings  
Return to be things,  
And endless imbraglio  
Is law and the world,—  
Then first shalt thou know,  
That in the wild turmoil,  
Horsed on the Proteus,  
Thou ridest to power,  
And to endurance.

Who can understand the obscurity and mysticism of these lines? We confess our dullness of comprehension. Pity 'tis that Mr. Emerson's verses are not as clear and plain-spoken as his glorious and vivid prose!

His own good limbs have borne him well about,  
Whose constant use hath made him stanch and strong,  
As many a luckless wight hath proven out;  
And Concord soil in him hath found a tongue.

Henceforth her hills, her gently flowing stream,  
Her woods and fields, shall classic ground become,  
And 'en the village street with interest beam,  
Where once so nobly true hath found a home.

To Walden pond th' ingenious youth shall hie,  
And mark the spot where stood the hermitage;  
But ye who seek, 'mid glittering scenes to vie,  
Let other haunts your vanity engage.

The woods, the fields, the lake, and all around,  
Both man, and beast, and bird, and insect small,  
In his keen mind a shrewd expression found—  
For truth and beauty he discerned in all.

A jurist learned in Nature's court supreme,  
A wise physician, priest, and teacher too,  
For whom each sphere reveals a ready theme,  
And wisdom is exhaled, both old and new.

While others unto foreign lands have gone,  
And in old footsteps travelled far and wide,  
This man at home a richer prize hath won,  
From fresher fields, unknown to wealth and pride.





Go on, brave man! in thy own chosen way—  
How many ills of life thou dost escape!  
Thy brave example others shall essay,  
And from thy lessons happier lives may shape—

Shall learn from thee to find a ready store  
Of choicest treasures spread before their eyes ;  
For Nature ever keeps an open door,  
And bids a welcome to the good and wise.

New Bedford, Jan. 17, 1860.

D. R.

\* Henry D. Thoreau, of Concord, Mass., author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "Walden, or Life in the Woods," works whose titles give but little intimation of the fresh and vigorous thought and rare learning contained within them; besides of various papers, scientific and literary—and, withal, a good abolitionist. Walden pond lies about one mile south of Concord.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

Hush the loud chant, ye birds, at even and morn,  
And something plaintive let the robin sing ;  
Gone is our Woodsman, leaving us forlorn,  
Touching with grief the glad aspect of Spring.  
Your whispering alleys be for other groves  
Forsakes, and wanders now by fairer streams,—  
Ye t not forgetful of his earlier loves,—  
Ah, no ! for so Affection fondly dreams.  
THOREAU ! 'twere shame to weep above thy grave,  
Or doubtingly thy son's far flight pursue ;  
Peace and Delight must there await the brave,  
And Love attend the loving, wise and true.  
Thy well-kept vows, our broken aims shall mend,  
Oft as we think on thee, great-hearted Friend !  
Concord, May 6, 1862. F.

no bad news.

MAN AND GOD.

Yon speak of poverty and dependence. Who are poor and dependent? Yon who are rich and independent. When was it that men agreed to respect the appearance of the poor? Why should the appearance appear? Are we well acquainted, then, with this reality? There is none who does not lie hourly in the respect he pays to false appearance. How sweet it would be to respect men and things, for an hour, for just what they are! We wonder that the sinner does not confess his sin. When we are weary with travel, we lay down our heads and rest by the wayside. So, when we are weary with the burden of life, why do we not lay down this burden of falsehoods which we have volunteered to sustain, and be refreshed as never mortal was? Let the beautiful laws prevail. Let us not weary ourselves by resisting them. When we would rest our bodies we cease to support them; when we would rest our spirits we cease to support them; when we would rest our spirits, we must recline on the Great Spirit. Let things alone; let them weigh what they will; let them lie along in a Winter morning. If it is only one poor, frozen-haired apple that hangs on a tree, what a glorious achievement! Methinks it lightens through the dusky universe. What an infinite wealth we have discovered! God re-creates, i. e., when we take a liberal view, when a liberal view is presented us. Let God re-create us, when we need him. Methinks, if I loved him more, I should keep myself nearer,—at a more respectful distance. It is not when I am going to meet him, but when I am just turning away and having him alone, that I discover that God is, I say, God. I am not sure that that is the name, You will know whom I mean.

THE  
MEN TO BE GOT AWAY FROM

I find it, as ever, very profitable to have much to do with my right hand, but not troubling even with my left. I am now writing a brochure on the whirling, only movement which is useful to the nation. Our conversation is somewhat of a speculation. We are talking of the good and never-ending speculation merely. I take up the thread of it again in the morning, says the Soldier, encourage the invalid takes his prescribed Souldiers powder. Shall I help you to some of the maestrel? It would be more respectable if man, as has been said before, instead of being such pigmy desperates, were like the great Goliath. Emerson says that his life is so unprofitable and shabby for the most part, that he is driven

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

As for Yasho, he died as the mist rises from the brook which the sun will soon dart, his rays through. Did not the flowers the very Autumn? Behind not even taken root here. I was not started to hear that he was dead; it seemed the most natural event that could happen. His fire organization demanded it, and nature gently yielded its request. It would have been strange if he had lived. Neither will nature manifest any sorrow at his death, but soon the note of the lark will be heard down in the meadow, and fresh conditions will spring from the old stocks where he plucked them last Summer.

## ON SPEAKING TRUTH.

What you say about your studies furnishing you with a "minicidivm," only reminds me that we shall all do as well if we learn so much as to talk—to speak truth. The only fruit which even much living yields seems to be often only some trivial success—the ability to do some slight thing better. We make conquest only of books and shells for the most part,—at least apparently,—but sometimes these are elixirum and spices, you know. Even the grove under you speak of slays a thousand basilisks, and brings off only their hides and tongues. What immense sacrifices, with their tears and blood, the gods exact for very slight favors! How much sincere life we can even utter ourselves in word. What I was learning in College was chiefly, I think, to express my self, and I see now that as the old maxim prescribed, list, action; 2d, action; 3d, action: my teachers should have prescribed to me, list, sincerity; 2d, sincerity; 3d, sincerity. The old mythology is in complete without a god or goddess of sincerity, on whose altars we might offer up all the products of our farms, our workshops, and our studies. It should be our Lar when we sit on the hearth, and our Triclar Genius when we walk abroad. This is the only panacea. I can sincerity in our dealings with ourselves mainly; any other is comparatively easy. But I must stop before I get to 17-ly. I believe I have but one text and one sermon.

**CRITICISM ON OUR PART.**

I have been reading lately what of Quarles's poetry I could get. He was a contemporary of Herlihy, and a kindred spirit. I think you would like him. It is rare to find one who was so much of a poet and so little of an artist. He wrote long poems, almost epics for length, on such subjects as *Jonah*, *Ezther*, *Joh*, *Samson*, and *Solomon*, inter-spersed with meditations after a quite original plan,—*Shepherd's Oracles*, *Comedies*, *Romances*, *Fables*, and *Meditations*—the quinquessence of meditation—and *Em-medications* of Meditation all divine,—and what he calls his *Mourning Muse*; besides prose works as curious as these. He was an unwearied Christian, and a reformer of some old school withal. Heroically quaint, as if he lived all alone and knew nobody but his wife, who appears to have revenged him. He never doubts his genius; it is only he and his God in all the world. He uses language, sometimes as freely as Shakespeare; here, there is plenty of rough, crooked timber, in an age when Herbert is revived, Quarles surely ought not to be forgotten.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL. I.

THE PRESIDENTIAL L.

My actual life is a fact, in view of which I have no occasion to congratulate myself; but for my faith and aspiration I have respect. It is from these that I speak. Every man's position is in fact too simple to be described. I have sworn no oath. I have no designs on society, or Nature, or God. I am simply what I am, or I begin to be that. I live in the present. I only comfort myself with the future. I love to live. I have reform better than its modes. There is no history of how bad became better. I believe wondrously, and that there is nothing else but that. I know that I am. I am sure that another is who knows more than I, who fails to distrust in me, whose creature, and yet whose kindred, in one sense, am I. I know that the enterprise is worthy. I know that things work well. I've heard

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## THOREAU'S LETTERS.

LETTERS TO VARIOUS PERSONS. By HENRY D. THO  
BEAU, 12mo. pp. 229. Ticknor & Fields.

In the "Editor's Notice" prefixed to this volume, by Mr. R. W. Emerson, it is stated that nearly all these letters have been printed from the original autographs furnished by the persons to whom they were addressed, and with very few verbal corrections. They possess a curious interest from their transparent revelations of the mind of an original, if not very profound, thinker. Like the previous writings of Mr. Thoreau on which the choice reputation which he has attained in a limited circle of readers is founded, they are of an almost purely intellectual cast, remarkable for their clearness of perception, but deriving little light from the imagination and less warmth from the affections. The writer was a literary as well as a social hermit. He delighted to commune with his own thoughts, to sit and walk by himself, to keep his own company on all occasions, rather than listen to the suggestions of others. He seemed to cherish the consciousness that the forces of nature were exhausted in his own mental construction, with the exception of a small residue which was used in the undomestication of a few select spirits which he might deem kindred with his own. For the common specimens of humanity which live and move in the midst of the world and by which its affairs are conducted he had nothing but contempt and aversion. His letters betray no trace of emotion; they are as much as if he were genial, though sometimes wise. His letters betray no trace of emotion; they are uniformly cold and hard, often oracular in their tone; but occasionally suggestive of high and admirable thoughts. Though destitute of all flow of feeling, with no savor of human sympathies, many of his sentences have the point and significance of aphorisms, and deserve to be treasured in the memory for their homely sense, and often for their vigorous terseness of expression. We have marked a few examples in turning over the leaves of the volume which show that the writer thought for himself though he loved by proxy.

...and the ...

**HIS SAVAGE NATURE.**

I grow savage and sinister every day as if fed on torment, and my tamaracs is only the repose of un-  
tameableness. I dream of looking abroad Summer and Winter, with free gaze from some mountain-side, while my eyes rest on an Egyptian plain or desert, where  
the blue-eyed cross in the meadow looks in the face of the sky. From some such recess I would put forth sub-  
limity. To-morrow I go on to the hill to see the sun set as  
he would go home at evening,—the birds of the village  
has run on all day, and left no quail in the peck; but I  
know the sunset, and find that it can wait for my slow  
virtue.





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Edgar A. Poe.

Henry Hening writes to *The Baltimore American* in reference to the remains of Edgar Allen Poe. "He was buried," he says, "in the Presbyterian graveyard—" "near the center of the graveyard, wherein was buried his grandmother and several others of the family." Mr. Hening further states that the poet left behind him a sister, "Rosalie Poe, now living, who came to Baltimore a few days ago in very indigent circumstances. She was also an adopted child in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of Richmond, on the death of her parents. Mr. Mackenzie died many years ago, and, with the exception of a few years, Mrs. Mackenzie has taken care of Rosalie ever since; but, owing to the ravages of the war, is in very limited circumstances, and has gone blind, and has advised Rosalie to come on to Baltimore among her relations. I have been thus particular in stating Rosalie's situation, in order that those ladies and gentlemen may not forget the sister of the great poet by contributing to her necessities at this time." Any information with respect to Rosalie Poe, only sister of Edgar Allen Poe, will be furnished by Mr. Hening, No. 128 East Pratt-st., Baltimore.

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### Parker Fraternity Course—Ralph Waldo Emerson on "Eloquence."

(REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON POST.)

The lecture season of 1867 was inaugurated at Music Hall last evening with the opening lecture of the tenth annual series of the Parker Fraternity course. A full-sized audience was present, and from the numbers and manifest interest the rostrum bids fair to continue in the future, as in the past, an important element in the education and entertainment of the people. The usual half-hour organ concert preceded the advent of the lecturer, who at half-past seven o'clock was introduced by George H. Otis, the President of the Fraternity.

Mr. Emerson remarked in commencing, that the wise think eloquence better than a battle. It is a triumph of pure power. We can understand the means by which a battle is gained. We count the armies, see cannon, cavalry, character and advantages of the ground, so that the result is often predicted with great certainty. Not so in a court of law, or in a legislature. Who knows before the debate begins what the preparation or means of the combatants? The facts, the reasons, the logic, above all, the sentiments, the continuous energy of will which is presently to be let loose are all invisible and unknown. The use of eloquence is to move man. It has influence to show his power and possibility. He can point to what has occurred or must occur with as much clearness to a company as if they saw it before their eyes. By leading their thought he leads their will, and can make them do gladly what an hour ago they would not believe they could be made to do at all. Out of enemies he makes friends, and fills despondent men with hope and joy. He has a way to cure the distemper of men's minds by words. The orator is a benefactor, an enchanter that lifts men above themselves, and creates a higher appetite than he satisfies. After quoting examples, Mr. Emerson said that intellect and force to carry on the business of the world were rarely united in one person. There are wise men of counsel who are the real force of any assembly, Congress or Parliament. Beside them stand the administrative men, who catch the theory, explain, illuminate, pyrotechnize the thing to the eyes of the multitude, to the inevitable disgust of the silent working men who did it and find themselves enpersed in the public eye by these public talkers. As soon as a man shows rare power of expression, like Chatham, Erskine, Patrick Henry or Webster, all great interests, whether of State or of property, crowd to him to be their spokesman, so that he is at once a potentate. It is paid with dignities in England—with seats in the cabinet, earldoms, and woolsacks and the like; in America with parallel dignities and values; in France hardly with less. Who can wonder at this influence, wherever exhibited, on young and ardent minds? The speaker declared himself fully aware of the imprudence of venturing upon a topic wholly, to do it justice, required the very power it described. Eloquence that so astonishes is only the exaggeration of a talent that is universal. All men are competitors in this art. Go into an as-

sembly a little excited, some angry political meeting on the eve of a crisis, and you will observe the fact. Eloquence is as natural as swimming, an art which all men might learn, but so few do. It only needs that they be well pushed off into the water, over head, without cork, and, after a struggle or two, they will find the use of their arms, and henceforward they possess the new and wonderful element. Jenny Lind, when in this country, complained of concert rooms and town halls as not giving her room enough to unroll her voice, and exulted in the opportunity given her in certain great halls, which she sometimes filled, over railroad depots. And this is quite as true as the action of the mind itself, that a man of this talent finds himself cold in private company, and proves himself a heavy companion; but give him a commanding occasion, and the inspiration of a great multitude, and he surprises us by new and unlooked-for powers. There are physical advantages in relation to this art by which men are different. There are born orators as there are born poets and painters. A good voice has a charm in speech as in song. Sometimes even it enchains attention and indicates rare sensibility, especially when trained to wield all its powers. There voice betrays the nature and indicates what is the range of the speaker's mind. The voice is so delicate that an eminent preacher has said that he learned from the first utterance of his voice on Sunday morning whether he was to have a successful day. The speaker called a good reader one who could read sense and poetry into any hymn in the hymn-book. Plutarch, in his enumeration of the ten Greek orators, was careful to mention their voices and their palaces in training them. Before the voice and after the voice, the high culture of an orator is manliness. The orator is man put in better possession of himself, and the speaker thought the school for this, not the college, but the play-ground and street. The orator must command the whole school of language from the most elegant to the most low and vile. Every one has felt how superior in force is the language of the street to that of the academy. Ought not the scholar to be able to convey his meaning in terms as short and strong as the porter or truckman uses to convey his? All poetry and all the finest prose must be written in the language of the people. The speech of the man of the street is invariably strong, nor can you mend it by what you call parliamentary. You say if he could only express himself. But he already does this better than anyone can do for him. One of the forms of manliness is presence of mind. Fundamentally men all feel alike, and they alike in great heat can almost express themselves with almost equal force, but it costs great heat for a heavy man to come up with those who have quick sensibilities. Some men under pressure collapse and cannot rally. The training of the imagination is a department in itself, and we might well search our deepest philosophy for it. Matter corresponds everywhere to mind. Every material fact, every natural law is the announcement to the spiritual ear of a moral law, and every mysterious fact has a superior value as a symbol. To this perpetual translation or parable, the soul of man takes the hint so kindly that every one of a million times that the secret is told by analogy it makes us happy. When some familiar truth or fact appears in a new suit, we cannot enough testify our surprise and pleasure. This country represents in all its institutions more than in any country the will and the endeavors of humanity. The States, the Courts, the Church, the Lyceum are all the rostrum of the orator, are all the schools that invite his ability. The Church makes a demand that is always met. The existence of Sunday and the pulpit waiting for a weekly sermon will always find young men of a contemplative turn of mind to fill it. With us the lyceum is an institution almost exclusively ours. It is a supplement to the college. It had never elsewhere the importance it has here. It is the platform for science, literature, social reform and every variety of entertaining knowledge. In times of political excitement, ten years before it was a great political engine and gave vent for forces that would have been dangerous. People heard patiently in the lecture room discourses which committed them to nothing—facts and doctrines they would not have listened to where they felt themselves at all responsible. Before the war, when opinions were still widely divided, the speaker had observed the energy of that unpretending school. The wandering lecturer comes by and is engaged for the evening, and the people come because it is their custom. He thought the opportunity of being such a one on such an occasion led him to believe that the nation which had the misfortune to have immoral statues, as France, Turkey or

that truth which he does not like to believe—a man must be led to it or die. This was the way with Mr. Hayne, who after the famous reply of Webster in the Senate, left public life and retired, and, it is said, died of it. Webster chose evil for good, and Hayne was avenged; for it is certain that he who fights against the humanities, against the moral sentiments of mankind, fights with an adversary not subject to casualties. God and Nature are altogether sincere, and art should be as sincere. It is not enough that the work should show skill under mysterious contrivances. It should have a commanding motive in the time and conditions in which it was made. The quality of this last and supreme merit distinguishes all the great masters of eloquence. Demosthenes insists uniformly that honesty is the only basis of public affairs. The contrary may be decisive once, but it is quickly exposed. Mr. Emerson

it needs a full man to keep it for a moment. The orator of principle—he is the great man who always makes a divine impression, a sentiment more powerful in the heart than love of country, and gives perceptions and feelings far beyond the limits of thought. Here lies the emphasis of all power—in the power of character resting on the basis of truth. There is to other way. Your argument is ingenious, your language curious, your illustrations brilliant, but your major proposition is palpably absurd. Will you establish a lie? You are a very eloquent writer, but you cannot write gravity down. Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into a language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. Such a practical conversion of truth, written in God's language into Dunderhead's language, is one of the most beautiful weapons forged in the shop of the Divine Artificer. There is a statement possible with every man, and the old slave States, was wise to seek to gag speech in their own defence. The word eloquence strictly means outspoken, and yet we always use the word to express a certain hint or spasm of feeling which surprises us in the usual level tone of solitary thought. All that has been claimed for eloquence are accreting strains, good voice, engaging manner. We must come to the main power—power of statement. The essential fact is best, the best which comes of sincerity. Speak what you know and believe and are personally answerable for. This goes by weight and measure like everything else in the universe. We are not moved except rightly when things stand full without gravity. John Brown, who made at Charleston, Va., the best speech made in the nineteenth century, showed us another school to send our boys to—showed us that the best lesson of oratory is to speak the truth and stand by the truth. Truth is an volatile and vital,





## A ROYAL GOVERNESS.

BY LOUEBA M. ALCOTT.

As considerable interest is felt just now in Victoria and her books, it occurred to me that a little sketch of one of the royal ex-governesses might be amusing, if nothing more.

We hired an apartment for the winter of Madame Rolande, at Nice; and, the moment we were settled, a tall, orange-colored lady, arrayed in black moire and an imposing head-dress of somber crape, rattling with bugles, came sailing in to pay her compliments. She had hardly folded her black-gloved hands in her lap before she informed us that for fourteen years she had been French governess to Victoria's daughters. As we received the startling news with becoming respect, she enlarged upon a subject which was evidently the pride of her heart.

The dear Queen, so truly amiable, bade her farewell with a pension, the sweet Princesses with a kiss; and all still wrote to their "chere Rollet" as affectionately as ever. They were perfect beings in her eyes, and never were allowed to forget their manners; but ordered by mamma to beg pardon of any one whom they had neglected or disobeyed, no matter how humble.

"All these so charming and precious souvenirs are from my beloved Princesses and Her Majesty," said Madame, moving her hand toward the étagères, filled with silver, china, books, and objects of vertu. Nearly everything in the rooms was the gift of the Saxe-Coburg family; and such a collection of ugly worsted work, chubby tea-pots, gray shepherds and shepherdesses, inland portfolios, and bronzes Dianas, with prancing deer and breezy drapery, one seldom sees. The mirrors alone were enough to bewilder a modest person, there being three or four in each room; and the clocks drove us wild with their incessant ticking,

not to mention the little drawf who came every few days to wind them up, and went gliding about or popping up in unexpected places like a goblin.

There was a perfect irruption of royalty all over the walls. The salon displayed Victoria, Albert, and three or four infants in one picture; also the Princess Royal as she went to her first drawing-room, then in her wedding-dress, with artificial orange-flowers round the frame; Alice out walking, Helena playing with a fat dog, Prince Alfred as a little tar, and Prince of Wales in uniform.

In my room the Duchess of Kent simpered at me from under a turban like the leaning tower of Pisa. Victoria, in a massive hat and much befouled dress, guarded my bed. A photograph of the departed consort adorned my toilet-table; and the chimney-piece was rich in a procession of one of the dozen christening parties. My friend's bower had Arthur Earnest Patrick Albert as a dropsical infant, chewing a doll; Alice in modern mourning, at the tomb of her sire; and a grand conglomeration of Helena, Alice, Louise, Leopold, and Beatrice on a balcony—which looked hardly strong enough to support such an august load of stout young specimens of English royalty.

A gilded crown held up our bed-curtains, British lions rampant glared at us from our fenders, and on the side-board shone silver which had served tea and toast in Windsor Castle. It was all very regal and imposing; but, being barbarians, we harrowed up the old lady's soul by bundling the stuffy bed-curtains out of the way, trampled the British lion under foot as we warmed our plebeian soles, and coolly put flapjacks in the sacred silver dishes. Vainly did Madame try to quench us, by affecting to forget herself at times, and call us "*chere princesses*," or back out of the room with magnificent obsequies, or talk in half-a-dozen languages at once, with a rapidity that made my head spin and caused my friend to flee

gave one illustration of his theme at a little more length. Madame de Staël, he remarked, said of Lafayette that he looked forward to free government with the entire confidence with which a Christian anticipates a future life. Charles X., when he was driven out of Paris by the revolution of 1830, remarked that he had known only two consistent men in his time, himself and Lafayette. Bonaparte said one day to the Council:—Everybody in France is subdued. There is but one man who is not—Lafayette. You see him tranquil. Very well, I tell you that he is all ready to begin again on the instant. In 1815, on the 20th of March, these words were fulfilled. Bonaparte arrived at Paris from Elba, and offered Lafayette the first place in the new Chamber of Deputies he was forming. Lafayette replied—"I have been long retired from public affairs, and if I engage in them it can only be as representative of the people." Urged by the necessities of the moment, Bonaparte also established an elective Chamber of Representatives. Lafayette was chosen a representative. The College of Electors chose him for their first President. On the 21st of June Bonaparte arrived from Waterloo, determined to abolish the Representative Chamber. Lafayette learned by private information, that in two hours the Representative Chamber would cease to exist. Instantly, on the opening of the session, he ascended the tribune and said these few words, which would have been his death warrant if the assembly he addressed should not support him. The speaker then quoted Lafayette's address to the effect that it was a movement for them to gather around the tri-color of 1789, the standard of freedom, equal rights and public order. He desired to offer certain resolutions which declared the assembly a permanent institution, and an attempt to dissolve it high treason. The resolutions were instantly adopted by the representatives and by the peers, and thus the Emperor was dethroned of all power. The immediate consequence was the abdication of Bonaparte. The speaker concluded his remarks by saying that if there ever was a country where eloquence was a power, it is in the United States. The political affairs demanded the best theories and noblest administrative ability the citizen can offer. Science, art and religion are to be brought home to the practice of thirty millions of people. Is it not worthy the ambition of every generous youth to train and arm his mind with the resources of knowledge, of method, of grace and of character to serve such a constituency? If you have a bolt, hurl it to the mark.

from her polyglot presence. We were not impressed, however; we didn't fall down and worship the ex-governess, but asked questions freely, laughed at and criticised the precious souvenirs, and behaved in all respects like savages from the wilds of America, as we were.

We certainly should have shown the poor lady more respect if her little domestic habits had not disturbed our free-born minds. What may be the customs at court I can't say; but if listening at key-holes, reading private letters, rummaging boxes and drawers, and cross-questioning servants are the fashion, I'm glad I don't reside in a palace. It soon became the chief amusement of our quiet lives to head Madame off, and keep her aristocratic fingers out of our domestic pies. If it had not been for Julie, our maid, we should have fared badly; for the old lady was as sly as a fox, and we never knew where to have her. She was a regular "Madame Beck," and seemed to feel it a duty to look well after the ways of the two lone strangers under her roof. After one lively skirmish concerning a dining-room so strongly flavored with stable that we couldn't use it, and didn't care to pay for it, though the Queen's seventh portrait

sacrificed the spot, she ceased to rebel openly, but kept up a sort of guerrilla warfare, which was both annoying and amusing.

Having engaged her rooms because of their southern aspect, we expected to enjoy the sunshine freely; but Madame insisted on shutting blinds, windows, and curtains, lest her velvet carpet should fade and her red damask furniture get dusty. So we locked the doors, and reveled in the light, much to the old lady's wrath. Thinking to settle us, she got in one day, in our absence, and shrouded every shroud-able article in brown linen. Wherever we rejoiced, and ordered dinner to be served on the cherished round table, now bereft of its ornaments and covered with an old red cloth. This was a blow; but Madame revenged herself by using our charcoal and scolding our maid. But Julie, who could talk as much like a Tower of Babel as herself, defended her young ladies valiantly, and instigated Therese, Madame's servant, to open rebellion when the old lady became tyrannical.

Poor Therese regarded us in the light of angels, because we gave her a few trifles and treated her like a human being. She was a fat, brown, toothless damsel, who





spoke nothing but Italian, and spent her life in a dirty kitchen, hovering over the little pits of fire whereon Madame's messes were cooked. Wild fits of wrath seemed to be her only amusement, and in these she indulged with Southern zest. Being startled one day by howls of appalling shrillness, I rushed to the kitchen, to find the maid dancing frantically about, with a knife in one hand and a carrot in the other, as she poured forth maledictions in an unknown tongue. The mistress, in an unassuming jupon of flannel, a fur-trimmed pelisse, slipshod shoes, and her most superb cap, was scrubbing the sink and scolding with a vigor which left nothing to be desired. The funniest part of the funny scene was Madame's utter unconsciousness of the ludicrous contrast between her cap and her shoes, her allusions to former grandeur and her present occupation. Being unable to assuage the storm, I enjoyed the prospect and retired much edified.

Half an hour afterward, Madame came rustling in, *en grande costume*, to show me a letter just received from Princess Helena. It was prettily written in French, and I was graciously permitted to copy it. As some young lady may like to know how a princess expresses herself, here it is :

OSBORNE,  
LE 5<sup>ER</sup> JANVIER, 1866. }

MA CHÈRE ET BONNE ROLLET :

Je suis restée très longtemps sans t'écrire, mais tu sais bien que ce n'est pas faute de penser à toi et de t'aimer toujours autant qu'autrefois, mais les journées ne sont réellement pas assez longues pour tout ce que j'ai à faire. Tu sais que j'ai assez à écrire pour ma chère Maman, et en outre j'ai été bien occupée par ce que j'ai à te dire, et que te sera plaisir j'espère, à cause de l'affection que tu me portes. Oui, ma chère Rolande, je l'annonce avec plaisir que je suis fiancée depuis le 1<sup>er</sup> Décembre. J'aurais voulu te le dire plus tôt, mais cela m'a été impossible. C'est le Prince Crétien de Schleswig Holstein Angustenberg que je vais épouser, et je n'ai pas besoin de te dire que je l'aime tendrement, et qu'il je suis aussi heureuse qu'on peut l'être. Mon mariage doit aussi bien vers le fin de Juin.

Et toi, ma bonne amie, comment supportes-tu le commencement de cet hiver ? J'espère que tu te sages bien et que tu prends toutes les précautions nécessaires. Je fais des vœux bien ardents pour ton bonheur dans cette nouvelle année, et je serais bien heureuse de te revoir encore.

Nous avons de bonnes nouvelles de nos deux sœurs Ficky et Alice. Je t'embrasse tendrement comme je t'aime, ma bonne Rolande, et je suis toujours

Ta bien affectionnée,

HÉLÈNE.

One cannot help wondering if the young princess is as happy now, and if she continues to "love tenderly" her middle-aged spouse, in spite of the German wife and seven children. Madame pre-

sented me with a sketch of Lady Jane Grey, by Helena, when sixteen; and another, of some fanciful individual, drawn and painted by Alice. She also showed me a portfolio of works of art by the Prince of Wales, which were excellent. I was at a loss to understand the cause of this unusual suavity, till, with her most insinuating smile, Madame begged as a favor the loan of our *salon* for an hour that evening, to receive some friends who were to dine with her in honor of her *jete day*. We granted the favor; and, feeling at liberty to amuse ourselves in Madame's own fashion, took sundry peeps at the festivities.

Madame's three grand-children came at noon, with a fine cake, a bottle of wine, and a nosegay, which they presented with a complimentary address such as French children alone could prepare and deliver. All the afternoon Theresa, having been propitiated by the gift of a gay handkerchief, led the life of a salamander in that fiery furnace of a kitchen, where the pits blazed fiercely and the air was full of savory odors. At dusk, two carriage-loads of guests arrived, and Madame received them in true court style. Grand Dieu! what bows and courtesies, what embraces and compliments, what gossip, airs, and graces! Truly, it was magnificque. To behold Madame at the head of her table "was a thing to dream of, not to tell." Her cap was stupendous as the bugle ornaments clashed musically above her fallow brow, her moire antique gleamed and rustled richly, her lace was dirty but priceless, and her aristocratic countenance glowed with an amiable complaisance in spite of her purple nose.

The fragrant little dining-room was dressed with flowers in the royal vases; ablaze with candles in the royal sticks; gorgeous with china, glass, and silver from the royal hand; and odorous with the courtly perfume of garlic.

The guests were a handsome notary, who assumed the air of a prince, and did it very well too; a pretty woman, in melon-colored silk, with blue roses in her hair; a dried-up old lady, with such a big handkerchief she was occasionally lost in its voluminous folds, and squeaked shrilly from behind that cambric barricade; two gentlemen, who apparently sat in the fireplace and were not visible from our point of view; and Madame's daughter, with her hair dressed so elaborately that it was a labyrinthine maze. Every one ate copiously, talked incessantly, gesticulated violently, and all appeared to enjoy themselves immensely. Coffee and snuff were passed round in the *salon*, and at ten "the party went out," as children say; and Madame took to her bed for three days.

There was an agreeable lull in our civil warfare after this; and Madame behaved

herself, offering to read French with us, opening her precious stores for our benefit, and regaling us with anecdotes of her brilliant life at court. According to her account, she had "enjoyed a varied career." Her spouse had been an ambassador, or something of that sort, to Spain; had come to grief in some way, and laid his bones to rest in Genoa. She had known splendor; but in her time of adversity had found support from the hand of Her Majesty, and "now reposed upon her pension." It was very interesting and romantic, and, I dare say, true; for among the waste-paper she gave us for kindling our fires I found notes from countesses, English and French, lists of jewels, plate, and books sold by Madame's order, and several envelops with big seals directed to "Madame Rolande de la Sage, Gouvernante de S. A. R. les Princesses à Windsor." One of the notes was as follows :

OSBORNE, March 22d.

DEAR MADAME :

I should be glad to know if you find it more difficult to teach the Prince of Wales *here* than elsewhere? I cannot make him attend nor remember anything, and he is very unruly. I fancy the sea-air must have something to do with this change; but, if you do not find the same difficulty, perhaps I am wrong. Excuse me for troubling you with this question. The Prince of Wales was going on so well that I am quite vexed to see him as I see him now; and I am anxious to know what you and Miss Ilhart think of him, and whether he is only so idle and inattentive with me. Yours truly,

H. M. BIRCH.

It is fortunate for the conscientious tutor that he no longer has the care of the Prince; for, if idleness, inattention, and sea-air disturbed him then, what would the poor gentleman say to his royal pupil now?

When we left, Madame, after trying to cheat us out of a few hundred francs, and being disappointed in her amiable endeavor, kissed and blessed us, and gave me letters to Miss Hildyard, another ex-governess, living in London, and to Mrs. Thurston, the housekeeper at Windsor Castle. Very French and funny were the letters, being a jumble of flattering commendations of "the American Miss," regrets on the death of Sir Charles Phipps, congratulations to Sir Thomas Biddulph, master of the household, accounts of Madame's cutting off her hair, prayers for the royal family, and compliments to the "chère amie."

Miss Hildyard was out when I called. But the housekeeper received me at Windsor, some weeks later, in black satin, lavender kids, and blonde cap, at eleven in the morning, and did her best to get leave for me to see the castle from Lady Caroline Somebody; but, as one of the family was at the castle, etiquette would not permit strangers to see more than the chapel,





terrace, and tower. I spoke of Madame; and Mrs. Thurston, the "*bien aimée amie*," disposed of the old lady with British brevity.

"Rollet meant well; but she was—French."

And the royal housekeeper bowed me out with the air of one resigned to the mournful fact that Madame Rolande de la Sage never would become English enough to keep inquisitive Americans from calling on Her Majesty at unseasonable hours.

CONCORD, MASS.

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## Five Americans.

LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was styled by Willis, with the usual aptness of that felicitous writer, "the best-launched poet in America." He was, perhaps, too well launched: won too easy a success, lost the power to digest wholesome criticism, like that of Margaret Fuller, and experienced for some years that reaction of indifference with which the public sometimes repays a petted child. I remember that a newspaper spoke of him, at five and twenty, as a man "whose genius was at once the delight and wonder of his fellow-countrymen." But many years passed during which this popularity seemed rather weakened than strengthened; perhaps because he showed no appetite to increase it, and seemed content to rest upon his oars.

We juniors used to be indignant at the assertion of certain cold critics that he was, after all, rather a wit than a poet. Yet it is doubtless as a wit that most of his enduring laurels have been won. His early zeal as a reformer brought this wit to bear in the right direction, when most needed. The early "Biglow Papers," for the first time brought the laugh on the right side; and such service as this was readily accepted in lieu of many other gifts. Yet he was hardly a radical by temperament, though it was during his radical epoch that much of his best poetic work was done; and it was the great stimulus of the war in later years which elicited the rest. That the white heats of his intellectual life should have occurred at these two periods shows how much the action of his genius depended on his moral enthusiasm.

So far as wit goes, neither our literature nor any other has more to offer than in the "Biglow Papers." No one had thoroughly studied the rustic dialect of New England before; no one else writes it now so well. Lowell overstates and overspells its quaintnesses, perhaps; but extracts inexhaustible wit from this and from every-

thing. He has perhaps less humor than wit; and, though never coarse, shows sometimes a want of discriminating taste. It seems incredible, for instance, that any man of poetic sensibility should have printed that unfortunate pun about the cataract in Milton's eye, for which the English critics so justly reproved him.

He was charged with mannerism in his early poems. But there was much grace and tenderness, too; and he was perhaps more truly a poet when he wrote "A Year's Life" than when, in later years, he ridiculed Petrarch as a sentimentalist. But the study of old English models had a marked and rather doubtful influence over his style. He himself said well that the study of strong thinkers was like Jacob's wrestling with an angel, and that Richter had lamed Carlyle a little. Precisely thus did Chapman and the rest lame Lowell. They invigorated his verse and prose, no doubt; but at the expense of grace, clearness, and sweetness. They tempted him to a cumbersome and involved structure, and to the use of rather clumsy adjectives. It seems incredible that he should still have left standing in his volumes such craggy lines as

"Where there are woods and un-man-stuffed places" or,

"Mid the frothy gnashed tusks of some  
Ship-crunching bay."

Akin to this was the sort of heterogeneity which showed itself in his larger works. The graceful "Vision of Sir Launfal" shows us medieval knights and castles set in a New England landscape. In the "Fable for Critics" Apollo seems to gasp for breath amid the confusion of brilliant sketches and trivial personalities. In the "Biglow Papers" Parson Wilbur sometimes writes Addisonian English; sometimes becomes Cotton-Mather, and sometimes (as in his sermon) perpetrates the most flagrant and unmitigated Carlylese. And even in Lowell's latest review articles there is apt to be an excess of wealth, overwhelming us with anecdote, allusion, and metaphor, till we long to take each sentence half-and-half. So few writers err on the side of profusion that it seems ungracious to complain of this; but, after all, it is a defect of art. In single phrases no man living has a lighter touch; but the next moment down comes the trip-hammer, and the unwary reader has his fingers crushed.

His best continuous prose, no doubt, is in that portion of the "Fireside Travels" which relates to Cambridge. There is here a mellowness, a quietness, and a sustained delicacy of handling, which he has not elsewhere equaled. This volume appeared in 1864, sixteen years from the date of his last previous work. It was a vast space to omit from the very pæme of the life of a man like Lowell. It was a loss

that no academical service could repay. Indeed, Longfellow had led us to suppose the same academical service to be compatible with abundant literary work; and this small volume could not be accepted as quite an equivalent for those silent years.

A few years more, and we had the second series of the "Biglow Papers," with its admirable philological essay, so condensed as to seem rather a granite-quarry than an edifice. He served the public faithfully also as part-editor of the *North American Review*, which has been, under his influence, greatly refreshed and illumined; although he unhappily cannot write the whole of it, and its literary quality is sadly kept down by the low prices it pays to contributors, and its consequent inability to command the market.

At last came the war, which, among its many great benefits, gave back to Lowell the inspiration of his early years. With his "Commemoration Ode"—read at the memorial service in Cambridge, July 21st, 1865—he stepped at last into the place which his early admirers had been waiting twenty years to see him fill. If anything could console them for those silent years, it was this magnificent poem. In wealth, in dignity, in tenderness, in harmony, in grace, it finds no equal in our literature. I remember Lowell's saying, in the height of his early popularity, that he did not yet venture to write himself "*Vates*." But, that name, or any other that signifies the highest claim of the poet, befits him now.

## Five Americans.

EMERSON.

LORD CLARENDON said of Lord Falkland, secretary of state to Charles I., that, as his house was within ten miles of Oxford, "the most polite and accurate men of that university frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in *proxer* air. So that his house was a university in less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study."

For more than a quarter of a century one modest house in Concord, Massachusetts, has afforded to all the most thoughtful Americans, and to many foreigners, such an atmosphere as this. Situated little more than ten miles from our oldest university, Mr. Emerson's house has been "a college in a rarer air." Within those walls men found their true level; no avowed pretension could avail there; no foolish vanity; one clear, pure atmosphere of truth prevailed; and the noblest visitor bore away a higher example than he brought. Whatever criticism future years may bring on Ralph





Waldo Emerson, nothing can ever deprive him of these laurels. Beyond almost all literary men on record, his life has been worthy of his words.

For the rest, he has put himself beyond reach of the criticism of his contemporaries by the great services he has rendered them. When, in reading his earlier essays, one meets sentence on sentence that has been from boyhood as it were a part of one's own being—one's heart, and soul, and intellect seeming almost builded out of that strong tonic—how is it possible to criticize?

Perhaps with further knowledge one may detect some defect of structure, some puzzling want of continuous method. In his verse one may complain of an almost whimsical absence from the pleasing proprieties of form, and in his prose of a tantalizing fragmentariness. There is a preponderance of the *lumen siccum*, or "dry light." One may miss the fine wine of Bacchus, or "the heat that oftentimes breeds excess." The thrills and pulsations of passion rather disturb him; he does not quite render justice to Shelley, to Petrarch, to Hawthorne. And yet, in the "Representative Man" what wonderful appreciations! what a range of sympathy with types of character unlike his own!

In his poems, what lyric glimpses there are, what subtle refinements, what grand and sudden sweeps of the lyre! Not Thackeray himself has ever caught such fine and evanescent shadings in Nature, or such subtle melodies. A little, a very little more of self-abandonment, a little more of flow and freedom, and it seems as if the secret of an Nature would have been his. Wanting this, we are sometimes jarred with a prosaic strain, and then the heavens and the earth grow angular and recusinal. Yet we may measure the height of our ascent, by the shock of the letting down.

The time is not yet come for estimating Emerson's contributions to the thought of the world. Plainly they lie not in the direction of system-making, which is after all the "secondary tree of thought; but rather in the direction of intuitions, and of processes that lie beyond the domain of the ordinary understanding. He does not give what men find in Herbert Spencer; for instance; but he gives in a single sentence an illumination that extinguishes all the light rendered by Herbert Spencer, as a sunbeam abolishes the gas-lights. . . .

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MR. WHITTIER AS A CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS. The Prohibitionists of this district have nominated Mr. John G. Whittier as their candidate for Congress, in pursuance of their policy to form a separate and independent political party. No more acceptable name than that of Mr. Whittier could be offered to our

voters, for it stands for genius, courage and excellence. But we presume that it is used wholly without Mr. W's consent, and that he will insist upon its instant withdrawal.

It is well known that Mr. W's health is extremely poor, and that he would not for a moment think of assuming any public cares whatever. Of the estimation in which he is held by the people of this district there can be no question. They would delight to do him honor in any appropriate way. They would be glad to vote for him for office, if he desired it, in which act they would honor themselves more than him. But everybody knows that Mr. Whittier could not wish to be a member of Congress. His tastes and habits, his temperament and disposition, alike unfit him for that bolsterous arena. Everybody perceives the incongruity of naming him in this connection. Indeed, we think it is a positive rudeness to propose him, without his consent, for an office which he does not desire, and thus involve him in a defeat which would by no means indicate the popular feeling in regard to him.

For some positions Mr. Whittier would be the first and almost unanimous choice of our people, but not for Congress. In that place it is the wish and the intention of the district to retain Gen. Butler. The great services which he has rendered in Congress, and the signal fidelity with which he has promoted the business interests of his constituents, render it a matter of gratitude, as well as of interest and principle, to insist upon his return. Of course, under such circumstances, it would be an unhappy thing to force Mr. Whittier into the field. It could result in nothing agreeable to himself or friends, among whom we desire to be counted, and we hope, therefore, that his candidacy may be of short duration.

P. S. Mr. Whittier declines. He writes to the Journal that he read the proceedings with some surprise, and adds:

"I had flattered myself that my Republicanism was above suspicion; but if there is anybody in the Commonwealth who entertains a doubt of it in consequence of the proceedings referred to, it is sufficient to say that the use of my name was wholly unauthorized, and that the nomination has been promptly declined. JOHN G. WHITTIER."

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EDGAR A. POE.

THE STORY OF HIS SONG OF "THE BELLS."

The following incident was related by a member of the Baltimore bar, who, at the time of its occurrence, was but recently admitted to practice. The truth of the statement may be depended on, and even the conversation introduced, I give, I think, nearly word for word as reported to me.

At the period referred to there were several single-story houses on the east side of St. Paul street, between Lexington and Saratoga streets, each of which contained but two rooms. They were rather massive—according to present ideas—constructed of brick, but have been for a long time displaced by tall and stately buildings. One of these sin-

gle-storied houses was occupied by my informant. The front apartment was used as a law office, the rear as a sleeping room.

One calm and clear moonlight winter night, when the snow lay deep upon the city streets and roofs, Mr. — was making preparations to retire to bed when his front door-bell rung. He aroused his negro servant boy, who was nodding on his stool by the chimney-corner, and sent him to open the door to the late visitor. The boy almost immediately returned alone. He said that nobody was at the door, but that a gentleman was standing in the snow in the middle of the street, talking to himself and tossing his arms about.

Mr. — now went to the front door himself. When he opened it he found one, who was evidently a gentleman—he could see that by the moonlight—standing on the pavement facing him.

"Was it you who rang my bell?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "I owe you an apology for disturbing you at an hour so unreasonable. But the fact is, some thoughts have come into my head which I wish to commit to paper, and seeing a light in your back window" (the house was upon the corner of an alley), "and considering it a matter of course that a lawyer's office is supplied with stationery, I took the liberty of ringing your bell."

"You are very welcome, indeed," said the young lawyer. "Walk in, sir."

The stranger followed him into the inner apartment, where a bright fire was burning in the grate. The manner of his guest was so impressive of intellect that Mr. — offered him his bed; but the visitor only asked the use of a chair, table and writing materials. So the negro boy lay down upon his pallet on the floor, and the young lawyer retired to his bed, leaving the stranger bending over the table writing.

When Mr. — awakened in the morning his strange visitor was sitting in a chair, with his head upon the table, asleep. The motion made by the young lawyer on awakening roused the stranger. The latter seemed at once to be wide awake. He arose from his seat, thanked his host for his hospitality, and gracefully apologized for his intrusion on the previous night. He was then about to leave the room.

"You are forgetting your manuscript," said the young lawyer, pointing to some pieces of paper on the table.

"I have a copy of what I have composed," said the stranger, and leave the original with you as some acknowledgment of your kindness under circumstances so trying."

The stranger left. The lawyer did not know until a long time afterward, when the "Song of the Bells," of which he still has the original—had been published and become famous, that his singular visitor was Edgar A. Poe.





## RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

THE recent publication, in two compact volumes, of Mr. Emerson's prose writings tempts us into a brief consideration of some of those *qualities* which have given him so marked a reputation among cultivated minds in all civilized countries. The whole body of his appreciative readers, in the United States and Europe, may not be as large as the readers of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in Massachusetts alone; but Mr. Emerson has this little advantage over Mr. Cobb, that he is read in London, Edinburgh, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Florence, and Rome, as well as in New York and Boston, and that he is recognized by thoughtful and intelligent people everywhere as one of the spiritual forces of the time. We saw, about a year ago, in an Italian periodical, an elaborate review of his "Representative Men," in which the only mistake made was in naming him Raphael W. Emerson.

Mr. Emerson's popularity among scholars and thinkers is not due to his agreement with them in anything but a love of scholarship and a respect for all vital thought. Many of his ardent admirers reprove what they call his eccentricities, question his philosophy, assail his opinions; they are attracted to him simply in virtue of the power of attraction necessarily exerted by a primary force in literature. The definite thought may displease; but "the man behind the thought" is so powerful and so charming that he commands attention and admiration. There is something in his writings not merely original, but "aboriginal"—a flavor as of the wild strawberry, a fragrance as of the wild rose.

By the felicity of his disposition, as well as by the constitution of his mind, Emerson has overcome prejudice by declining controversy. Forty years ago, when he started on what may be called his "career," he excited vehement opposition. His eager assailants found, however, to their surprise, that he had no quarrel with honest men whose perceptions of truth differed from his own. He would have been ruined at the start had he turned aside from the work of thinking to the logical defense of what he had already thought. His method is now what it was from the commencement. He studies, explores, meditates, divines; then, suppressing all his processes, he gives results in a few brief, bright, dogmatic sentences. He seems to say to all contentious disbelievers in the "deliverances" of his mind, "If my thought agrees with your experience, well; if not, what is the use of wrangling about it? I have not hit your sense of the meaning of things; that is all. I have no personal, mental, moral, or spiritual interest distinct from yours. All

my thinking bears on questions relating to a large and noble life. If I cannot aid you, I certainly shall not distract you in your own course, by gratifying your unfortunate taste for controversy. My business is with insights, not with arguments." There is true modesty, tender respect for the rights of all hearts that strive to be pure, and all minds that strive to be fair, in Emerson's seeming dogmatism. Indeed, the theme of one of his earliest addresses best describes his intellectual character. He is "Man Thinking," and man thinking as close as he can to the reality of things, careless of inconsistency, and ever eager to overlap an old thought with a new one. He is really comprehensive in the reach of his mind, in the keenness of his insight into a wide variety of practical and spiritual matters; but he is not comprehensive in the sense of regarding the relations of the things he specially investigates with such intensity and penetration. His mind is open on all sides. He seeks aid from every quarter—from sinner and from saint, from New York rough and New England clergyman, from the man of business and the transcendentalist—from everybody, in short, who has fairly come face to face with any Fact, empirical or vital; but he eludes every temptation to be spiritually enclosed by any one fact. He admits that thought, good or bad, true or false, tends to organize itself in a creed, a church, a political institution, a theory of life which men practically lead, a theory of high philosophy which men practically disown; but then he thinks that more or less charlatanism enters into all organization—"Man Thinking" must be kept outside of everything man organizes. It is the leading principle of Emerson's "system" to be designedly unsystematic. While he genially recognizes all that man has palpably done, he believes in the finality of nothing that man has done—neither in practical life, nor in philosophy, nor in religion. The "soul," which is over all, is tender and tolerant in judging the results of honest endeavor, but still austere teaches that the greatest men can but suggest the possibilities of Humanity. Plato is involved in this criticism as well as Montaigne; Fichte as well as Hobbes; Hegel as well as Helvetius. They are all men who, by assuming to include everything in their several systems, attempt to "lay copyright on the world."

The reading of Emerson, therefore, not only informs, enlivens, and animates the soul, but tends to emancipate it. Emerson's knowledge is wide and various; but we get in his writings only the essences he has extracted from it. He collects tons of rose-leaves, and converts them into *odor of rose*. A reader of his "English Traits" laughingly said that the book affected him somewhat as he

would have been affected had he asked for an account of the agricultural products of England, and been presented, in answer, with a mince-pie. The amount of suggestion he can flash in an epithet is only paralleled by the amount of information he can cram into a sentence. To the knowledge derived from books he adds that which is derived from original observation, both of Nature and human life; and what is called common sense never appears more attractive and more convincing than when embodied in his compact and sparkling statements. He has wit in almost the same degree in which he has reason; and his wit, like his reason, like his imagination, is but a mode of insight. But the special charm of his writings comes from his sense of beauty. Learning, observation, wit, humor, reason, every power of mind, every quality of disposition which enter into his books are steeped in beauty. Resolution of character, penetration, and elevation of thought, sweetness of affection, delicacy of sentiment do not necessarily cheer; but Emerson always cheers, for he adds to these a vital perception of essential beauty.

The light of Emerson's thinking is indicated by this, that in his writings two things, genius and duty, the intellect and the moral sentiment, assume their true grandeur. "Seekest thou," he says, "in Nature the cause? . . . Thou must feel it and love it, *thou must behold it in a spirit as grand as that by which it exists*, ere thou canst know the law." This elevation of sentiment and intellect is peculiar to Emerson among all the thinkers of the time. It is this which gives him the right to criticize genius. He has entered into its secret; while, as compared with him, the most methodical mechanical critics seem feebly feeling about on the outside of the veil they cannot or dare not lift.

Channing devoted his whole secluded life to setting forth "the dignity of human nature"; but there is a suggestion of rhetorical effort in his noblest periods. He never attained the easy elevation or lyric ecstasy of Emerson's treatment of the same inexhaustible theme. What can be more ethically and imaginatively efficient than the use of the word "perdition" in this quotation?

"Though love repine, and reason chafe,  
There came a voice without reply:  
"Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die."

All the pith of Unitarian sermons, preached since the denomination had an existence, is implied in this noble verse:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,  
The youth replies, *I can*."





(36)

## BRYANT.

## Remarks of the Rev. H. N. Powers Tuesday Evening.

## A Juvenile Poem.

Owing to the lack of space yesterday morning, the address of the Rev. H. N. Powers at the Bryant dinner Tuesday evening was omitted. It is now given, as follows:

Any satisfactory portraiture of William Cullen Bryant, whose 60th birthday was celebrated to-night, would include a consideration of his poetic genius, his services as a teacher of public morals and political philosophy, his scholarship, his relations with art, his place in literature, and his superb manhood. So great a task, though a delightful one, I shall not now undertake, but shall simply draw a few outlines, which your appreciative minds will fill up with warmth and color.

## AS A POET,

Mr. Bryant stands first in American literature. His characteristics are, great strength with sweetness, a noble simplicity and melody of versification, luminous clearness of expression, tenderness without affection, a deep religious sympathy with nature, connected with a rare gift of insight, and a mastery of felicity in interpreting its spirit; a profound sensibility to all affecting phases of human experience, exquisite taste, a powerful imagination, and a manly and genuine sincerity. He excels as an artist in portraying features that are most intensely engaging, and in so preserving the natural relation of things described that their vitality strikes us where we are most susceptible and receptive. From all mere literary tricks and devices he is utterly free. With his fervor and energy he has a calm and majestic repose. In some of his more serious poems he shows a Miltonic grandeur, yet with no signs of effort. The accusation of poetic frigidity that was once in fashion against him, was long ago abandoned as unjust. Those who feel deepest, and who see down where flow the undercurrents of life, know full well that there is a divine heart in the poet's soul. But it does not produce bubbles nor fog, nor sputter or roll, nor even glittering pyrotechnics. His muse has a sweet and solemn dignity, which is never betrayed into rant or declamation. Every line is a gem. The range of his topics is wide, and though his original poems are not voluminous, yet he has treated just those themes that have the deepest significance to us,—life and death, home and country, liberty and religion,—while no poet has ever given more perfect delineations of nature in her varying moods. His ethics are pure and elevating. In his narrative of life, his prophecies of liberty, his pictures of human disencumbrance and progress, and aspirations, he shows a

PHILOSOPHIC INSIGHT AND COMPREHENSIVENESS, a devout spirit, and a temper of general philanthropy. The inspirations of his poetry are therefore of the highest and finest quality. In all he has written there is no line appealing to a base passion, not a suggestion that is indecent, not a sentiment that can be used in the support of any evil or injustice. As pure as the snowflake, yet as warm as the tropic wind, is the spirit out of which is born his glorious song. Those who with clearest vision walk most reverently with nature, and who in the sympathies of a tender and strong humanity aspire most sincerely for virtue, and freedom, and brotherhood, never cease to find strength and refreshment in his noble strains. They come with an invigorating, vision moving, consoling, replenishing life in its soundless depths. We feel in "one great miracle that goes on around us" that infinite Love is ever working and benignant. And so the earth and its companionship are more sacred, and our existence becomes a more expressive note in the high harmony of the universe.

## AS A JOURNALIST

Bryant is a model of independence, courtesy, public spirit, patriotism, and fidelity to intelligent and conscientious convictions. His long career at the head of one of the most influential papers in the country is unassailed by a single blot. While he illustrates a kind of success that is most alluring to natures of generous aims, he has never sacrificed a political doctrine, or wavered for a moment from his constancy to principles through the partialities of friendship or through intimidation or a low expediency. It is one of the marvels of his great career that amidst the harassing cares and labors incident to his editorial position he has kept a sweet temper for scholarly pursuits, and has given birth to such exquisite and undying verse. But the power of his great journalistic influence—a power exerted primarily upon the thinkers and leaders in public life—is due to the wisdom and virtue of

## HIS STATESMANSHIP,

for he is a statesman of the highest type. No man is more thoroughly grounded in political science, no man

has a profounder conviction of human rights and duties, or a clearer understanding of the office and obligations of government. And so, with his genius, his intellectual accomplishments, his firmness, courage, independence, and his unconquerable love of justice and liberty, his influence on the mind and councils of the nation has been immense. There is no species of political iniquity that he has not assailed, often with deadly effect, and no doctrine of permanent advantage to the Commonwealth that he has not advocated, and set firmer in the minds and hearts of men. Not even his

strongest political antagonists have ever accused him of office-seeking. While his patriotism has always shone as clear as the noonday sun, he has asked nothing of his country but the privilege to serve her interests in the pursuits to which he has consecrated his life.

## BRYANT'S SCHOLARSHIP

is elegant, profound, and comprehensive. He is familiar with the literature of the learned professions, is a student of science, is accomplished in the chief languages of Continental Europe, and is a master of the ancient classics, while he is conversant with the whole field of modern letters. His translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* made after his 50th year is allowed by the most competent critics to be the best, the most truly Homeric, of any in the English tongue. His prose is pure, triumphant, graceful, and vigorous. In his essays and sketches of travel and orations are some of the finest specimens of elegant and noble English that our century has produced.

## AS A MAN,

Bryant presents whatever is cultivated, useful, and admirable in character in human life. To his splendid genius he joins the noblest virtues. Whatever the temptation, he has never abused his powers and opportunities for unworthy ends. No one can point out in his career an act of injustice, the betrayal of a trust, the advocacy of a doctrine, the support of a candidate, that his own interests might be secured. He has devoted his long and laborious life, which has been carefully preserved by deference to wise hygienic rules, to the highest culture, and to a beneficent service that has never swerved from its high aim. What is never to be ignored in the estimate of the man is the truth, honor, justice, philanthropy, the high Christian conscience, that he has carried into every field of his endeavor, and which consecrate his renown. He has lived constant to a grand ideal. As Holmes says of him:

"How shall we thank him that in evil days  
He faltered never—for for blame nor praise,  
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays?"

"But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,  
So to his youth his manly years were true,  
All dyed in royal purple through and through."

One might say that such a life has been singularly fortunate, but this word does not convey the correct idea of it. It is a result of obedience to divine law, and is therefore a splendid example of manhood. Filling such a space in the affections of men as this life does, so grand in its simplicity, so rich in its fruitage, so manifold in its utilities, so harmonious in its symmetry, "like perfect music set to noble words," Bryant may well have the reverent homage of a grateful generation to-day.

And now he stands on the summit of his 80 years in a sweet old age, with mind undimmed and physical force wonderfully preserved. Friends are around him. He has competence and fame,—the solaces of culture and religion. A nation puts the chaplet of love, and reverence, and gratitude, upon his "good gray head" to-night. Our children rise up and call him blessed. He has all the earth can give of good, but if you should ask him the source of his profoundest satisfaction, he would say that it is in the consciousness of rectitude,—in having lived in the love of God and man.

I have wrought a little poem to cast among the tributes of the day, which I will read before taking my seat:

TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ON HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY,  
NOV. 3, 1874.

The sweetest blossom any bring  
To-day to deck thy muse's throne,  
Are those that out of pure hearts spring  
From seeds thy fruitful life has sown.

How deep thy living thought struck down  
In countless souls throughout the land,  
The splendid flowers of thy renown  
In myriad leaves of light expand.

They bloom in virtues strong and true,  
In deeds that make our kinship sweet,  
Chaste homes and lives of spotless hue,  
In love that serves with tireless feet;

In patriot zeal; in Honor's breast;  
Where Duty runs without debate;  
Where Nature feasts her reverent guest,  
And faith waits calmly "at the gate."

These garlands of the spirit live  
While mortal splendors pass away;  
Millions their fadeless tribute give  
To thee, O kingly bard, to-day.

(37)

A Poet who Could not Live on  
"Leaves of Grass."

Robert Buchanan, a poet of no insignificant in London, having heard of the impoverished condition of his brother bard in this country, viz: Walter Whitman, the composer of "Leaves of Grass," berates in bitter strains the uncharitable conduct of "the literary coteries which emasculate America," and calls upon his English friends to assist their brother poet. The N. Y. Herald, while commenting upon the undesirable results of such coteries, still hopes that the liberal Americans will not allow their trans-Atlantic cousins to be alone in rendering assistance to Mr. Whitman.

Are there impoverished poets in Wilkes-Barre, unaided by a Literary Coterie? If so let them speak,  
And in angry verses wreak  
Their curses upon an uncharitable coterie.

And for poets mounting the air,  
The blue hills, the ocean, and the land,  
The rugged cliffs in mountainous grandeur,  
The purple mountains, and the rolling waves,  
The blue hills, the ocean, and the land,  
The rugged cliffs in mountainous grandeur,  
The purple mountains, and the rolling waves,

## A POEM

ADDRESSED TO MR. BRYANT, BROOKFIELD, MAY, 1869.

Once more the bard with eager eye reviews  
The flowery path of fancy and the muse,  
Once more essays to thrill forgotten strains,  
The loved amusement of his native plains,  
And now I pore o'er Virgil's glowing lines,  
Where, famed in war, the griffin's abode  
And golden Electro whirls in  
Dure jarring tumult, death, and eagle rage,<  
Pierces armads close, and from his flying car,  
And hoarse-toned claps first the raging war.  
Nor with less vigor does his master-hand
To guide slow oxen o'er the furrowed ground:  
The sturdy hoe or slender rake to ply  
Midst dust and sweat, beneath a summer eve.  
But now I pore o'er Virgil's glowing lines,  
Where, famed in war, the griffin's abode  
And golden Electro whirls in  
Dure jarring tumult, death, and eagle rage,  
Pierces armads close, and from his flying car,  
And hoarse-toned claps first the raging war.  
Nor with less vigor does his master-hand

dated, yet the writing, though exceedingly cramped and small, is perfectly legible. The manuscript opens:

Thanks for thy pure, majestic song,  
Thy golden years o'er measured span,  
Thy valiant will to smite the wrong,  
Thy vast unconquered love of man:Thanks for thy simple faith and truth;  
Thanks for thy wisdom, deep and calm;  
The freeness of thy generous youth;  
Thy life,—a sweet triumphant psalm!Earth's children catch its strains sublime,  
As ages bear along thy name;  
And down the glowing fields of time,  
The wise and good reflect thy fame.A JUVENILE POEM.  
Mr. John A. Bryant has, in his possession a manuscript poem written by his brother, William Cullen Bryant, sixty-five years ago. It has never been published, and it is only by the courtesy of Mr. John A. Bryant that the following excerpt is now given to the public. The manuscript is yellow with age, and somewhat dilapidated.





## SOURCES OF PART TWO

- (1) Phila. Album, Ladies' Literary Gazette, II, no. 39 (Feb. 27, 1828), pp. 306-307.
- (2) The New York Mirror, VIII, no. 37 (Mar. 19, 1831), pp. 292-293.
- (3) New York Weekly Express, Apr. 18, 1845, p. 6, col. 4.
- (4) T. Addison Richards in Harper's New Monthly Mag., XIV, no. 79 (Dec., 1856), pp. 1-21.
- (5) Nathaniel Parker Willis in The Home Journal, N.Y., Aug. 15, 1857, p. 2.
- (6) Nathaniel Parker Willis in The Home Journal, N.Y., Aug. 22, 1857, p. 2.
- (7) New York Herald, Nov. 5, 1859, pp. 1-2.
- (8) Ibid., p. 2. (9) Ibid., p. 2.
- (10) Ibid., p. 4. (11) Ibid., p. 4.
- (12) Theodore Tilton in The Independent, N.Y., Nov. 24, 1859, p. 1, cols. 4-5.
- (13) The Independent, N.Y., Nov. 24, 1859, p. 3, cols. 5-6.
- (14) The Independent, N.Y., Nov. 24, 1859, p. 4, cols. 2-3.
- (15) The Independent, N.Y., Nov. 24, 1859, p. 8, cols. 1-2.
- (16) The Independent, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1859, p. 1, col. 1.
- (17) Dean in The Independent, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1859, p. 1, col. 4.
- (18) Theodore Tilton in The Independent, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1859, p. 1, col. 5.
- (19) The Independent, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1859, p. 1, col. 6.
- (20) The Independent, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1859, p. 3, col. 6.
- (21) The Independent, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1859, p. 4, cols. 2-3.
- (22) The Independent, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1859, p. 4, col. 5.
- (23) F. S. C. in the New York Ledger, XV, no. 42 (Dec. 24, 1859), p. 4, cols. 4-5.
- (24) The Press, Phila., Dec. 18, 1860, p. 1, cols. 5-6.
- (25) New York Leader, May 17, 1862, p. 6, col. 3.
- (26) Daniel Ricketson and F. B. Sanborn in The Liberator, Boston, May 23, 1862, p. 84, col. 1.
- (27) New-York Tribune, July 20, 1865, p. 6, cols. 4-5.
- (28) New-York Tribune, Oct. 17, 1865, p. 5, col. 3.
- (29) Boston Post, Oct. 2, 1867, p. 3, col. 3.
- (30) The Independent, N.Y., July 9, 1868, p. 2, cols. 3-5.
- (31) The Independent, N.Y., Aug. 20, 1868, p. 1, col. 8.
- (32) The Independent, N.Y., Oct. 29, 1868, p. 1, col. 8.
- (33) The Salem Observer, Salem, Mass., Nov. 5, 1870, p. 2, col. 1.
- (34) The Salem Observer, Salem, Mass., Mar. 11, 1871, p. 1, col. 4.
- (35) The Independent, N.Y., Feb. 1, 1872, p. 1, cols. 1-2.
- (36) Chicago Daily Tribune, Nov. 5, 1874, p. 3, col. 1, and p. 7, cols. 2-3.
- (37) Daily Record of the Times, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Mar. 16, 1876, p. 3, col. 2.
- (38) The Scranton Republican, Jan. 25, 1883, p. 2, col. 3.

(38)  
*An Estimate of Emerson.*  
 From a recent paper by Julia Ward Howe.

Mr. Emerson was a believer in absolute perfection, and no rudeness of reform satisfied him. He touched falsity in its weak spot, and falsity, instead of tumbling over in an unsightly mass, made his divine music, and departed. He uttered his divine music, and those who heard his song on no one. Still he chose, but he forced his meaning held in his was not the isolation of indifference. After President Lincoln issued his famous proclamation, there was a public meeting held in Boston, at which Emerson spoke. I was there also and recall his manner and much that he said. His anger at those who held human beings in bondage was the anger of an angel. He was fond of the poorer classes, and was loved by the rustics of his neighborhood. Longfellow and Emerson each lost a child and each made his sorrow the subject of a poem.

I recall a pleasant evening spent in a parlor in Beacon street, where I was invited to hear Mr. Emerson read from his own poems. "My daughter Ellen likes this," or "My wife is fond of this," or, once in a while, "This is one of my favorites." It seemed like a prayer without the amen. My ear would sometimes rebel at his reading. I wanted the other word first in some of the lines, but I thought then of the Venetian palaces to attack them with a scrubbing-brush. I could by changing the order of some of Mr. Emerson's words make the poetry more conservative, perhaps, but less impressive. Unlike many literary men, Mr. Emerson took greater enjoyment in his reading the literature of the past ages than in his writing. I would not have a single sentence that he ever wrote, what a gem is his remark that "To-day is a going, but with the words of one of them we may conclude our paper."

Lives of great men all remind us,  
 We may make our lives sublime.





## PART THREE













11.10.18









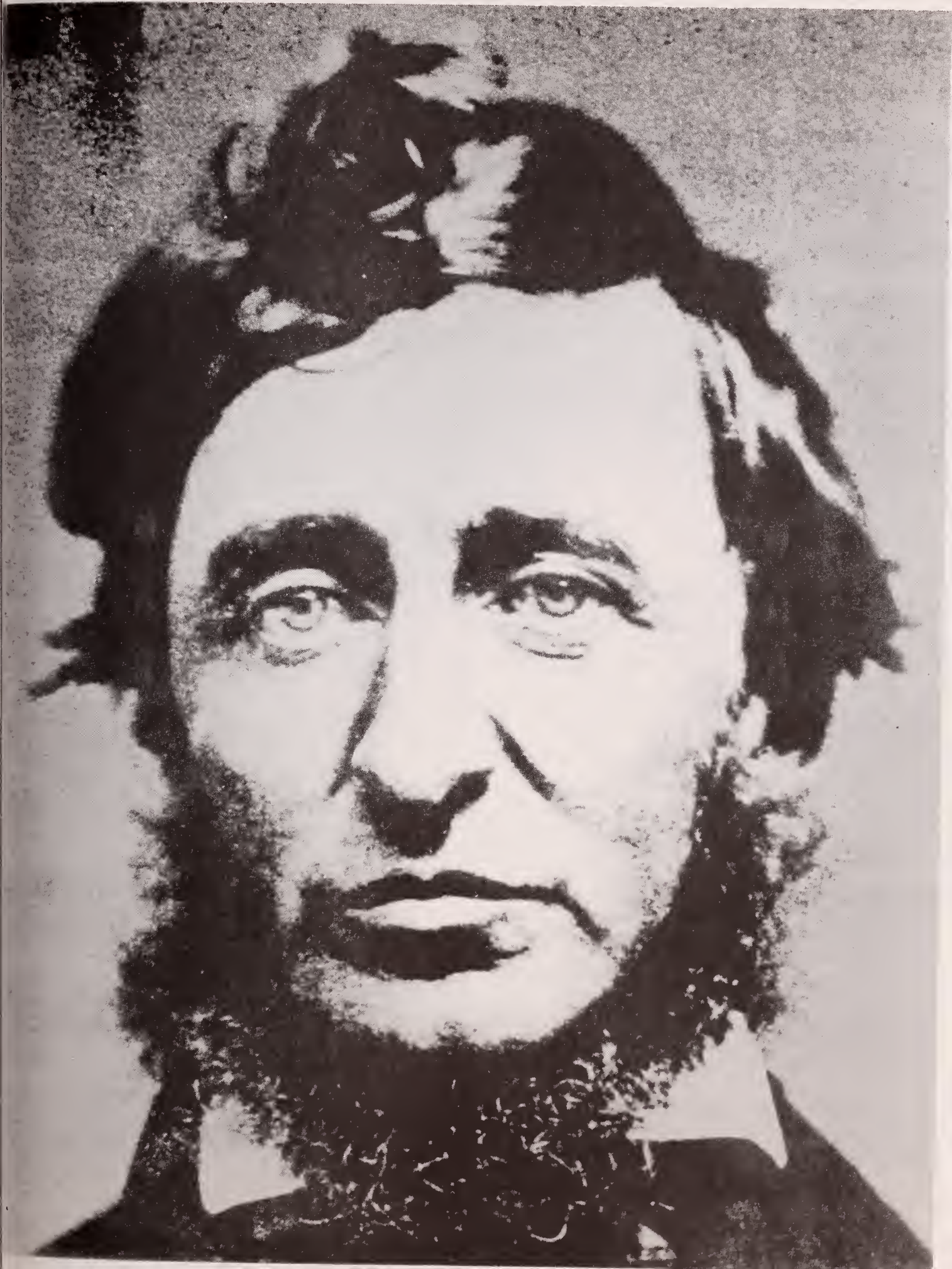


RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Enlarged from an ambrotype taken for a friend in the West, perhaps in 1857.







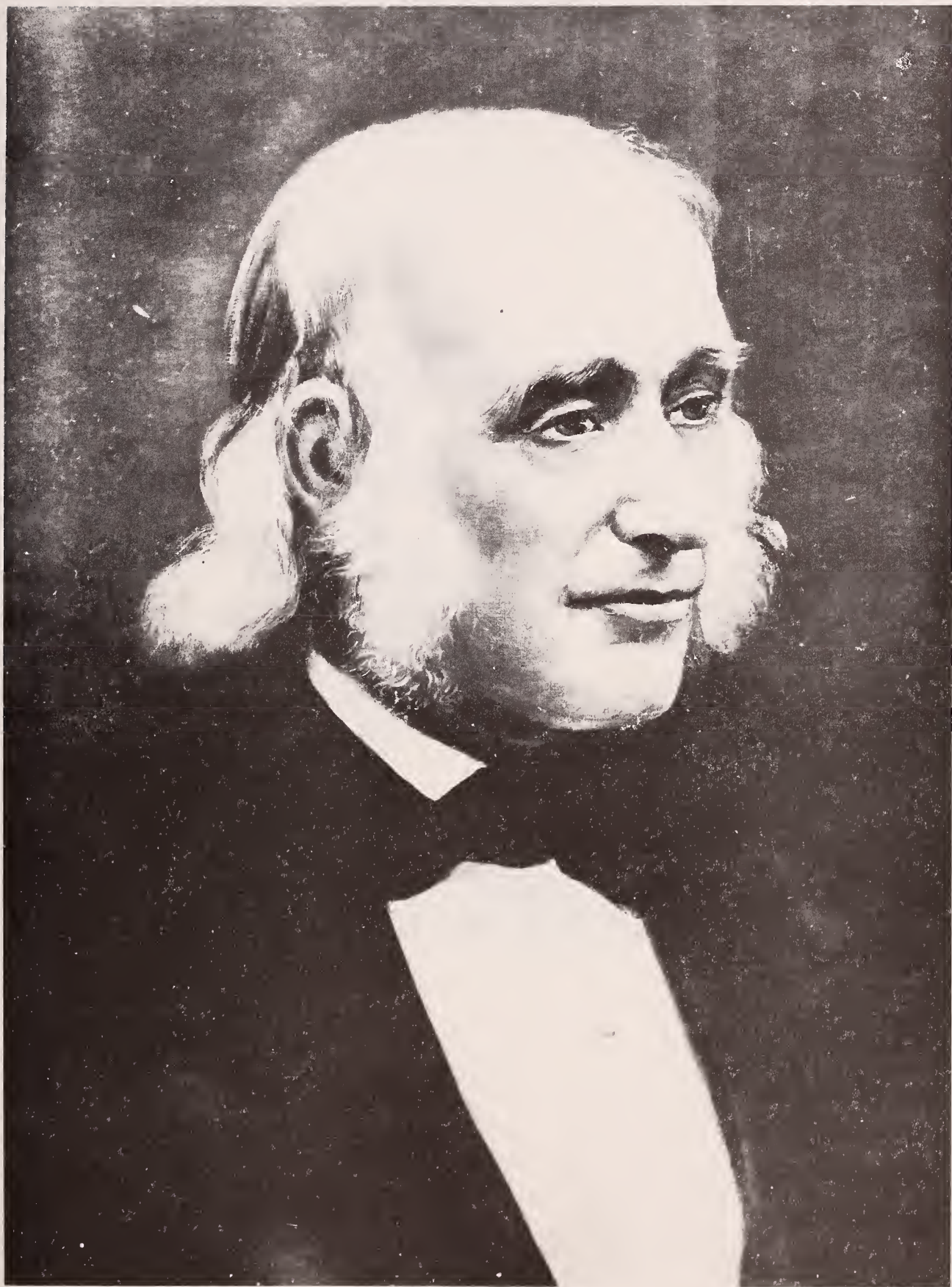












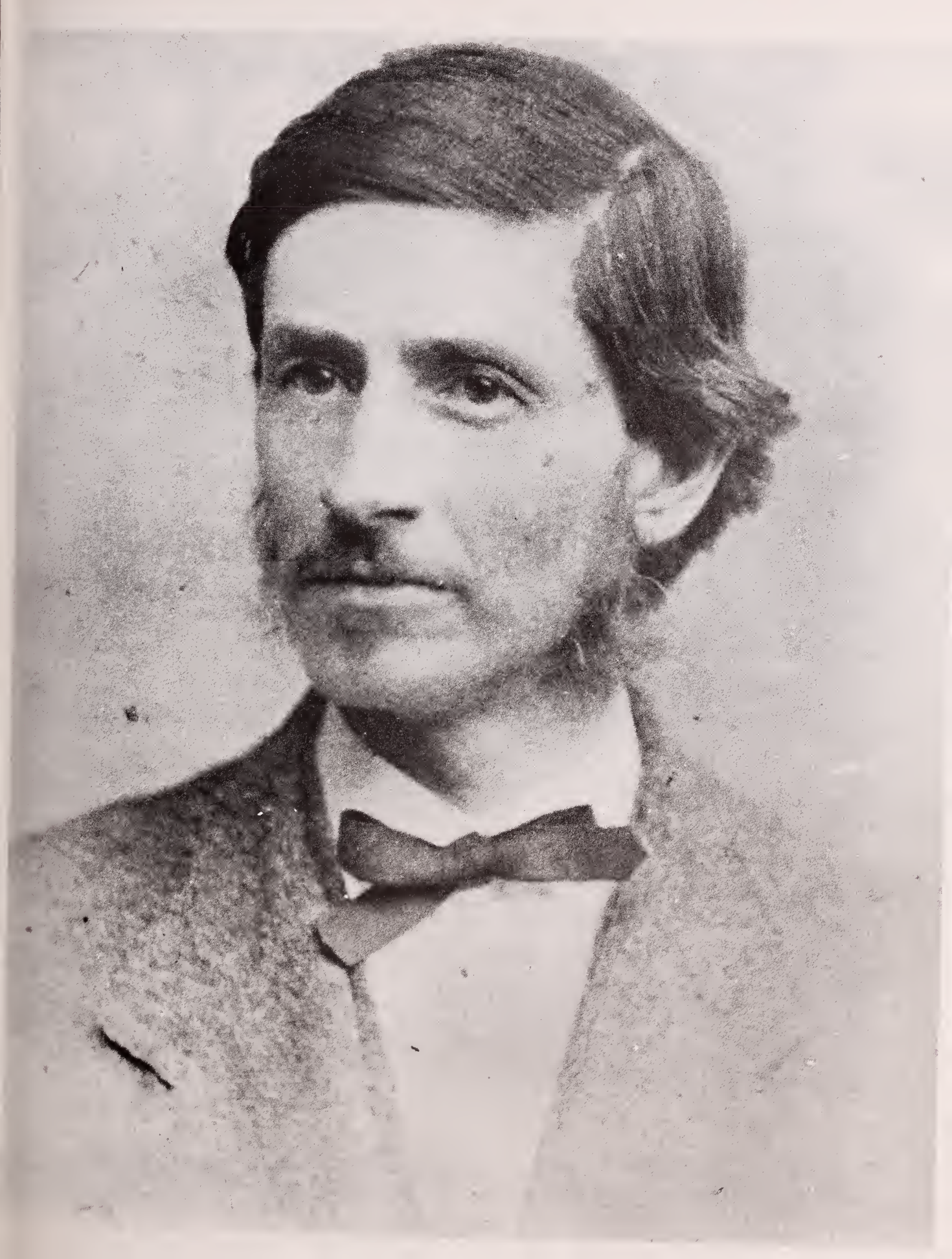






JONES VERY, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE









11  
EMERSON'S *NATURE* AND BRITISH  
SWEDENBORGISM  
(1840-1841)

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

In 1945, I indicated that the Swedenborgians of England and Scotland for a short time made much of Emerson's first Transcendental Challenge and then became silent.<sup>1</sup> I then lacked, however, the most significant evidence—a copy of The Biblical Assistant and Book of Practical Piety by the Rev. David George Goyder, of Glasgow—a volume which I believed to be non-existent. Quite recently having located two copies of it on this side of the Atlantic, I am able to complete the study left incomplete twenty years ago.<sup>2</sup> In this paper I shall not discuss Emerson's general indebtedness to Swedenborg—more especially to the little but highly significant Swedenborgian community in Boston and Cambridge—or, in particular, his enthusiasm between 1834 and 1836 for the writings of Sampson Reed, his New-Church druggist, for I have supplied evidence of all this elsewhere.<sup>3</sup> Rather, I here emphasize the response made by European Swedenborgians to elements in Nature which they recognized as their own and eagerly embraced—until the Church in Boston alerted them to the vagaries of the one-time Unitarian clergyman who, by 1840-1841, had become a dangerous, free-lance Transcendentalist. As a part of the first phase of Emerson's popularity abroad, the Swedenborgian interest in Nature is of considerable historical importance and involves the printing in Scotland of Emerson's little book by private subsidy. That Scottish edition, moreover, anticipated by three years the first English edition (1844) and may have helped create for Emerson a British reading public. The middle man between American Transcendentalism and Scottish Swedenborgism, it seems, was Thomas Carlyle, whose early activity in Emerson's behalf is not yet as well known or as much appreciated as Emerson's labors to popularize him in New England. His labors to create a British market for Emerson's works were considerable.

We know that Emerson, at home, was liberal with presentation copies of his first book, especially among friends and book reviewers.<sup>4</sup> Abroad, Carlyle acted for him as may be noted in the following correspondence:<sup>5</sup>

[Emerson to Carlyle, Sept. 17, 1836]

I send you a little book I have just now published, as an entering wedge, I hope, for something more worthy and significant. This is only a naming of topics on which I would gladly speak and gladlier hear.

[Carlyle to Emerson, Feb. 13, 1837]

Your little azure-colored Nature gave me true satisfaction. I read it, and then lent it about to all my acquaintance that had a sense for such things; from whom a similar verdict always came back. You say it is the first chapter of something greater. I call it rather the Foundation and Grand-plan on which you may build whatsoever of great and true has been given you to build. It is the true Apocalypse....

[Carlyle to Emerson, Sept. 25, 1838]

The New England Pamphlets will be greedily

expected. More than one inquires of me, Has that Emerson of yours written nothing else? And I have lent them the little Book Nature, till it is nearly thumbed to pieces.

[Carlyle to Emerson, April 13, 1839]

The people are beginning to quote you here: tant pis pour eux! I have found you in two Cambridge books. A certain Mr. Richard M. Milnes, M.P., a beautiful little Tory diletante poet and politician whom I love much, applied to me for Nature (the others he has) that he might write upon it. Somebody has stolen Nature from me, or many have thumbed it to pieces; I could not find a copy. Send me one, the first chance you have.... Emerson is not without a select public, the root of a select public on this side of the water too.

[Emerson to Carlyle, May 15, 1839]

I was glad to hear of Milnes, whose Poems





already lay on my table when your letter came. Since the little Nature book is not quite dead, I have sent you a few copies, and wish you would offer one to Mr. Milnes with my respects.

[Carlyle to Emerson, Jan. 6, 1840]

Farther I must not omit to say that Richard

Monckton Milnes purposes, through the strength of Heaven, to review you! In the next Number of the London and Westminster, the courageous youth will do this feat, if they let him. Nay, he has already done it, the Paper being actually written: he employed me last week in negotiating with the Editors about it....

Milnes' article appeared in March, 1840,<sup>6</sup> only a few days before the Swedenborgian, Jonathan Bayley,<sup>7</sup> issued his laudatory review of Nature in The Intellectual Repository and New Jerusalem Magazine (of London),<sup>8</sup> based, it seems, on one of the copies Carlyle had strategically placed among his acquaintance "with a sense for such things." I reprint the following details:<sup>9</sup>

"J. B." thought Nature to be "the production of one of our trans-Atlantic brethren, whose name is unknown to us." He showed great interest in the chapter on "Language" and quoted several of Emerson's Swedenborgian lustrations from other parts of the work. The following is characteristic of the reviewer's enthusiasm:

We hail its appearance with great gratification as affording the assurance that the pure principles of eternal truth are spontaneously, as it were, exhibiting themselves in the world. The truths of the new dispensation are progressing more rapidly than we think of. The seeds of truth are carried on the wings of every wind, and every clime will become receptive of their influence. Religion is a principle inherent in the whole human race, and it becomes daily more manifest, that there is a close relationship between us and the unseen world, and we may confidently hope, that, as the doctrines of the Lord's New Church become more generally known and received into the heart, the human mind will acquire greater powers of perception and thought; daily and hourly it will cast off the shackles and impurities of sin, break away from the seductions of a vain and empty world, and enter more and more fully into association with the kingdom of heaven. Religion, then, will become the fountain of our actions, our hopes, and our desires, and love, the supreme end of our existence. As the humble coral is continually at work rearing up out of the deep, vast continents for the abode of our race, so the eternal principles of truth are ever silently but surely emerging from the great ocean of spiritual life.

In the little work before us, it is plainly to be observed that the beautiful and heart-cheering doctrine of correspondences is the basis on which the writer's peculiar views have been founded. The mode in which the subject generally is treated, is highly calculated to fill the heart with pure and lasting images. It is assuredly wise for all who can, to cherish a love of nature, and occasionally of solitude; not indeed for the purpose of gratifying the lone enthusiasm of our spirits, by the indefinite creations of an ideal world, but to re-conquer our fading sensibilities, and to renew the freshness of virtuous emotion.

Then, it seems, Bayley passed on his review copy, either directly or indirectly, to a brother Swedenborgian, the Rev. David George Goyder, of Glasgow, who was eagerly collecting from all directions spiritual materials to include in what he hoped might become the principal textbook for New-Church Sunday schools on both sides of the Atlantic. Possessing an energy which reminds one of John Wesley's, Goyder is frequently mentioned in religious reports<sup>10</sup> along with the Rev. Thomas Goyder, a kinsman—possibly a brother—who was in charge of a Swedenborgian mission in London and who may have been an agent in the transmission of the copy of Nature from London to Glasgow. (He may have presented it to David Goyder when the latter visited London at that particular season.) By the early autumn of 1840, whatever may be the facts, D. G. Goyder sent the first instalment of his The Biblical Assistant and Book of Practical Piety to the Intellectual Repository (of London) for notice or review—the long first section entitled "An Introduction to the Study of Scriptural Analogies,"<sup>11</sup> which he had apparently written himself and which, if so, indicates that he had a profound and scholarly side as well as an active or pastoral one. This important illustration of the Law of Correspondences deserves to be better known. It might have proved interesting to Emerson, if he had ever known of its existence. Up-



on receipt of this section, the Intellectual Repository gave the author encouragement in the following notice, offering some corrections and suggestions which I shall omit:<sup>12</sup>

The Biblical Assistant.... The first number of this work is published, and is occupied with an "Introduction to the knowledge of scriptural analogies;"—a laudable attempt to give the youth of the New Church a more familiar view of the subject of Correspondence than has heretofore been accessible to them. Much of the information is given in an attractive form. The following numbers are to be published monthly, from October; and, if they prove as good as the present one, which we trust they will, there is a fair prospect of its becoming a favorite with those for whom it has been prepared....

If the publishing schedule was maintained, Nature was issued in December, 1840, but I have found no review of it in Swedenborgian periodicals. The complete work appeared, it seems, in August, 1841, but received no notice whatever in the Intellectual Repository. Had the editor begun to suspect heresy in Goyder's work? This probability is suggested by Goyder's preface, in which he mentions "objections" which the separate parts had received and makes the following defense for having included Nature:<sup>13</sup>

The section entitled the Religious Philosophy of Nature, is written by an American Unitarian; consequently the divinity of the Lord is not recognised, and Swedenborg is alluded to in the usual language of the transcendentalists. Why, then, it will be asked, has the Editor introduced it? He answers, because the whole subject is so beautifully replete with correspondence. The Editor rejoices to behold these evidences of approximation to a purer state of things, and hails them as harbingers to a more ac-

curate knowledge of the Scripture; he anticipates a period when many of those who are now against us will be for us. The few errors which this section contains will be more than counterbalanced by their unquestionable beauties. The Editor will, however, in a second edition, for which there is every probability of a demand, take care to remove them, and he feels sorry that so much pure wisdom should be obscured, even by the few dark spots which this section undoubtedly contains.

The opposition directed toward the separate issue as well as the remonstrances against the published volume, it appears, seem to have poisoned the New-Church market and to have led to the destruction of the entire first edition. Plans for a second edition must then have been completely abandoned, and we have surviving only two copies out of an original issue of 1,000 or 2,000, which had been supplied to New-Church book dealers in London, West Newbery, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Boston! The final blow, indeed, was probably delivered from America when the New Jerusalem Magazine (of Boston)<sup>14</sup> published an annihilating review, directed at Goyder, the Intellectual Repository, and all good, religious distributors, prefacing it by a sort of apology by the editor—who was not the reviewer:

It is with extreme reluctance that we insert the following remarks upon "Nature;" not however because we do not agree with the writer's [John Westall's] views, but from an unwillingness to censure the course of our brethren in the New Church. But since the work has not only been commended in the "Intellectual Repository," but republished by Mr. Goyder, in a series of papers especially designed for the use of the young and inexperienced, who are thus exposed to the deadly influence of its infidel and insidious poison, we do not feel at liberty to close the pages of the Magazine to a notice of the sad mistake.—Ed.

Here I repeat what I wrote in 1945:<sup>15</sup>





In this review, John Westall wrote very earnestly to warn members of the New Church in England about the true character of *Nature* and of its author. The article in *The Intellectual Repository* had given him considerable alarm, but the reprinting of Emerson's work by the Rev. David George Goyder, of Glasgow, under the title, "Religious Philosophy of Nature" in his *Biblical Assistant and Book of Practical Piety* had indicated that the Transcendental enemy had crept within the gates! Mr. Goyder had intended his volume "for the use of young persons, teachers, and the upper classes in sabbath schools!" The insertion of Emerson's *Nature* in such a pious textbook was, the reviewer believed,

an error of no slight importance, especially under the new title; and one which we are sorry to meet with in a work put forth by a minister of the New Church, and designed to assist in developing its doctrines, and giving nurture and sustenance to the soul. For the tendency of some portions of "Nature," is to confuse the mind upon those points, which the New Church is endeavoring to reduce to order; to weaken man's power of perceiving the True Light; instead of which it places before him that mock sun of transcendental vanity, whose fatuous light shines only to deceive and destroy. . . . To the reader of Swedenborg's writings, "Nature" contains much with which he is already acquainted, and which, if it were in better company, he would be pleased to meet with again; but the pervading spirit of the work, and several of the expressions used, will make him sorry to see it where it is.

After summarizing Swedenborg's basic doctrines about Jesus as the Savior and Redeemer, Westall quoted extensively from Emerson to show his defective Christology. He concluded his analysis as follows:

We believe every reference to the Lord Jesus Christ conveys the Unitarian idea, that He was a man; more perfect than other men it is true, but still a man, not the Divine Man of the Word, but the limited creation of Socinus. This being the fact . . . the conclusion is forced upon us, that to represent such a work as containing "the religious philosophy of nature," taught by the New Church, when it does not even recognize the God whom we worship as the God of nature, and of course cannot lead us up to Him, is calculated to produce evil, is a grievous error, and seems to require that this portion of the "Biblical Assistant" should be recalled and repudiated at the earliest moment.

That "the religious philosophy of nature" will some day be written for the New Church, we have no doubt. But it will be by some one who receives her doctrines, whose spirituality consists in something more than the mere vaporization of self, and whose theology, rejecting the Pantheism sublimated in the alembic of fancy, which now passes under the imposing name of Transcendentalism, will be derived from the Word, as the source of all truth, the pillar and ground of Faith. "Nature" was not written by a New Churchman, as a writer in the *Intellectual Repository* supposes, but is commonly understood to be the production of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Goyder's thick volume, containing nearly 700 pages,<sup>16</sup> was, perhaps, the major project of his life. It was printed by J. Neilson, at Paisley, near Glasgow, and carefully proofread.<sup>17</sup> As an afterthought, Goyder attached to it a seventy-two-page emblem book (resembling those of the Anglican, Francis Quarles), the six plates of which I reproduce in the facsimile pages that follow. Since the sale of the book was confined to Swedenborgian booksellers, all of whom might have been subject to discipline had they disobeyed the judgment of the Church, it was easily and promptly withdrawn from circulation. Emerson seems never to have heard of it. At all events, British publishers of this period did not have to respect American copyrights.

The book has significance in being not only the first British edition of *Nature* but quite probably the first Emerson scripture printed in the British Isles. Even if Carlyle's London edition of *Emerson's Essays* [First Series] (its preface dated "London, 11th August, 1841")<sup>18</sup> appeared





on the same day as the Biblical Assistant (its preface dated "Glasgow, August, 1841"), the fact that the signature containing Nature had been run off and given a trial circulation eight months earlier must insure the priority of the work by Goyder, details concerning which have escaped all Emerson bibliographers!<sup>19</sup>

# EDITIONS OR ISSUES OF EMERSON'S NATURE BEFORE 1850:

1836	American	<u>Nature</u> , Boston (James Munroe and Co.) 1836.
1841	British	"The Religious Philosophy of Nature" in D. G. Goyder's <u>The Biblical Assistant, and Book of Practical Piety</u> , London, W. Newbery, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Boston, 1841.
1843	British	<u>Nature: An Essay. And Orations</u> , London (William Smith) 1844. [Published <u>ca.</u> Dec. 16, 1843.]
1844	British	<u>Nature, An Essay; And Lectures on the Times</u> , London (Henry G. Clarke & Co.) 1844.
1845	British	<u>Nature, An Essay; And Lectures on the Times</u> , London (Henry G. Clarke & Co.) 1845.
1845	British	<u>Nature: An Essay. To Which is Added, Orations, Lectures, Addresses</u> , London (Aylott and Jones, 8, Paternoster Row), 1845.
1848	British	<u>Essays, Lectures &amp; Orations</u> , London (Wm. S. Orr and Co.) 1848.
1848	British	<u>Essays, Orations and Lectures</u> , London (William Tegg & Co.) 1848.
1849	American	<u>Nature</u> , (New Edition), Boston & Cambridge (James Munroe & Company), 1849.
1849	American	<u>Nature; Addresses and Lectures</u> , Boston & Cambridge (James Munroe and Co.) 1849.

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1 Emerson the Essayist, I, 407-409. 2 Locations: (1) The Library of the New Church Theological School, 48 Quincy Street, Cambridge 38, Mass. [Call no. 29.4 / G74]; (2) the Library of the Academy of the New Church, Bryn Athyn, Pa. [Call no. S2 / G74b]. 3 Emerson the Essayist, I, 228-302; II, 9-37, 58-59, 69-75, 83-101 et passim. See also my "Emerson and Swedenborgism: A Study Outline and Analysis," ESQ, no. 10 (I Quarter 1958), pp. 14-20. 4 See my facsimile ed. of Nature, N.Y. (Scholars' Facs. & Reprints), 1940, pp. iv-v. 5 The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, revised ed., 2 vols., Boston & N.Y., 1897, I, 98-99, 112, 180, 231-232, 251, 288-289. 6 See "American Philosophy—Emerson's Works," Westminster Review, XXXIII, no. 2 (Mar., 1840), 345-372. Excerpts appear in ET E, I, 408-409. 7 See the New Jerusalem Magazine (of Boston), XV, no. CLXXIV (Feb., 1842), 239-240, and references to him in Carl Theophilus Odhner, Annals of the New Church, [vol. I (1688-1850)], Phila., 1898, index. 8 N.s., I, no. 4 (April, 1840), pp. 188-191. 9 ET E, I, 407-408. 10 See, for example, Odhner, op. cit., I, index; also "The Rev. D. G. Goyder's Visit to England," Intellectual Repository, n.s. I, no. 5 (May, 1840), pp. 237-238; also David George Goyder's "State of the New Church in [Glasgow] Scotland," New Jerusalem Magazine, XV, no. CLXIX (Sept., 1841), pp. 24-27. 11 See the following facsimile pages, 1-73. 12 N.s., I, no. 9 (Sept., 1840), p. 440. 13 The Biblical Assistant, pp. vi-vii. 14 N J M, XV, no. CLXX (Oct., 1841), pp. 48-52. 15 ET E, I, 408-409. 16 Pages: xii + 600 + 72. 17 See The Biblical Assistant, p. 600 and the reverse side of the title page. 18 See George Willis Cooke, A Bibliography of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Boston & N.Y., 1908, p. 76. 19 E.g., George W. Cook, op. cit., and Jacob Blancke, Bibliography of American Literature, III (New Haven, 1959), pp. 16-70.



# NATURE.

"Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know."

PROTERUS.

BOSTON:  
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

M DCCC XXXVI.

[The first American edition and the basis for the three English editions of 1841, 1845, and 1848. For further details, see the introduction to my edition of Nature, published by Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints, New York, 1940, page viii, footnote.]

# NATURE.

BY

R. W. EMERSON.

A subtle chain of countless rings  
The nest unto the farthest brings;  
The eye reads omen where it goes,  
And speaks all language the rose;  
And, striving to be man, the worm  
Mounts through all the opores of form.

NEW EDITION.



BOSTON & CAMBRIDGE:  
JAMES MUNROE & COMPANY.

M DCCC XLIX.

[The second American edition. For an account of the revisions—both those contemplated and those actually made—see the Introduction, mentioned above, pages x-xi and vi-vii.]





THE

BIBLICAL ASSISTANT,

AND

BOOK OF PRACTICAL PIETY;

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS, TEACHERS, AND  
UPPER CLASSES IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY THE REV. D. G. GOYDER,

GLASGOW.

LONDON:—J. S. HODSON, 112, FLEET STREET;  
W. NEWBURY, CHENIES STREET, BEDFORD SQUARE;  
MANCHESTER:—EDWARD BAYLIS;  
LIVERPOOL:—TAYLOR & SONS; GLASGOW:—S. & A. GOYDER;  
BOSTON, U. S.:—OTIS CLAPP.

MDCCCXLI.





TO

JOSEPH SENIOR, ESQ.,

OF DALTON, NEAR HUDDERSFIELD.

THIS WORK

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS

DEEPLY OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

GLASGOW, August, 1841.

1841

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PAISLEY:

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY J. NEILSON.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following work is affectionately presented to the young people of the New Church, under the devout hope that it will afford them some assistance in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and be of some service in guiding their progress through life. The first section has been prepared with much care and attention, and with the due simplicity necessary to make so recondite a subject as correspondence, in some degree familiar and apprehensible to the young mind.

The second section, which comprehends nearly two hundred pages, contains a series of Sermons, Prayers, Illustrations of Scripture, Advices, and Aphorisms, which may serve as the basis for almost innumerable Sabbath-day conversations, as well as for Sunday school lessons. It has been the care of the Editor in the selected department to introduce such subjects as seemed likely to impress the young mind with devotion and seriousness, and to offer such advices and aphorisms, as, if attended to, cannot fail of procuring peace and happiness. In the original department of this section will be found some highly instructive Sermons, a series of beautiful Prayers for every day in the week, and many useful illustrations of Scripture.





The original portion of the poetical section, may be considered chiefly as consisting of Paraphrases; and in the selected department care has been taken to introduce such pieces only as should have a practical tendency. It is humbly hoped that this section will be useful in Sabbath, and even in day schools as reading lessons. No lessons are better calculated to make good readers, than poetic; poetry, also, next to music, has the most tranquillizing effect on the young mind. In his own experience, the Editor has ever used poetic lessons with the greatest success. He regrets that so small a portion of poetry is admitted into the New Church Magazine, but he has selected a few of its best articles.

The section entitled the Religious Philosophy of Nature, is written by an American Unitarian; consequently the divinity of the Lord is not recognised, and Swedenborg is alluded to in the usual language of the transcendentalists. Why, then, it will be asked, has the Editor introduced it? He answers, because the whole subject is so beautifully replete with correspondence. The Editor rejoices to behold these evidences of approximation to a purer state of things, and hails them as harbingers to a more accurate knowledge of the Scripture; he anticipates a period when many of those who are now against us will be for us. The few errors which this section contains will be more than counterbalanced by their unquestionable beauties. The Editor will, however, in a second edition, for which there is every probabi-

lity of a demand, take care to remove them, and he feels sorry that so much pure wisdom should be obscured, even by the few dark spots which this section undoubtedly contains.

Objections have been made against the introduction of Biography, and the intended section on this head has therefore been omitted. The Editor, however, begs to state that this would not have been the case, had not his entire limits been exhausted. He has given thirty-six additional pages, and still omitted many subjects of Bible natural history, which he would like to have seen inserted. The Section on Man, he has taken the greatest care with, and trusts it will be found in the closest accordance with the writings of the illustrious Swedenborg. He has drawn largely upon the writings of the amiable Clowes, and has obtained the permission of the Rev. S. Noble to cull freely from his pages. The other writers of the New Church have also been laid under contribution, their permission being first obtained, but many portions of this Section are entirely original, and have been composed with the greatest care, and with the view of simplifying the important subject treated of, so as to be rendered apprehensible to the understanding of the simple-minded, as well as of the young persons in the Sabbath schools. The Editor is most happy to add, that, with three exceptions only, the work has been most favourably received as it progressed, and many flattering testimonials have been bestowed upon him for his labours.





The design of the work on the heart is not original, but was suggested to the Editor by the perusal of an American treatise, in which the evils that infest human nature were illustrated by corresponding symbols contained within the figure of a heart. These symbols were, however, many of them, of the most repulsive, as well as erroneous kind, and the whole subject was handled with the view of advancing the peculiar doctrinal tenets of the author; many of which appeared, to the Editor of this work, very wide of the truth.

The Editor of this work was, however, of opinion, that the design was excellent, as were many of the sentiments; and a feeling of pure devotional fervour running through the whole, he entertained an idea that it might, by pruning, be rendered essentially useful, and he has accordingly so altered the symbols, as to express, by correspondence, the nature of good and evil, truth and falsehood, more correctly, or at least more intelligibly. The plates, with the alterations just alluded to, must be considered as borrowed from the American work, and so too must many of the sentiments and some of the descriptions, but by far the greater part of the work is original; and the Editor hopes, that the bringing out of the spiritual treasury, things new and old, will not be entirely without their use, or unacceptable to his readers.

The Editor has introduced the sublime doctrines of the New Church, on the Atonement, Justification, by Faith, and Human Responsibility. The latter

part of the subject, Human Responsibility, is treated of in a distinct discourse, which has been furnished him by a friend. It has been very ably discussed, and deserves the most serious attention of every reader, old and young, since all must give an account of the deeds done in the body. All must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. All must give an account of their stewardship. This discourse not only shows our accountability to God, but to man also, for "none of us liveth to himself."

And now, Dear Brethren, Ministers of the New Church, Teachers in Sunday and day schools, the Editor submits the result of his labours to your candid consideration, and hopes for your countenance and favourable notice. With a devout prayer to the Lord, he "casts his little stock of bread upon the waters, humbly hoping it will be found after many days."

GLASGOW, August, 1841.



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## BIBLICAL ASSISTANT.

*The Abbreviated Titles of Swedenborg's Works referred to, are as follows:—*

- |  |                                |
|--|--------------------------------|
| A.C.—Arcana Cœlestia.                      | D.L.W.—Divine Love and Wisdom. |
| A.E.—Apocalypse Explained.                 | B.E.—Brief Exposition.         |
| A.R.—Apocalypse Revealed.                  | E.U.—Earths in Universe.       |
| T.C.R.—True Christian Religion.            | L.J.—Last Judgment.            |
| App. T.C.R.—Appendix to do.                | C.L.J.—Continuation of do.     |
| C.S.L.—Conjugal Love, &c.                  | L.—Doctrine of the Lord.       |
| H.H.—Heaven and Hell.                      | S.Σ.—Sacred Scripture.         |
| N.J.D.—Heavenly Doctrine of New Jerusalem. | D.L.—Doctrine of Life.         |
| D.P.—Divine Providence.                    | F.—Doctrine of Faith.          |
|  | I.—Treatise on Influx.         |

## SECTION I.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SCRIPTURAL ANALOGIES. (*Original.*)

## CHAPTER I.

CORRESPONDENCE is the resemblance and analogy between an earthly thing and a heavenly one, by which a natural and visible object becomes the image or correspondent form of a spiritual and invisible one. Thus the body is the correspondent form of the spirit, the natural world is the correspondent form of the spiritual world, and man the correspondent form or "image" of his Maker. The Apostle (Gal. iv. 22—25) says, that the two sons of Abraham correspond to the two covenants; and in his Epistle to the Romans (i. 20) declares, that "the invisible things of Him (God) from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; even his eternal power and Godhead."

"The natural world in all its parts corresponds to the spiritual world, not only in general, but in the most minute particular, and is dependent on it, as an effect is dependent on its cause. What thus exists in the natural world from the spiritual is called its correspondence, and there is a real union between the two, as close as between the soul and body of man."





The knowledge of this correspondence between heaven and earth, was well known to man in the most ancient times ; so that there was not a single object, bird, beast, plant, mineral, but conveyed to the mind a spiritual idea, and led to the knowledge of some of the "invisible things of God." The Apostle Paul expressly says, that men originally thus "knew God," but ceasing "to glorify him as God," (Rom. i. 21.) ceasing to make a practical use of these glorious truths, and becoming vain in their imaginations, they gradually lost this knowledge, and their hearts were darkened.

The loss of this knowledge, led to the practice of idolatries. The visible things of the world which were looked upon as representations of the love and wisdom of the Most High, became objects of adoration, and were worshipped as gods themselves. Thus was changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible men, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts and creeping things. (Rom. i. 23.)

As pride led to folly and idolatry, so error led on to evil. They were given up to uncleanness "through the lusts of their own hearts." Still some faint resemblance of the truth long remained. In Egypt, which has been termed the cradle of idolatry, their hieroglyphic writing, in which every visible object has its meaning, may be looked upon as a relic of true knowledge ; and indeed without some tradition that visible objects had a connection with invisible, it is scarcely possible to account for the worship of animals, and even herbs, so prevalent in that intellectual country. Many of the fables of the Greeks, which were confessedly derived from Egypt, may in the same manner be fragments of this lost science, the resemblances remaining when the meaning was forgotten.

For ages, this knowledge, which at first shone so brightly, was utterly obscured. The nations of the earth were "wholly given to idolatry," and the revival of it took place when the Most High, separating a particular people to be the depositories of his truth, gave that people

a written word, and a law, in which every object named, and every ceremony instituted, had its representative or correspondent meaning. The people thus chosen as "God's librarians," to whom "his oracles were committed," were miraculously preserved as a nation, until the full time was come for the whole world to receive the knowledge of God. The Deity himself then assumed the nature of man, and by completing the Word, and fulfilling it, made it a medium of communication, a door of entrance from himself to man.

From the earliest ages of Christianity, the fathers and writers of the christian church had a faint idea of the doctrine of analogies, and a conviction that the Word of God, if divinely inspired in all its parts, must be written according to this science. Hence, several undertook the task of giving a spiritual meaning to the literal narrative. But the true nature of correspondence was not then revealed. The additional light promised by our Lord, (John xvi. 25.) was not then given. It was reserved for us in "the latter day" to behold the fulfilment of that promise, "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days."

The knowledge of the correspondence between earth and heaven is now made known, and the true basis or foundation of scriptural knowledge fully established in the doctrine, that every natural object corresponds to a spiritual one, and that every natural expression in the Holy Word has a correspondent spiritual meaning.

## CHAPTER II.

THE WORD OF GOD is a name given both to the divine Saviour himself, and to the Sacred Scriptures ; and to both it is given for the same reason : for as the Redeemer is the wisdom of God, manifested in a human form, so the



Scriptures are the wisdom of God manifested in human language. In both the same glory is revealed; and the one in every part bears testimony to the other.

But if the Holy Scriptures are the wisdom of God; then, forasmuch as that wisdom is infinite, and beyond the comprehension of the highest angel, they must contain infinitely more of heavenly knowledge than meets the eye, and they must differ from any human production as far as the wisdom of God differs from the wisdom of man.

The Scriptures to the natural eye appear no more than a history, commencing with the creation of the world, and detailing the events in the Jewish kingdoms, until their dispersion by the Assyrians. Following their history, there is a series of prophecies, relating to Egypt, Moab, Assyria, and the other Asiatic kingdoms. We then come to a book of Psalms, and another of Proverbs. In the New Testament we have four histories or lives of Jesus Christ, written by four different hands; a book detailing a few of the Acts of the Apostles, and a number of letters written by the Apostles Paul, Peter, James, &c., to the newly formed christian churches. These are followed by the Apocalypse of John. Now it is evident that, however true the history may be, a knowledge of the history of the Jews, will not advance our salvation, and the downfall of Egypt, Assyria, or Babylon, is of little importance to our spiritual interests. If, therefore, there be nothing more than meets the eye here, this cannot be the Word of God, seeing there is nothing but what the wisdom of man might well have written. But if all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, or is breathed into by God, and if every part is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness, then the historical parts must contain the divine wisdom; and as that wisdom is not at all times perceptible in the letter, another meaning must be sought for. This meaning lies concealed in the letter, and it will be proved that this meaning alone stamps the Scriptures with divinity, and entitles them to the appellation—*Word of God*.

In some of the prophetic parts of the Bible, and in many parts of the Sacred Writings, there is no allusion in the letter to the Lord as the Redeemer and Saviour; yet it is declared that to him "give *all* the prophets witness," and that by the mouth of all the prophets God had showed forth the manner of redemption. As then *all* the prophets do not give witness, nor speak of the salvation to be effected by the Saviour in the letter of Scripture, we must allow either that there is another meaning concealed in the letter, or that the Apostle spoke without reflection.

It is not in the truth of the history, nor in the beauty of the poetry, nor even in the truth of the prophecies, that the inspiration of the Scriptures can rest. An uninspired mind might have composed as true a history, and penned poetry nearly as beautiful; and any one who had been a hearer of the Prophets, (as Baruch was of Jeremiah,) might have taken down their words without requiring supernatural aid. In none of these, therefore, is there irrefragable evidence of the infinite wisdom of God.

If the Scriptures are in every part profitable, and are intended for all, then every part must be profitable to all: to the feeble-minded, to the natural man, to the strong in faith, and to the mature Christian. They must be suited at once to every individual, and to the church as a body, and while they excite th: admiration of men on earth, they must be equally a source of delight and satisfaction to the angels in heaven; "for into these things the angels desire to look." It is the adaptation of the Scriptures to *every state of every man* that constitutes their excellence, and it is the manner in which they are written, so to adapt themselves to all, that stamps them at once as "*the divine word*," the manifestation of infinite wisdom.

The work of a human author, whatever be the subject, resembles the mind from which it springs. As the author happens to be intelligent or ignorant, calm or fiery, cautious or credulous, so will his work be learned or shallow, cool or vehement, argumentative or destitute of proof. Again, the persons to whom the work may be addressed,





as well as the nature of the subject, will materially affect the style of the book. If the author addresses the learned, his language will be terse, and his illustrations few; if the ignorant, his style will be simple, and his illustrations numerous. If his subject be solemn, his language will be grave; if cheerful, it will be lively and pointed. The work of a human author, therefore, contains the wisdom of the writer, adapted to his subject and to the state of his readers.

If the work of an author is a transcript of his wisdom, then the work of God must be a transcript of *his* wisdom, and must resemble the infinite mind, (if with humility we may be allowed so to speak,) from which it emanated. And if the subject treats of the SUPREME himself, then, as the subject is infinite, so must the language be, and as it is addressed to *all*, to angels and to men, to the church in heaven as well as to the church on earth, to the natural-minded as well as to the spiritual-minded, so it must be suited to all, and while capable of benefiting the lowest, must rise infinitely above the very highest intellect.

It is this which makes the Scriptures differ essentially from every human work; and it is only in the spiritual meaning contained within them, that this essential difference is clearly seen. To the natural mind they appear, like every other written history, a narrative of good and of evil, of virtue and of crime; but to the spiritual mind, which looks beyond "the letter," they are one glorious narrative of the redemption, progressive regeneration, and perfection of man.

It is then evident, (1.) That there is infinitely more wisdom contained in the Sacred Scriptures than appears in the literal or outward sense; and, (2.) That this wisdom resides in an inward or spiritual meaning.

That this spiritual sense is founded upon the science of correspondence, and is in agreement with it, is rendered probable by a careful examination of the Scriptures themselves, in which certain objects appear always to bear a certain and fixed meaning: as the sun, the moon, moun-

tains, the olive, the vine, the fig-tree, the lion, the lamb, the numbers ten, forty, seven, and so forth; and by the fact that there are certain passages, neither few nor unimportant, which bear no consistent sense by any other mode of interpretation.

As instances of this we might quote almost one-third of the Bible, but a few will at present answer our purpose. "The Lord God is a sun"—"Upon you that believe *the Sun* of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings"—"The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun sevenfold"—"*Thy sun* shall no more go down"—"*The sun* shall be turned into darkness"—"I beheld a woman clothed with *the sun*"—and "I beheld an angel standing in *the sun*." These, and numerous other passages where *the sun* is named, show plainly that the earthly or natural object has a spiritual correspondent object connected with it, and that when in the letter the *natural* sun is mentioned, in the spiritual sense the correspondence is intended. So again of the moon. "Thy moon shall not withdraw herself"—"*The moon* shall be turned into blood"—"I beheld a woman, &c., leaving *the moon* under her feet," that is, *standing* upon it. Again, "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be exalted above the hills"—"Oh *great mountain*, who art thou?"—"And a *great mountain*, burning with fire, was cast into the sea," &c.—and "He took him to an exceeding *high mountain*," &c., &c.

That there are many passages which bear no reasonable and consistent sense in the letter, will be plain to the most superficial reader. Hence our Lord, when (speaking in correspondent language) he said "He that eateth *my flesh* and drinketh *my blood* abideth in me, and I in him; for *my flesh* is meat indeed, and *my blood* is truly drink," declared "it is *the spirit* that giveth life;" *the flesh*, the mere outward words, profiteth little, and St. Paul expressly says, "*the letter* killeth," while "*the spirit* giveth life." Numerous passages of this kind might be adduced, which have employed the pens of divines, and excited the ridicule





of infidels, age after age. What consistent meaning can be attached to the letter of "The vision of Nebuchadnezzar." No one (unless he was told) would suppose that it had the slightest reference to Redemption, or to the future state of the church; and many of the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Zechariah, may be placed in the same class.

In few words then, either what are called "the Scriptures" are *not inspired*, or they possess a spiritual and correspondent sense concealed within the letter, as the kernel of a nut is concealed within the shell. Without such a sense they are a mere history, and, in many instances, a history of crimes the most revolting, without anything which evinces the infinite wisdom of their Author. But when this science is applied to them they are like a grain of wheat: the outward husk, or literal sense, concealing within it the spiritual food of the soul; and that again hiding in itself the germ, or spring of life—the eternal wisdom of the everlasting God.

### CHAPTER III.

IN speaking of correspondence as a science it is necessary to lay down fixed and definite rules. It may therefore be observed, 1. That every natural object has the same general reference to a spiritual one; and, 2. That there is not a mere imaginary connection, but a real and substantial union between the spiritual object and its natural corresponding form. In this view the whole universe is but a shadow of invisible things, a veil which intervenes between us and the *most holy place*, upon which the images of spiritual things are thrown, and manifested in shadow to the natural eye; a glass, a mirror, in which we see (though darkly) the form of things in the heavens: and as the shadow depends on the substance, as the image in the mirror depends on the object, so do the corresponding earthly forms depend for existence on their spiritual prototypes.

This science, then, opens a field which presents new ideas to the mind. Not only does the natural world express in general terms the power and goodness of the Supreme; but every object, however minute, teaches a particular lesson of truth, and points out some spiritual thing to be loved, or to be avoided. The soul enlightened by this science can really find truth in

"—*running brooks,*  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;"

and in every form that meets the eye discovers something which reminds it of its spiritual origin.

We must, however, carefully distinguish between correspondence and metaphor—between metaphorical language, considered essentially as such, and the language of pure analogy. There are many who will acknowledge that the Bible is in many parts written in figurative language, but who possess very obscure ideas respecting the science of analogy.

A metaphor is the substitution of one thing for another to which it bears some resemblance in form or quality. Thus if we compare an empire to an oak, rising, spreading wide its branches, flourishing in glorious maturity, and at last decaying, it is a metaphor, or figure of speech; there is no real connection between an empire and an oak; the resemblance is but imaginary. But if we compare the Supreme Being to the sun, enlivening by his love, and enlightening by his wisdom the souls of men, in the same way as the heat and light of the natural sun enlivens and illuminates the natural world and its inhabitants, this is a correspondence; there is here a real connection—the sun depending for his very existence upon that God whom he images to the mind. And again, if we compare man to a cloud, seen for a while, and then vanishing away, it is a metaphor—there is no real connection between them. But if we compare the soul of man to his body, having its powers, senses, enjoyments, and pains, it is a real correspondence, because the body depends, both for its life and form, upon the soul, of which it is the representative in





the material world, in the same way as the soul depends for its life upon God, in whose image and likeness it was originally created.

It must, therefore, be remembered that the difference between metaphor and correspondence lies in the real connection between the thing named and the thing understood—a connection which in metaphor does not always exist. There are, however, many parts of the Word of God in which metaphorical language is used, and in which the spiritual meaning lies hidden under the metaphorical terms. The metaphor itself generally refers to the Jewish nation, or to the other nations so frequently mentioned in connection with them, and either promises temporal blessings, or threatens temporal punishment; while the spiritual meaning, concealed within it, refers to the church of God, and to the spiritual state of man.

Many of the parables of our Lord exhibit the union of figure and correspondence. The figure referring to the state of the Jews, and their coming punishment; the correspondence to the church of God, the spiritual Israel. The denunciations of the prophets against the surrounding nations, are also instances in point, the threatenings being couched in metaphor, under which lies concealed a spiritual meaning. The parable of the husbandmen, and of the talents, will readily occur to memory. The first in figurative language, setting forth the wickedness and punishment of the Jews for their rejection of the Saviour, while within this meaning lies hidden another, referring to every individual member of the church, and of infinite importance to all.

Generally, however, and especially in the historical portions of the Holy Word, the language is correspondent without the admixture of metaphor. The travels, policy, wars, victories, and ceremonies of the Jews, being all emblematical of the life, temptations, progress, and victories of the Christian; so that there is not a single object named in the history that has not a spiritual meaning; the whole referring *generally* to the Church of God, *particularly* to

each individual man, and in its inmost sense to the Lord himself. "All things in the law, the prophets, and the psalms containing things concerning himself."

Each object or person thus named in the Word of God has therefore one unalterable spiritual meaning, and whenever, or however, the word expressive of such person or object occurs, that meaning still attaches to it; for instance, the sun, as the correspondence of LOVE, which warms and gives life to the spiritual universe, as its representative does to the natural. Waters, as expressive of opinions or knowledge, and light as the representative of truth.

#### CHAPTER IV.

HAVING now laid down as rules, (1.) that every natural object represents, or corresponds to a spiritual one. (2.) That the word of God is written according to this rule. (3.) That each object and person mentioned in the Holy Word has one general and unalterable spiritual meaning, wherever it occurs, we now proceed to speak of that distinction between spiritual objects of the same general nature, which forms what may be termed OPPOSITES.

There are two qualities which exist in all affections, and which effectually distinguish one from the other, namely, *good* and *evil*; according, therefore, to the nature of the subject treated of, the correspondence of each object will be a good or an evil one. If the subject be the life and regeneration of man, the correspondence will be good; if the nature and quality of evil or its effects, it will be evil. This distinction runs through the whole of the Word of God, and must be attended to by all who wish to form a clear idea of its spiritual meaning.

It must be remembered, however, that the basis of the correspondence, its general signification, is unalterably the same, whether the distinctive quality be good or bad. Thus the sun corresponds to love: to *divine* love, if the





subject be good ; to *infernal* love, if the subject be evil. The vine, and the juice of the vine, correspond to doctrines or opinions received as truth ; to *pure* doctrine, if the subject be good, to *false* doctrine, if the subject be evil. In the former case they are derived from Jesus Christ, as the living vine ; in the latter they are "wild grapes," or the fruit of the "wild vine." Again, the horse corresponds to the understanding of truth ; a white horse to the purity of the understanding, a black horse to the understanding in a darkened state. The general law is in every instance preserved, while the particular application depends upon the subject.

It would be very easy to multiply examples of this rule ; we shall, however, only notice one or two. A mountain, we have already proved, signifies the highest, or ruling love, here is the basis : in Isaiah ii. 3, it signifies the highest ruling affection of good, or love to the Lord ; while in Zechariah iv. 7., it signifies the ruling affection of evil. Again, the moon corresponds to faith ; either a true faith, emanating from divine love, or a false and perverted faith, emanating from evil love : it corresponds to the first in Revelation xii. 1., where the woman, by which is implied the church, has the moon under her feet, that is, she stands upon the moon, or rests upon a pure and saving faith ; it signifies the latter in Isaiah xxiv. 23., where the moon, it is said, shall be ashamed when the Lord of Hosts shall reign ; that is, when the true faith in Jesus Christ shall be established, all the professors of a false faith shall *become confounded* and *ashamed*. In all these instances the general basis is unalterable, and the good or evil application changes only with the subject.

Generally, however, it may be laid down as a rule that good and useful, or clean animals, birds, fish, plants, metals, stones, represent, or correspond to the affections of good and truth ; while unclean, or noxious animals, poisonous plants, minerals, reptiles, &c., represent, or correspond to the affections of evil and error. Thus the cow, the sheep, the ox, the ass, the olive, the vine, the fig, the pomegranate,

gold, silver, iron, stone, precious stones, correspond generally to goodness, and to the affections of truth ; while the bear, the tiger, the owl, the bittern, the serpent, the viper, the laurel, the bay-tree, correspond to evil, and the affections of error.

These rules will be found necessary to be kept in remembrance, while tracing the spiritual meaning of the Divine Word, since only by a constant reference to them can that meaning be clearly perceived.

## CHAPTER V.

THERE are in the Scriptures several passages, which have excited the ridicule of the infidel, and perplexed the simple-minded ; namely, (1.) Passages which appear to contradict each other ; as, "God is angry with the wicked every day," (Psalm vii. 11.)—"Fury is not in me," (Isaiah xxvii. 4.)—"God repented him of the evil," (Exodus xxxii. 14.)—"God is not the Son of man that he should repent," (Num. xxii. 19.)—"The Lord did tempt Abraham," (Gen. xxii. 1.)—"God tempteth no man," (James i. 13.) (2.) Passages relating occurrences which appear not adapted for the general reader, as the history of Lot and his daughters, (Gen. xix. 32.) (3.) Passages which contain only apparent truth, as, "the sun knoweth his going down," (Psalm civ. 19.)—"The corners of the earth," (Isaiah xi. 12.) (4.) Passages which have no meaning in the literal sense, as, "their tongue walketh through the earth," (Psalm xxxiii. 9.)—"They shall eat every man the flesh of his own arm," (Isaiah ix. 20.)—"If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut it off," (Matt. v. 30.)

It is only by a reference to the science of correspondence that the meaning of these passages is seen, and the apparent contradictions reconciled. The design of our heavenly Father appears to have been, so to arrange the letter of the Holy Word, that it might serve as a body or





covering to the spirit within; and with this view, things which seem of small importance in the literal sense, may have a most important meaning in the spiritual sense. As the ark was but of ordinary wood, though it bore within it the divine law, and was overshadowed by the divine glory; so the literal sense of the Word of God, though but written in natural language, bears within it, and is framed to bear within it, the divine wisdom, while the glory of God rests upon it.

The ceremonial law of the Jews is one extensive and continued chain of correspondencies. It has not simply one meaning, or, as many affirm, a reference to the sacrifice and death of Christ. The types of the law vary in every instance. The meat-offering, the drink-offering, the wave-offering, the heave-offering, the sacrifices and offering of oxen, sheep, goats, turtle doves, young pigeons, &c., all differ; and it is derogatory to the character of the Divine Being, to suppose that he instituted them merely from caprice, or that he would establish a hundred types to signify one and the same thing, when that thing might easily have been expressed by one type only. The whole ceremonial law contains within itself a description of the process of man's regeneration, and to the spiritual mind, in its various corresponding figures, presents the varying states of the servant of God, from the first emancipation from natural bondage, to his final rest in the heaven of angels.

Let us now recapitulate the rules already laid down. (1.) Correspondence is the connection of a natural object with a-spiritual one, by virtue of which the one becomes the representation of the other. (2.) The whole natural universe, even to its minutest parts, corresponds to the spiritual; so that there is not a single material object which does not correspond to, or is not the representation of something spiritual. (3.) The Holy Scriptures throughout are written according to this science, and hence every object named in them has a spiritual meaning. (4.) The general signification of every object is the same and unal-

terable; but the particular quality depends upon the subject. (5.) Upon this rule of composition, the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures rests; for while in the letter they appear to resemble any other composition, in the spirit they contain within them the infinite wisdom of the most high God. In our next chapter we shall proceed to the application of the rules laid down.

## CHAPTER VI.

WE now proceed to apply the rules already laid down, to the understanding of the Holy Word; and as our work is but introductory to the study of analogies, we shall select such illustrations as are the easiest of comprehension, intending, at a future period, to illustrate the more complex.

As an object that the senses is most familiar with, we choose the "clouds," which signify the literal sense of the Holy Word. (1.) The clouds veil and diversify the light of the sun, studding the atmosphere with a thousand beautiful forms. (2.) They are the sources of rain, which refreshes the earth, causing it to bring forth in due season. (3.) They are the reservoirs of storms and tempests, which, though desolating in their particular effects, serve to purify the atmosphere. (4.) Though fulfilling these numerous offices, they are derived from the earth itself, being attracted thence through the influence of the sun.

In all these particulars they correspond to the literal sense of the Word of God; for (1.) as the clouds temper and veil the solar rays, so *that* glory and wisdom, which is too bright for human comprehension, is tempered and rendered available to the human mind, by being concealed beneath the letter of the Word of God, and while it thus tempers the divine glory, it sets it forth in a thousand graceful forms of natural wisdom and of natural truth. (2.) From the letter of the word, those natural truths are de-





rived which, like "the former and the latter rain," come down to refresh the natural, but simple mind, and lead it from the first rudiments of knowledge, to that "rest which remaineth for the people of God." (3.) In the letter of the Word are found all those elements of spiritual discord, those storms and tempests which have agitated the Christian Church from its foundation until now, and which, while many individuals have wrested them to their own destruction, and thus rendered them spiritually fatal, have, nevertheless, in the end tended to the elicitation of truth, and to the benefit of the Church and of the world. (4.) Though the letter of the Word thus enshrines the divine glory—though it is the medium by which truth is communicated, it is derived from the mind of man himself—it is composed of human ideas, natural objects, and natural or human language, even as the clouds are drawn from the earth above which they float, and which they appear to render fertile.

Thus the correspondent figure, even in its minutest parts and offices, agrees with its spiritual subject; and if we apply it to those parts of the Holy Word where it occurs, will always make a beautiful and consistent sense. Thus, when the Divine Being, by corresponding figures, revealed himself to the Jewish nation, a cloud always encompassed the divine glory. A cloud hung over the tabernacle, and over the ark of the testimony. God said to Moses at the time when he gave the law on mount Sinai, "Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud," alluding to the multiplied figures of the ceremonial law, the divine wisdom being thus hidden under the cloud of literal observances; and thus, too, when the Incarnate Word was revealed to man, and tabernacled with man, a voice out of the cloud declared, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," the spiritual meaning revealed in the literal manifestation. When the two heavenly Witnesses, mentioned in the Revelation, quitted the earth, they ascended to heaven in a cloud; and the consummation of the age, and the coming of the "new heaven and the new earth," is

ushered in by the "sign of the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven." It is in this sense that "the Lord maketh the clouds his chariot;" the truths of the letter are the sources whence all doctrine must be drawn.

## CHAPTER VII.

We take next the sun and moon as corresponding to love and truth. The sun is the great source of life, the centre of the system, round which all the attendant orbs revolve; it is the great source of fruitfulness, causing the plants to bud, bring forth, and produce fruit in due season; it is the originator of those clouds just named, drawing them from the rivers and lakes by the attractive power of its beams. It may be called the father of light, and by its apparent rising and setting produces the alternation of light and darkness. Here again the spiritual object agrees with its natural manifestation, "God is LOVE"—pure, essential love. It is love which is the whole of life. The love, all affection, all hope, all desire, and life is extinct. So the sun, in divine love is invariably the same, but it accommodates itself to the different conditions of man. So the sun, in its general effects, is accommodated to all races of mankind, and they to it. The African endures heat which would prove fatal to a European. But there exist men who perpetually resist the influence of the divine love, and impiously ask, "Wherein hast thou loved us?"—they would pervert the very sunshine, converting it into the most grievous evils, and drying up all the sources of affection in the soul. As the sun is the source of light, so is the divine love the source of truth; and as in the alternation of day and night it is not the sun which turns from the earth, but the earth that turns from the sun, so in the perverted and darkened states of the human mind, when God appears to "hide his face" from it, it is the mind that has turned from God, and not God that has turned from the mind.





The Moon, a necessary accompaniment, depends for her light upon the Sun; she is the constant attendant upon the earth, and revolves round it, communicating to it light in darkness, and by her influence moves and purifies the waters of the ocean, rendering it a source of life, instead of a stagnant mass of putridity. And faith or truth performs the same offices, spiritually, to the mind, that the moon does to the earth, deriving all its excellency, in fact its very existence, from divine love. It is the constant light of the Christian, cheering him with the "evidence of things not seen," when all else is dark and gloomy around him. It brings into active operation those principles of truth which, without it, would be quiescent; making every portion of knowledge become useful in the life of piety.

Now, apply this meaning to those parts of the Word of God where the natural figures occur—"Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself, thy mourning shall be ended." The spiritual meaning is at once obvious, and may be thus paraphrased—"Thy love shall no more wax cold, or go down, neither shall thy faith fail, or be staggered, for the Lord will shine on thee in his truth, and thou shalt be defended and brought safely through the trials of spiritual temptation. "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold." This is a prophecy of the spiritual blessings to be enjoyed by the Church in the "latter days," when faith shall be so enveloped in charity, and "perfect love which casteth out fear," so universally prevalent, that the Apostolic truth will be acknowledged by all; "faith, hope, and charity will abide, but the greatest of these will be charity." The first advent of our Lord is described by the prophet Joel, as a period when "there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, blood and fire, and vapour of smoke," when "the sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood." Alluding to the almost total absence of divine love in the

minds of men, and the consequent want of all true faith. In the same terms is the Lord's second advent described. "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven;" thus showing that the second coming of the Lord would be at a period when there would be no true faith, and when charity would be altogether darkened.

## CHAPTER VIII.

One of the most frequent, as well as one of the most remarkable of scriptural symbols is the Horse. Its consideration will be found highly interesting; it represents the intellectual principle or understanding of man; the colour, whatever it may be, denotes the quality; and the rider or director of the animal represents the guiding power of the mind. To illustrate this, we shall select the 6th chapter of Revelations, which contains, in the opening of the seven seals, by far the most remarkable application of this correspondence. In this vision, the horse, as a symbol of the understanding, is most conspicuous, and represents the successive states of the church, even to its decline. The opening of the first seal exhibits "a white horse"—the symbol of purity of faith in love—while he that sits on him, "The Word," or wisdom, is crowned, and "goes forth conquering and to conquer." In this state the church is pure in faith, and the word of God mightily grows and prevails. The second seal opened, shows a *red* horse. Here the understanding of truth had deteriorated—faith was no longer pure, but still charity was not wholly gone. He that sat on him, the same Word or Wisdom of God, becomes now, through the perversion of man, and the endless disputes of those who, "thinking themselves wise," were really "fools," a source of contention and division. Sects and parties, all drawing





their weapons from the letter of the Word, war with each other, and that Word, which in the first state of the church went forth to conquer, now takes peace from the earth, and enables men spiritually to destroy each other. And thus ends the second state of the church, and the *first* of its decline. When the third seal is broken, the state of the Church is still worse—charity and faith are alike extinguished. The horse is now *black*. The understanding is completely darkened through the influence of evil: charity has waxed cold, and the love of God and the neighbour are little regarded. He that sits on him (the same Word as before) has a pair of balances; while “a measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny,” shows the low estimation in which spiritual good is held. Still, however, there were some remains of good and truth, but rather *suffered* to remain, than encouraged or promoted: “see that thou hurt not the oil and the wine.” The fourth seal shows the climax. The horse is now a *pale* or colourless one, and the Word, which was at first “the savour of life unto life,” has now become “the savour of death unto death.” “He that sat on him was Death, and Hell (the state of the dead) followed him.” The Word is now perverted, and that which was intended for the food of the soul, becomes under the perversions of those who receive it, a deadly poison. As the same earth and water which, in the grain of wheat, becomes a nourishing substance, becomes in the nightshade and poppy a poisonous juice, beneath the Word of God, which to the humble and sincere recipient is spiritual health, is to the proud follower of error spiritual death. “He that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed him.” “He that sat on him was Death, and to kill by the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.” Here the rider on the horse is said to *do* that which the perversions of men themselves effect. As the Scriptures, wrested and perverted, become (not in themselves) but through the evils of the receiver, a source of condemnation; so the Word of God, thus perverted in the church, slays spiritually those who

receive it. As the sword of the Spirit is *truth*, so the sword of evil is *error*: by this sword thousands and tens of thousands were spiritually slain. Thousands again, by a *famine* of the Word, were destroyed for lack of knowledge; and tens of thousands more were undone by their own evil and sensual affections—those “beasts of the earth” that go about “seeking whom they may devour.”

Again, in the nineteenth chapter of the same book we read, “And I saw heaven opened, and behold a *white horse*; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True:—he was clothed with a vesture dipped in *blood*: and his name is called The Word of God.” Here the horse, as in the first seal, is the purified understanding or intellect of man; and the rider, as before, is God as “the Word” or wisdom, guiding and governing the understanding. On the white horse he is said to go forth to war, because it is by means of the understanding of truth alone, that the Word conquers and overcomes its enemies. Without the understanding being guided, without mounting “the white horse,” the Word makes no conquests: but the Word or Truth of God, or rather God as the Word, is said to be “clothed with a vesture dipped in *blood*.” Now as *the blood* is *the life* of the body, so *love* or *affection* is the life of the soul: and a vesture or garment dipped in blood, denotes the quality of the truth: it is truth encircled by and clothed with love. The whole vision represents the destruction of evil and falsehood, through truth united to love, operating by means of the understanding, and guiding and working by the intellect of man.

Our Lord's entering Jerusalem on an ass is another instance of the application of correspondence. An ass signifies the natural or scientific mind; and it was not merely as an instance of humility that he thus rode into Jerusalem, for kings do not scruple to ride on asses in eastern countries; but to teach that the Lord rules the natural mind and affections of man, and guides them towards that heavenly Jerusalem of which the earthly was a shadow.





Thus, in even those parts which seem to have little meaning, the Scriptures, in their correspondent sense, open up views of beauty and truth which are of the highest importance to the welfare of man.

## CHAPTER IX.

We proceed with our illustrations of the principles laid down. The vine represents spiritual truth, or that truth which, while it enlightens, also invigorates the mind; this is the reason why wine is said to cheer both God and man. In 2 Kings iv. 38., we read, that "Elisha came again to Gilgal: and there was a dearth in the land; and he said unto his servant, Set on the great pot, and seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets. And one went out into the field—and found a wild vine, and gathered thereof wild gourds his lap-full—for they knew them not. And it came to pass, as they were eating, that they cried out, and said, O thou man of God, there is death in the pot; and they could not eat. But he said, Then bring meal: and he cast it into the pot; and there was no harm in the pot."

This account—which, in the literal sense, seems to have no reference, and to be of no use to us—reads, in the correspondent sense, an important and beautiful lesson. The land of Canaan is acknowledged to represent that "rest which remaineth for the people of God;" and the progress of the chosen people, the progress of a Christian in the spiritual life, until he attains that rest. Now the scene of this miracle was "*Gilgal*," on the borders of the land—the place where the covenant of circumcision was renewed by Joshua, and where "the reproach of Egypt was rolled from the people:" hence its name, which signifies *rolling*. The particular circumstances of the time: "there was a dearth in the land." Now a famine, of the Word of God—a dearth of the principles of religion, is the time, of all others, when error is most liable to be

received. He said "seethe pottage for the sons of the prophets, and they did so;" representing, spiritually, the food of the mind, which consists of the truths of faith, and the bread of life. But one went, and, in ignorance, gathered the fruit of a *wild vine*—the principles of error: for as the true vine is spiritual truth, so a wild vine is spiritual error. These were thrown into the pot, and, as a consequence, poisoned the whole; but when meal, or wheaten flour, which corresponds to divine love, was cast into the pot, the poisonous quality was destroyed. The lesson taught is, that errors, when ignorantly imbibed, are destructive, if not counteracted by love; but that when divine love, or affection, is infused into the heart, the error so imbibed becomes innoxious, and what is not known now shall be known hereafter.

While we are considering a portion of the chapter, where the miracle we have just explained is related, we cannot pass over another portion, which contains one of the most edifying lessons in the whole of the Sacred Word: it relates to the power of the prophet's staff. (See 2 Kings, iv. 29—33.) The staff represents divine truth, as a support to the Christian; and as the Word of God is pure divine truth, and, besides being the support of the Christian, is also his defence in the hour of trial, so we constantly read of the staff of the Lord, and of the rod of the Lord, being the comforter of those that trust in him. "Thy rod, and thy staff," says the Psalmist, "they comfort me." Now when the Shunammite's child died, Elisha sent Gehazi, saying, "Go, lay my staff upon the face of the child," adding, "if thou meet any one by the way, salute him not, and if any salute thee, answer him not again." The reason for this does not appear in the literal sense, but is perfectly plain in the spiritual. He that takes the Word of God either as an instrument to work for others, or to benefit himself, must neither salute any one, nor answer the salutation of those whom he meets; for it is clear that if *he* is walking in the *right* path, then those whom he *meets* must be going in an





*opposite* direction. To salute, or enter into conjunction with such, is to abandon his principles, and take up his lot with the enemies of God.\* Gehazi laid the staff on the face of the child, but there was no voice, nor motion: it still remained lifeless. The face is "the image of the mind," or intellect, and the Word of God, when merely received into the mind, has no power to awaken the dead soul. But the prophet went, and "stretched himself upon the child; putting his hands upon its hands, his mouth to its mouth, and his eyes upon its eyes:" and now the child revived.

The right side of the body corresponds to the love or affection: while the left represents the understanding or thought.† In Revelation, x. 2—which describes "a strong angel as coming down from heaven"—he is said "to place his *right foot* on the sea, and his *left foot* on the earth." Now as the earth corresponds to the will or affection; so the sea represents the outward principles of

\* It is here necessary to guard against any erroneous impression which may be made on the minds of some Christians, who will ask with a start of astonishment, "What! if I meet a fellow-creature travelling in the way of death, may I not warn him of his danger; may I not endeavour to turn him from the path of death, and induce him to travel with me in the path of life?" To this expositure we answer, undoubtedly you may; you would not love your neighbour as yourself, if you neglected it. This is not forbidden. The danger lies in the salutation. "If thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again." In oriental countries the mode of salutation is by a kiss, and the kiss implies conjunction or union of minds. Now there should be no communion between the unfruitful works of darkness and the children of light. Remonstrate with your opponent by all means; warn him that the road he is pursuing ends in death; use every effort your love can devise to reclaim him, but do not temporize with him; salute him not, and if he salute thee, answer him not again. When Judas saluted the Lord with a kiss, the traitor was not saluted again, but was asked the solemn question, "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

† See this illustrated in the correspondence of the members of the human body.

truth. The *right foot*, love in operation, is placed upon, or joined to truth; while the *left foot*, truth in operation, is placed upon, or joined to the affection. Thus it must ever be where the Word of God reigns. Truth alone, without love, is dead and useless; while love without truth is powerless. Before the "thunders utter their voices,"—before the manifestation of God in the soul, truth and love must be united, and then, and not till then, the voice of God is heard. Another illustration of this is found in the command of our Lord to the disciples, "Cast the net on the *right* side of the ship," showing that he who would "catch men," must work by love, and appeal to the will as well as to the understanding.

Remembering what we have just stated of the meaning of *right* and *left*, it is plain that when the prophet laid himself on the child, the prophet's *right* side was placed on the child's *left* side, and the prophet's *right* hand on the child's *left* hand, &c. So spiritually, when the truth of the Word is merely received into the mind, the soul remains dead: but when love, in all its power, is joined to truth; and truth, in all its power, united to love; then, and not till then, does the dead soul arise to life and activity.

## CHAPTER X.

BUT beautiful as the lessons thus taught appear to be, it is, of course, our duty to produce proof of their truth. We have already said that, in the earliest times, the science of correspondence was well known and appreciated, and that long after it was lost, some scattered remains were discoverable in the fables of various nations.

The mythological tales of the Greeks, derived as most of them were from Egypt, were of this class. The account of a winged horse, striking a mountain with his hoof, and causing a spring to burst forth: the birth of Pallas from the *right* side of the *head* of the Deity, and numerous





others, may all be explained clearly by this science. A spring of water signifies truth in activity—a horse, and especially a *winged* horse, the intellect engaged on the highest subjects—and a *mountain*, the ruling affection or love. The meaning then is, that when the mind from strong affection engages in the pursuit of knowledge, truth is the invariable result.

Again, the *head* signifies the highest and noblest powers of the mind;—Pallas is the representative of wisdom, and her bursting from the head of Jupiter, is but a correspondent declaration, that true wisdom springs from the mind of God himself: and is an emanation of his *love*—the *right* side of the head having this meaning. This will be further seen in the correspondence of the members of the human body.

## CHAPTER XI.

WE proceed now to notice another distinction of correspondence, which comes in most properly after the general illustrations.

There are two distinguishing principles in heavenly love—the *love of God*, and the *love of our neighbour*; as there are two distinctions in infernal love—the love of self and the love of the world. Though these loves are never separated, yet there are some minds in which one predominates more than the other. Thus in the apostles, *John* seems an example of the first, and *Peter* of the second principle. The former seems to have no theme but love—"we love him because he first loved us;" the latter appears to love truth more, for the sake of its uses to others. Hence, while love to God is the same as the *love of good*, forasmuch as he is the supreme good; love of the neighbour agrees with the *love of truth*; for truth is the active and useful power. The first love we call *celestial love*, the other *spiritual love*. This seems intended in the distinc-

tion of the *seraphim* and the *cherubim*, the first signifying a being of *love*, the second a being of *wisdom*: and thus even one of our most sensual poets has observed that the former have

" Their names, their honour far above  
Ev'n those to high-brow'd cherubs giv'n;  
Though knowing all. So far doth Love  
Excel all knowledge ev'n in heav'n. MOORE.

The reason why the LOVE OF GOD, or *celestial love*, has a direct connexion, or rather identity with the *love of good*, and *love to our neighbour* with the *love of truth*, will be evident to any one who considers the subject with sufficient attention. The love of God has reference to the affection or will of man. Here it reigns and here it elevates *his own* mind; but here it cannot operate on the minds of *others*. Before that love can operate to the good of others, another *love* must be produced, (and indeed always is produced,) the love of our neighbour. Now it is only by means of truth, and the evidence of truth, that the human mind can be first acted upon. "The staff must first be laid on the face of the dead, before the prophet stretches himself on him." To enable the servant of God to do this, that *love of God* for his *own* sake, must become a *love of truth* for its uses: and this, by its active agency, enlightens and regenerates the world.

To the union of these two principles, *love* and *truth*, the whole correspondent sense of the Scriptures is directed; because in this union exists the perfection of man. As the *love of self* in the heart, and the reception of *error* in the mind, constitutes man a *hell*; so the *love of God* in the heart, and the reception of truth in the understanding, constitute him a heaven. The distribution of the human race into *two sexes*, each having an inclination or attraction which draws it to a union with the other;—and the correspondence of this union with that existing between *Christ* and *his church* sufficiently shows this. *Man* is a creature both of love and wisdom: but in *man*, the *intellect* predominates; in *woman*, affection: and when the affection of





the woman joins the wisdom of the man, and descends to outward connexion, then the mystical union is formed, which represents the spiritual bond. For the wisdom of God descending to man, and the affection of man ascending to God, is the tie that unites the human race with heaven itself. Thus *bread* and *wine* are joined together, the one representing love, the other truth: and thus throughout the Word the two principles, or the two loves, are invariably connected.

These, however, are but the principles of Swedenborg—a man who, though he gave up honour, fame, and pleasure, and accepted obloquy, poverty, and toil for them, has been stigmatized as an impostor. The views of Swedenborg however are nothing, and Swedenborg himself, (except as an honoured instrument) is nothing. It is upon proof, and reasonable proof alone, that the truth of the system must rest. It is no small matter as a proof that a spiritual sense in the Scriptures has been received by the wisest and most learned;—by the lesser and greater lights of the church from its establishment to the present time. Our proof, however, is derived from the utter impossibility of any human intellect framing such a system, without divine aid.

Let us suppose a splendid cabinet, beautiful and rich to the eye, but which (except as it shows the skill of its framer,) is of no use to us; suppose this cabinet closed by a hundred locks, which one master-key alone will open, and containing in itself an immense treasure sufficient to render us happy; suppose, too, that one person after another had attempted to open it, without success; that though he could unlock one or two of the fastenings, the rest defied his power. Let a man now come forward and profess himself possessed of the key itself, and, in spite of the ridicule of those around, let him unlock the whole, and disclose the treasure within; would you doubt for a moment that he possessed the key? Certainly not. The proof would be at once satisfactory to all who saw it.

Now, the outward Word of God is this cabinet. It is

pleasing and beautiful, but in many parts so intricate to unlock, as to appear useless to us. The correspondencies, or things named, are the locks, which are not merely a hundred, but thousands; and to open and explain these the wisest and best have striven in vain. If one was apparently unlocked, it would not explain, or open the others. At length an individual solemnly comes forward, and explains the whole, so that all discrepancies are done away, and a beautiful and consistent sense preserved throughout; needs there any further proof that he has the sure key to the mystery? Certainly not.

To speak plainly. Let any man take the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis, and give a spiritual sense to each word, resolving to abide by that sense, wherever the word occurs. Let him thus go through the first verse, making a consistent sense; then let him take the second, and if any words occur in it that have occurred in the first, let him still retain their first meaning. Let him then take the third, and so on through the chapter, observing always that the same word must bear the same radical meaning—that it must make a spiritual and consistent sense—that it must agree with the literal subject so far, that when the literal subject speaks of a *natural*, the spiritual sense must refer to a *spiritual* creation. Let him try if he can do thus with *one* book, and his doubts will be at an end. If he got through *one* chapter consistently, (which he never would without years of labour,) he would never reach the end of Genesis. The task is too mighty for human powers; none but the maker can furnish the key of the Word. But Swedenborg has done this; and throughout the canonical books, a complete, consistent, and analogous sense is preserved. Could *human* power do this? Could you, reader, or the wisest do it? Try, and you will confess the impossibility.

Can there be any doubt, then, that what Swedenborg did was done by supernatural power? That he believed this *himself* is evident from his resigning place, and title, and wealth to complete it, and from his refusal to accept





any profit from its publication. An immoral man would not preach righteousness; an impostor would not frame a system, without some personal motive, or some selfish end. But the doctrines he thus laid down are perfectly consistent with the Word of God; and selfish motive had he none. To what conclusion then must we come, but that the system so laid down is the true meaning of the Word, and the wisdom in it the wisdom of God?

## CHAPTER XII.

HAVING gone through the principal rules which relate to the correspondent sense, we now proceed to give a few illustrations from the different kingdoms in nature, stating the meaning, and the reason for the meaning, derived from the natural qualities of each; from which it will be seen that the correspondence between the natural and spiritual object is not, and cannot be arbitrary; but that the former is so constituted, and possesses such qualities as plainly to point it out as the representation of the other.

Previous to doing this, however, it will be well to restate the axioms already laid down.

1. Every natural object is the correspondent form, or representation of a spiritual one.
2. Every natural object has reference to goodness and truth, in their various states, or modes of acting, and to their union, if spoken of in a good sense, or to their opposites, if spoken of in an evil sense.
3. Every object named in the Holy Word has a fixed meaning, which forms the basis; but the particular quality depends on the nature of the subject.
4. Correspondence differs from Metaphor, forasmuch as in the latter the connection is not at all times real, while in the former it is so.
5. This science alone affords a true key to the Holy Scriptures, by showing that every portion contains something important to the spiritual welfare of man.

To every intelligent mind this science, the most ancient, as well as the most important, is of the utmost use. Not only does it afford a key, by which the wonders of the Word of God are revealed to man, but by representing every natural thing as a mirror, in which some perfection of the Deity is imaged, it affords a rich and intellectual treat to the soul. The study of nature, therefore, leads to the adoration of the God of nature. It is no longer a system of dry matter of fact, having reference only to outward nature; but every fresh fact elicits new spiritual light, and every fresh accession of the knowledge of nature, leads the mind upward to a contemplation of that kingdom of spiritual glory, when ultimately the correspondencies shall give place to the real objects.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THERE are three kingdoms in nature: the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal. These three kingdoms depend upon each other, and all depend upon what may be called the meteoric kingdom, which, though named last, is, in importance, first.

The meteoric kingdom consists of the sun, moon, planets, fixed stars, &c.; the atmosphere, dews, clouds, rain, vapour, snow, &c.

The mineral kingdom is composed of metals, earths, rocks, stones (whether what are called precious or otherwise), sand, clay, &c.

The vegetable kingdom comprehends plants, shrubs, trees, flowers, blossoms, fruits, seeds, &c.

The animal kingdom has insects, reptiles, fish, birds, beasts, man.

The meteoric kingdom gives rise to the mineral, by the influence of the sun upon the atmosphere, and this upon the earth, producing metals, rocks, and stones.

The mineral kingdom acts on the vegetable; there





being in the former substances which act as connecting mediums between it and the latter, producing ultimately shrubs, plants, roots, and trees; and, in its turn, the vegetable is connected by a medium (partly vegetable and partly animal) with the animal; while it (the vegetable) assists in the support of all animated nature, providing seed for the sower, and bread for the eater. There is no hiatus in the creation; one kingdom does not commence abruptly without connection or dependence upon another; but all are united by links (in many instances, it is true, invisible to us) into one vast chain, from the lowest order of created things or beings to the highest. There is no independent power but the Supreme. Before we proceed further, that the young mind may not be startled by the idea that creation is closely linked together in all its parts, we shall endeavour to explain the two terms by which the illustrious Swedenborg proves, that all creation is dependent upon God, and that, though man is described as the lord of the creation, he is not so in reality, but only in appearance. As a steward superintends an estate, and becomes by this a delegated lord of the estate, but yet holds his power under him who gives him his authority, and must return the profits, together with accounts of all matters transacted, for the satisfaction of his principal—so man, though to him is committed the delegated sovereignty of the wide creation, must only consider himself a steward appointed by the righteous God of heaven, who will not fail to exact a just account of the manner in which he has exercised the trust reposed in him. In reading the writings of Swedenborg, the young student will often meet with terms difficult of apprehension, because Swedenborg wrote in Latin, and the translators have not at all times been able to find in the English language terms sufficiently explicit to convey the full sense of the original, and have therefore either left the term untranslated, or else given to it what may be termed the idiom of Latinized English. Our young readers must, when such terms occur, inquire of their parents, or teachers, for explanation. The terms which we

wish now to explain are CONTINUOUS and DISCRETE: these terms, with the annexation of degrees, repeatedly occur in the writings of Swedenborg.

CONTINUOUS DEGREES are like the different shades, from the first faint streaks of light in the morning, till the full blaze of meridian splendour at noon day. Or, suppose you take a piece of paper, of the purest and most delicate texture, so white as to be the closest approximation to the perfection of the lily—the gradual declension of the white through an almost apparently endless variety of shade, until it finally reaches black, will be a good illustration of continuous degrees. Nothing can be more opposite than the white and the black, and yet the black is produced by continuous degrees from the white. Or, suppose you take a barleycorn, three of which are supposed to make an inch, there will be an immense difference between this barleycorn and a mile, and a still greater difference between a mile and a billion of miles, and yet in progression they become perfectly sensible; and a billion of miles, made up of barleycorns, is an illustration of the progression of continuous degrees. This is the way in which our author describes the great work of creation, and thus from a mite to a mammoth is there no real hiatus. But, though by continuous degrees the white, by different shades, ultimately becomes black, it is evident that the black is essentially different from the white. There is, therefore, the same difference between the new shade of colour produced by continuity, as there is between cause and effect; the cause being one thing, and the effect distinctly another. But this effect, in its turn, becomes again a cause, as the *black coal* produces the ruddy heat; and hence it is that every substance proceeds by continuous degrees, until it ultimately becomes discrete; and thus continuous degrees and discrete degrees exist in every created thing.

Each of the three kingdoms, then, being united with the others by connecting mediums, and the whole being more or less operated upon by the meteoric kingdom, it will follow, if the “invisible things of God from the creation of the





world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," (Romans i. 20,) that each has a distinctive spiritual significance.

(1.) The meteoric kingdom corresponds to the Deity, as he is in himself, and as truth or light proceeds from him immediately.

(2.) The mineral kingdom corresponds to the Deity in his creative power or wisdom in its first or ultimate effects.

(3.) The vegetable kingdom corresponds to the Deity in his production of effects upon the human mind.

(4.) The animal kingdom corresponds to the Deity in the ultimate results of such effects.

Our Heavenly Father has revealed himself to us in three essentials: Love, Wisdom, and Power, or effect. These essentials have reference to all the three kingdoms, including also the meteoric. We shall consider them in their order. And, first, the meteoric; the *sun, moon, stars, light, dew, clouds, rain, snow.*

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUN corresponds to the divine love, as it is in its purity, unapproached and unapproachable. There is a sun which never goes down. It is the Sun of Righteousness. There is a sun which in appearance sets, the sun of this world. There is in man an immortal soul which is to live for ever in happiness or misery, according to the quality of his life in this world. There is a body which the soul dwells in, as a probationer in this world; but which probation being ended, the soul departs, and the body returns to the dust, whence it was taken. Man is, consequently, an inhabitant of two worlds, the spiritual and the natural, and requires the agency of two suns to support his twofold constitution. The spiritual sun, the Sun of Righteousness, warms and animates his soul; the

natural sun warms and animates his body. The most glorious object upon which the natural eye can rest, is the sun when he shines in the greatness of his strength, and strong indeed must be the eye that can then behold him. The most glorious being upon which the eye of the spirit can rest, is Jesus Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, who has so mercifully accommodated himself to all orders of his intelligent creatures, that all may feel his vivifying power within them, blessing them with continual life.

Without that love which has loved us everlastingly, where would the soul of poor fallen man be now? It is the Sun of Righteousness that quickens every affection within the soul; it animates into spiritual life all the plants of truth in the understanding; it shows the effects produced, by the exemplary life and conversation of all who submit themselves to its invigorating influences. Take away, if it were possible, the sun of the natural world, and not only would the body of man perish, but nature itself would become a second chaos.

That the sun corresponds to the divine love, may be seen clearly, if we compare the effects produced by it, with the effects produced by the Sun of Righteousness on the soul.

As the sun of the natural world is the medium of support to all bodies within the sphere of its influence, so is the spiritual sun the medium of support to those luminal souls who place themselves within the sphere of its influence. And as the farther we roam from the cheering heat and light of the natural sun, the more cheerless, cold, and solitary we become; so the farther we rove from the Sun of Righteousness, the more dead and inert our souls become to all heavenly impressions. But to behold the perfect resemblance which the sun of nature bears to the Sun of Heaven, let us briefly state their qualities.

"The Lord our God is a Sun." He "clothes himself with light as with a garment." "His countenance is as the sun shining in his strength." Here are the essentials of the divine Trinity. Divine love or heat is the father. God is





*Love.* Divine light or wisdom is the sun with which the Father clothes himself. *God is light.* The operation of his power is felt by all men, by the sending forth of his light and heat. Here is power. Love, wisdom, and power, heat, light, and operation, constitute the one God, the Sun of Heaven, which has arisen upon us with healing in his wings.

The natural sun is in like manner a trinity; its essence is heat or fire; it sends forth light, and the influences of both are felt in the effects produced. But the sun is one as God is one.

The heat and light of the sun are universally felt in nature; and in the soul of man the love of God kindles the affections by its warmth into devout gratitude, and illuminates the understanding by rays of heavenly light, while throughout the universal church the love and wisdom of God are ever present.

As the Lord "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," so is the sun immoveably fixed in the centre of our system. As when man turns from God, God appears to hide his face from him, although in reality it is man only that changes, and thus different states are produced; so the earth by its motion produces those alternate periods of light and shade which answer to the vicissitudes of man's natural state.

But though the Lord is invariably the same, not a shadow of change attaching itself unto him, yet does he *appear* more favourable to some than to others. The soul that inclines itself toward Him, and elevates itself from earthly to heavenly contemplations, becoming more receptive of the divine influences, of course partakes largely of the heat and light of the Sun of Heaven; in the same manner as the earth's inclination is more towards the sun. it receives an increase of heat and light, and its productiveness is of course increased.

In the season of affliction, in the winter of trial, the face of the Lord seems hidden from us, but the dark clouds of adversity are in reality the means of drawing the Lord

closer to us. Our troubles for the time may prevent us from beholding this, but the Lord is not the less present. So the natural sun appears to be farthest from the earth in winter, but, in reality, he is nearest to it.

The more we elevate our affections and thoughts to the Lord, the greater is the supply of spiritual meat and drink; but, with the supply, our spiritual appetite increases—we become more hungry and thirsty, and "blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—It is the same with the natural sun, whose heat in summer produces abundance of rain. While the earth at that season is most parched and thirsty.—It would be easy to extend these illustrations, but the above are sufficient to show the exact analogy which subsists between the sun of this natural world and the sun of heaven, from which all its qualities are derived.—According to correspondence, then, the sun in a primary sense is significative of the Lord; in a secondary sense, of Love: in a natural sense, it is the orb of day.

The MOON, as deriving all her light from the sun, corresponds to the divine truth, or light. In a primary sense, the moon is representative of the Church; because, as she derives all her light from the sun, on whom she is dependent, so the Church derives all her truth and intelligence from the Lord, the Sun of Righteousness, on whom she is dependent. In a secondary sense, the moon corresponds to faith; for as faith is the principle which removes darkness of mind from every recipient for admission into the Church, so the moon is the only medium of removing that entire obscurity and darkness of night, which compensates in some small degree for the absence of the more glorious light of the sun. In the natural sense of the word, the moon is the secondary orb which rules the night.

In the work of creation, the fourth day is dedicated to the production of the two great lights: the greater light which rules the day, and the lesser light, which rules the night, together with the stars also. Love is the sun or





greater light, which rules the day; faith is the moon, or lesser light, which rules the night, and the knowledges of truth and good, or stars, which are suns, only emit to us a twinkling light, without any portion of heat. In the same way scientific knowledge, where goodness or charity has no abiding place, however much it may dazzle the natural mind, is incapable of warming the affections with holy love.

There are as numerous points of resemblance in correspondence between the moon and faith, as there are between the sun and love. We shall notice but two.

All truth is from the Lord. It is exclusively a divine property, and no man possesses it as an independent being; yet has man a capacity for receiving truth, and by opening and turning the interiors of his mind towards the Lord, he receives light or truth from him who is the Sun of Righteousness. In the same manner, the moon has no light in herself, and shines not from any independent power of her own; she is an opaque body, and her property is to reflect the light which she receives from the sun.

Every individual has the power of reflecting the truth which he receives from the Sun of Righteousness; nay, he must do so. "Let your *light* so shine before men," says our Lord, "that they may see your good works;" but the divine love is a property peculiar to the Lord alone. So the moon has the power to reflect the light of the sun; but she is incapable of doing the same by his heat.

The STARS in their highest sense represent the knowledges of the heavenly doctrines of goodness and truth, because they are themselves suns, thus composed of heat which corresponds to good, and of light which corresponds to truth. Their immense distance from us, however, precludes the possibility of our feeling their heat. We only behold their light. In a secondary sense they correspond to the knowledges of truth. In their lowest sense, they present themselves before our natural eyes as glittering orbs of night.

**LIGHT.**—Divine truth, in its first emanation from the divine love, such as the divine love, clothes itself with, "I," saith the Lord, "am the true light," "I am the light of the world." This light or truth shines upon the human mind, which, without it, would be in a state of darkness. Every one who uncloses the interiors of his mind for the reception of this light, shines by reflection, as the moon shines by the light of the sun. As many as receive it, to them the True Light gives power to become the sons of God; but they who receive it not, remain connected with the unfruitful works of darkness. Man is spiritually blind who possesses it not, and if others suffer themselves to be directed by the false lumen of self-derived intelligence, (the light of reason as it is called,) unaided by the light of Revelation, they are only suffering themselves to be led by the blind, and being themselves blind, fall, with their leader, into the ditch of error, heresy, and irreligion. Light or truth in the Holy Word ever appears ready to transmit itself into the mind of the pious reader; hence the importance and value of reading the Scriptures frequently. If, as has long been admitted by philosophers, transmitted light and colours are brighter than reflected ones, it will follow that a spiritual truth transmitted from the Holy Scriptures to the mind of the reader, must be more bright and glorious than a truth reflected from the mind of another. "Search the Scriptures," dear reader, in them thou hast eternal life.

**DEW.**—Celestial truth. That "still small voice" in the heart, which impresses the affections as gently as the dew of Hermon descended upon the mountains of Zion.

"God give thee of the dew of Heaven, and of the fatness of the earth," was the blessing of the patriarch Isaac to his son Jacob. This blessing is equally expressive in the letter, as in the spirit of the Word; but its beauty will be but imperfectly seen by those unacquainted with the climate of Palestine. In Palestine, and throughout Western Asia, rain rarely, if ever, falls from April to September: and the heat of the sun, being at the same





time very strong, all vegetation would be parched up, were it not for the copious dews which fall during the night, and completely moisten the ground, keeping in a fertile state lands that would otherwise be sterile and desolate. The dew of heaven, then, even in its most literal signification, is, in such a country, one of the greatest of temporal blessings; without it, all external prosperity would soon fail—vegetation would cease—"the fig-tree would not blossom, neither would there be fruit in the vine—the labour of the olive would fail, and the fields would yield no meat;" but with it all temporal blessings would be secured, there would be plenty of "corn and wine." But, in the inmost sense, the blessing is indeed invaluable; for, having reference to celestial truth, it bestows upon the inner man all the delights of heavenly wisdom derived from celestial love, and being a vivifying power, it descends from the celestial to the spiritual, and thence into the external or natural man, and blesses him with a sense of security from danger, which enables him to possess his soul in peace, and to delight himself in the goodness of the Lord. Dew is, however, only suited to the celestial man; the moisture necessary for fructifying the spiritual mind is

RAIN, which corresponds to spiritual truth.\* The spiritual mind takes delight in the heavenly doctrines drawn from the Word of God; remembering that while

\* The circle performed by natural water is both curious and instructive, being an exact figure of the circle of natural or scientific truth. For by the influence of the sun it is first elevated, in the way of evaporation, out of the sea, into the upper regions of the atmosphere, where it is condensed in the shape of clouds, from which it descends in the form of rain upon the earth, and thus gives birth to fountains and rivers, and having refreshed and recruited the earth by its moisture, finally returns to the sea, from which it came forth. Exactly similar is the circle of natural and scientific truth, only with this difference, that truth is elevated out of its grand repository—the memory—by the influence of the spiritual sun, which is the divine love; and that the atmosphere, into which it is raised, is the spiritual atmosphere in which the interiors of the human mind are and breathe. It is remarkable, also, that, although water be raised out of the sea by the sun's influence, yet

"the speech of the Lord shall distil as the dew, his doctrine shall drop as the rain, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." (Deut xxxii. 2.) "When the rain descends, and the floods come, and pour their desolations against the righteous," it describes the power of false doctrine in its attempts to overturn the truth; but he who has his house founded on the Rock, Christ, need not fear, for "the Christian's hope shall never fail." There is yet another description of truth alluded to in the question of the Lord to Job, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" (Job xxxviii. 22.)

SNOW corresponds to natural truth, because it contains less of warmth than rain, or spiritual truth, which in its turn contains less of warmth than dew or celestial truth. The question put to Job is one of great importance, whether we look at the Holy Word as natural truth, or whether we look at the snow, (to which natural truth bears analogy) with the penetrating scrutiny of natural science. Well has it been said by a pious writer, (Edwards,) That "no writings can equal those of the Bible, if we mention only the stock of human learning contained in them. Here linguists and philologists may find that which is to be found no where else. Here rhetoricians and orators may be entertained with a more lofty eloquence—with a choicer composure of words, and with a greater variety of style, than any other writers can afford them; here is a book where more is understood than expressed, where words are few, but where the sense is full and redundant. No books equal this in authority, because it is the Word of God himself, and dictated by an unerring spirit. It excels all other writings in the excellency of its matter, which is the highest, noblest, and wor-

it is fresh, and no salt is elevated with it; which is again an instructive figure, denoting that scientific truth, before it can be elevated out of the memory, so as to be incorporated into the life, must be separated from the natural affection of truth, which is its salt, and combined with a spiritual affection, which is that of love and charity in the regenerate mind.—*Cloves.*





thiest, and of the greatest concern to mankind. Lastly, the Scriptures transcend all other writings in their power and efficacy;" he might have added in science and philosophy also.

Dear young friends, have you considered or entered into the treasures of this Word, in its literal sense?—if not, have you considered or entered into the treasures of snow, which bears an analogy to it? Allow me to extend this article a little longer, while we contemplate the treasures of snow. Some of the best biblical commentators have not scrupled to acknowledge, that they do not understand the question that we have just quoted. But the variety of beautiful and symmetrical forms in different flakes of snow, multitudinous as they are, is not greater than the variety of beautiful lessons which the letter of the Word of God contains. When the air is calm, and the cold intense, as is the case in the arctic regions, the diversified and beautiful forms of the crystals, of which the flakes of snow are composed, are truly astonishing. Captain Scoresby, who gave much attention to this and other arctic phenomena, has delineated ninety-six varieties of these figures. He divides all the forms into five principal classes; but the number in each class it is impossible to describe. The Captain observes, "The extreme beauty and endless variety of the microscopic objects perceived in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are, perhaps, fully equalled, if not surpassed, in both particulars of beauty and variety, by the crystals of snow." The principal configurations are the hexagonal: though almost every variety of shape, of which the generating angle of  $60^{\circ}$  and  $120^{\circ}$  are susceptible, may, in the course of a few years, be discovered by observation. Some of the general varieties in the figures of the crystals may be referred to the temperature of the air; but the particular and endless modification of similar classes of crystals, can only be referred to the will and pleasure of the First Great Cause, whose works, even, the most minute and evanescent, and in regions the most remote from human observation, are altogether admirable."

Truly is this the case, and in nothing more so than in the letter of the Holy Word, to which snow bears analogy. It is scarcely to be supposed that Captain Scoresby knew anything of the doctrines of the New Church, or of the writings of the enlightened Swedenborg; yet, here he bears testimony to one of the most beautiful of the truths which his (Swedenborg's) writings disclose in illustration of the divine Word of God—I mean the spiritual signification of numbers. The Captain observes, that all the forms may be divided into five principal classes: this number, when spoken of in reference to the Lord, signifies what is infinite. The treasures of snow, like the treasures of God's Holy Word, to which they correspond, are endless in their variety of forms, and show the infinity of that wisdom, whose raiment is white as snow. The letter of that Word, which, in its inmost sense, is God himself. (John i. 1, 2.)—The principal configuration is the hexagonal, which is a figure of six sides. The number six corresponds to all the states of labour, combat, and temptation, before rest and peace, arising from the conjunction of good and truth, can be secured;—so man must pass through the six days of trial, labour, and temptation in this world, before he can enjoy the rest of the sabbath in heaven; and in no other book can he learn to endure his trials, save in the book of God. The  $60^{\circ}$  and  $120^{\circ}$  also mentioned by the Captain, have a similar signification, being compounded of  $6 \times 10$ , and of  $60$  doubled or multiplied by 2. (See the chapter on the spiritual sense of numbers.) "As the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper whereto I have sent it." (Isaiah lv. 10, 11.) Rain signifies spiritual truth, which is appropriated to man: by snow is signified natural truth, which is as snow whilst only in the memory, but becomes spiritual by love, as snow becomes rain water by warmth.





**CLOUDS** correspond to the letter of the Word of God; these clouds serve to veil and temper the spiritual sense contained within. See p. 13.

#### CHAPTER XV.

From what we have premised on the mineral kingdom, (see p. 31.) it will be seen that the influence of the sun upon the atmosphere, and this again upon the earth, produces metals, rocks, stones. We shall first give the correspondence of metals, premising that the purer the metal is, the higher or more interior is its signification. Before, however, we can give the precise signification of these, it will be necessary to say a few words on colours; for upon a knowledge of colours depends our accuracy in being acquainted with the signification of metals.

There are two fundamental colours, red and white; the others, such as green, yellow, blue, &c., are composed of these. The red colour, in its purest signification, corresponds to the divine love, and the white colour to the divine wisdom. The reason why red corresponds to the divine love, is because it originates in the intense ruddy heat of the sun of our world, which sun again derives its quality from the sun of the spiritual world, that being the first emanation of the divine love, in the midst of which the glorious God of heaven may be said to reside. The reason why white corresponds to the divine wisdom is, because its origin is from the light which proceeds from the fire of that sun. The Scriptures declare the Lord our God to be a sun, and from the sun proceed heat and light, love and wisdom, or the red and white colours.

Let us but consider this sun as love in its essence, sending forth light or truth, to instruct the world, and the reason is at once seen why the Lord is a sun that gives grace and glory, and why HE is the true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. The more pure the red colour is, the more interior or holy is

its signification. The refined red of heaven is representative of pure celestial love—as it becomes less refined, it is spiritual love—declining still, it becomes natural love, till by continuous degrees it becomes love of the very lowest order, adapted to the life of the lowest created beings. As the natural eye of man cannot behold the sun of the natural world when he shineth in his strength, without injuring the sense of vision, so neither can the spiritual eye look upon the intensity of divine love and purity, and hope to retain its spiritual vision, for no man can see God as he exists in his purity, and live; hence the necessity of accommodation according to our several states.

White corresponds to the divine wisdom; the more pure the white, the more interior the wisdom, until by continuous degrees it becomes truth or light in its lowest manifestation, adapting itself to all orders of intelligent creatures. All colours being derived from red and white, it follows, that if the red express the quality of a thing as to good, and the white the quality of a thing as to truth, the colours that are derived from red, will signify good, and the colours that are derived from white will signify truth, and according to the purity or impurity of the colours, that is, as they are more or less shaded, the successive degrees of goodness and truth, will be described. This rule will apply equally in the animal and vegetable kingdoms as in the mineral. It must, however, be recollected, that although the colour denotes the quality of a thing as to good and truth, yet, when spoken of in reference to the wicked, it denotes the quality of a thing as to evil and false; for there are degrees by continuity in evil and false, as there are by continuity in goodness and truth. Take the following powerful description of evil and false as an example, from Henderson's Pilgrim:—

"I saw a meteor arise  
Swiftly up from the lower hemisphere.

It shot high into the clear azure skies.

"Twas fiery red like Mars. A thin blue sphere

Of vapour, hazy, like the Simoom dear,

Stretching across Arabia's burning sand

Surrounded it and seem'd its atmosphere.











.. Behind it rose a magazine of wrath—

Clouds, EDGED with LURID RED, convolving roll

On clouds of blackest darkness; swath on swath

Of piled up vapours stretch from pole to pole.

As up the sky this pitchy ceiling stole,

At once, from all its depths, as from a womb,

Embattled fiends, with streaming bannerole,

At one infernal birth rushed, clothed in gloom,

Darting the air, till space could scarce afford them room.

Hail, rain, snow, fire, in one co-mingling flood

Stream'd down in torrents, deluging the earth.

Suphureous flames—in midst of which a brood

Infernal sat, and drown'd the storm with mirth—

Ran all the ground along. Creation's birth,

Flowers, shrubs, trees, all that smiling spring desires—

Caught fire—the fields seem'd all one burning hearth:

Down from above destruction's dread empires

Pour'd all their tempests forth, and their devouring fires."

The co-mingling of *Red* and *White*, in all their fearful varieties of shade depicted in this sketch, the ascent of the diabolical crew of infernals from their hell beneath, and pouring forth all their desolating venom upon the beauteous earth, is a faithful delineation described with terrible power, of the direful consequences resulting from the exercise of evil and falsehood.

**GOLD**, when in its purity, corresponds to celestial goodness. This is the goodness which the Lord counsels us to buy. "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich." Inasmuch as fine gold corresponds to celestial goodness, therefore were the holiest articles of furniture in the tabernacle to be made of pure gold. "Thou shalt overlay the ark with *pure gold* within and without—thou shalt make a mercy-seat of *pure gold*—dishes, spoons, and covers, of *pure gold*." (See Exodus xxv.) But when the celestial goodness of the Lord is perverted and sensualized, it is then "like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout." (Proverbs xi. 22.)

**SILVER** when in its purity corresponds to spiritual truth; with any portion of alloy, the spiritual truth becomes mixed and natural according to the proportion used. The Word of the Lord is pure divine truth without alloy, and is therefore appropriately compared to the purest of silver. "The words of the Lord are pure words, as silver tried in a furnace." (Psalm xii. 6.) Every individual who regulates his life by the pure truth of the Holy Word, becomes just and perfect; therefore is it that "the tongue of the just is as choice silver." (Proverbs x. 20.) But it is possible to pollute and falsify the purest divine truth, as it is possible to profane the pure divine good; this possibility originated the command, "Ye shall not make with me gods of silver, neither shall ye make unto you gods of gold." (Exodus xx. 23.) To make gods of silver and gold, is idolatry and profanation.\*

\* Silver was nothing accounted of in the days of King Solomon (1 Kings x. 21), because in the church triumphant, when the full purification and regeneration is effected, and all spiritual combat ceases through the harmonious conjunction of goodness and truth, the principle of good is exalted to pre-eminence, and in this case truth is made good, and is no longer regarded as any thing in a state of separation.—*Clowes*.

The following story, I know not on what authority, is abroad in the religious world. Some ladies in Dublin, who met together from time to time, at each other's houses, to read the Scriptures, and to make them the subjects of profitable conversation, when they came to the 3d chapter of the prophecy of Malachi, had some discussion over the 2d and 3d verses, respecting the method of purifying the precious metals. As none of the company knew any thing about the process, one undertook to inquire of a silversmith, with whom she was acquainted, how it was effected, and particularly what was the business of the refiner himself during the operation. Without explaining her motive, she accordingly went to her friend, and asked him how the silver was cleared from any dross, with which it might have been mixed. He promptly explained to her the manner of doing this. "But," said the inquirer, "do you sit, sir, at the work?" "Oh yes!" he replied, "for I must keep my eyes steadily fixed on the furnace, since, if the silver remain too long under the intense heat, it is sure to be damaged." She at once saw the beauty and the propriety of the image em-





**BRASS** is a compound metal: an alloy of copper and zinc, united by the action of intense heat: it corresponds to natural goodness. Its correspondence will be more distinctly seen, if the ancient mode of making it be described. It was manufactured long before zinc was ob-

ployed, "He shall sit as a refiner of Silver;" and the moral of the illustrations was equally obvious. As the lady was returning with the information to her expecting companions, the silversmith called her back, and said he had forgotten to mention one thing of importance, which was, that he only knew the exact instant when the purifying process was complete, by then seeing his own countenance in it. Again the spiritual meaning shone forth through the beautiful veil of the letter. When God sees his own image in his people, the work of sanctification is complete. It may be added that the metal continues in a state of agitation, till all the impurities are thrown off, and then it becomes *quite still*; a circumstance which heightens the exquisite analogy in this case; for O! how

"Sweet to lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his."

The subject was embodied in the following stanzas at the earnest request of a friend who, with her young family, was about to leave her native country, and settle in a different part of the globe, but the writer's mind had received the first ineffaceable impression of the similitude and influence in the year 1832, from the lips of another dear friend when she was nearly in her last agony, who meekly applied it to herself and her afflictions which had been long and excruciating, yet borne by her as such pains can alone be borne in God's furnace and under his eye:—

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."—*Malachi* iii. 3.

—*He that from dross would win the precious ore,  
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye.*

*The subtle searching process to explore,  
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,  
When in the molten silver's virgin mass  
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.*

*Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;  
Thrice happy they who to the end endure;  
But who the fiery trial may abide?—  
Who from the crucible come forth so pure.*

*That HE whose eyes of flame look through the whole,  
May see his image perfect in the soul,  
Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,*

*As in the mirror the refiner's face;  
But stamp with heaven's broad signet then be show*

*Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace:  
And round that seal of love this motto be,  
Not for a moment, but—Eternity!"*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

tained in a metallic form. Calamine, an ore of zinc, was mixed with copper and charcoal, and the zinc being, by the well-known action of the carbonaceous matter, reduced to the metallic state, immediately combined with the copper, without separately exhibiting metallic properties. There was thus a union effected between the different substances. The calamine partakes of the quality of stone, or of natural truth; and being by the action of fire united with the copper, becomes representative of natural good—the first state of acceptance in which man stands in relationship to his Maker. As man advances from natural good, he becomes receptive of that which is introductory to the good of the celestial principle; this is described by Ezra, as "fine copper, precious as gold" (Ezra viii. 27): advancing still in the practice of goodness, it becomes of the highest order; and for brass the Lord will give him gold. The land of the natural-minded man is "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose mountains thou mayest dig brass." (Deut. viii. 9.)

IRON corresponds to natural truth, or truth as delineated in the letter of the Word of God. It was prophesied of the Lord, that he should rule all nations with a rod of iron; that is, from the spiritual principle he should govern all mankind by the natural power of truth, for men were not prepared to live under the guidance of spiritual truth, when he personally appeared on earth.

"From the mouth of the Lord a sharp two-edged sword is seen to issue" (Rev. ii. 12); denoting, that the power of truth, or word of the Lord, which issues forth from the divine mouth, is the power which subdues the temptation assaults of the infernals, while its keen edge entirely destroys all the sophistries of falsehood and error. When the Lord appeared in the flesh, mankind were immersed in every description of falsehood and evil, and the Lord came to send a sword among them—that is, the power of divine truth—that the reign of error and evil might be extinguished, and men be brought under the influence of the Prince of Peace. The disciples of the Lord are to make





war with the sword of the Spirit, and not presume to exercise their own self-derived intelligence in preference. So long as they are clothed in the garments of selfishness, they cannot possess the sword of the Spirit; they must "sell their garments and buy one." They must never neglect their Master's duty, but be constantly opposing evil and falsehood in all their varieties. They are watchmen on the walls—they are shepherds over the flock—and if they neglect their duty, they will assuredly perish by the sword of the enemy. "Woe to the idle shepherd that leaveth the flock, the sword shall be upon his arm, and upon his right eye; his arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened." (Zechariah xi. 17.)

ROCK corresponds to truth supporting, or to the foundation upon which the Church of the Lord rests. "The Lord is my rock and my fortress." (Psalm xxxi. 3.) The Lord is ever present in his Word, and the man who rests upon the Word of Truth shall be firmly established. "Thou hast set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." (Psalm xl. 2.)—There is nothing more substantially nourishing to the soul than goodness and truth: the Bread of Life supplies the affections with all solid goodness—the Water of Life supplies the understanding with all refreshing truth. The true Israelite imbibes both the one and the other. "They all eat the same spiritual meat, and all drink the same spiritual drink, for they drink of that spiritual rock that follows them, and that Rock is Christ." (1 Corinthians x. 3, 4.)—The true Israelite now beholds the elevation of his glorified Lord with holy joy and exultation. "For," observes he, "who is God, save the Lord; and who is a Rock save our God?" "Blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted." "O Lord, be thou my strong Rock for an house of defence."

But Rock is also descriptive of that which is false: it is upon such rocks that those who are in evils of life depend, and hope to escape punishment by resorting to them; "they go into thickets, and climb up upon the rocks."

(Jeremiah iv. 29.) These are they upon whom the seeds of truth fall in vain. "Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth, and—withered away." (Matt. xiii. 5, 6.) It is against those who are principled in evil, and confirm their evils by false reasoning, that the anathema in the prophet Jeremiah is directed: "Behold I am against thee, O destroying mountain, saith the Lord, which destroyest all the earth; and I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and roll thee down from the rocks, and make thee a burnt mountain." (li. 25.)

SALT.—"Have salt in yourselves," says the Lord, and "have love one to another." Salt corresponds to natural truth, which is the lowest kind of truth admitted into the natural mind, but by its admission it purifies and changes the substance of the mind, until at length it assists in producing spiritual truth. This leads to genuine love of our neighbour, derived from and rendered active by love of the Lord, that sun that perpetually lives within us. And as the sun of our world corresponds to, or is representative of the sun of heaven, so we find that it is by the solar rays that the waters of the ocean are evaporated of their salt; their property thus becoming changed, and those living beings, whose existence depends upon fresh water, as well as those products of the earth which require continual moisture, are thereby preserved in health and vigour.

But salt in like manner has its opposite signification. It has unhappily happened that men have taken the pure truth of God's Word, and falsified it by their corrupt versions—they have deprived the truth of its virtue—the salt has lost its savour, and from henceforth has it become fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. In this state the consummation of evil must soon follow. "Moab becomes as Sodom, and the sons of Ammon as Gomorrah, a place abandoned to nettles—a pit of salt—a waste for ever." (Zephaniah ii. 9.) The devastation of every thing good is implied by "a place abandoned to nettles," and of all truth by "a pit of salt," and of complete desolation by "being a waste for ever."





STONES correspond to natural truths, drawn from the letter of the Holy Word. Jesus Christ is emphatically described as THE TRUTH, and he is, therefore, very appropriately termed in various places, the CORNER STONE, the FOUNDATION STONE, or the SUPREME TRUTH, upon which all other truths must rest. "Behold," says the prophet, "I lay in Zion for a foundation; a stone, a TRIED STONE, a PRECIOUS CORNER-STONE, a SURE FOUNDATION." (Isaiah xxviii. 16.) This is the foundation upon which the Church rests, and of which the Apostle speaks, when he says, "Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, even Jesus Christ;" and if this foundation were removed, "What would the righteous do?" (Psalm xi. 3.)

There are, however, persons who will not admit the Divinity of the Lord, and to such "He is a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence."

The stones or truths of the Lord's Word are pure and perfect stones, they cannot be made better by man; they must not therefore be altered to suit his purpose, or shaped to please his fancy; if he lift up the iron instrument of his self-derived intelligence upon them, he pollutes them. The substitution of the natural intelligence or wisdom of man for the divine truths of God's Holy Word, is sure to create confusion; hence in the building of Babel, where they had brick for stone, they had the very essence of confusion among themselves. The brick being a substitution for the stone, or self-derived intelligence for the genuine truth of God. All worship must be performed from a principle of truth and goodness; hence, altars of different kinds were in the Jewish Church erected, as the representation of worship from different degrees of good and truth. Among these, altars of stone were permitted to be erected, implying that the worship celebrated on them was derived from a principle of truth; but those who burn incense upon altars of brick, perform worship from a principle of self-derived intelligence, and thus provoke the Lord to anger. (See Isaiah lxxv. 3.)

The Jews, who did not acknowledge the Divinity of the

Lord Jesus Christ, took up stones to stone him with, when, as they imagined, he uttered blasphemy; by making himself God. There were two punishments of death with them, crucifixion and stoning. By crucifixion was signified condemnation on account of the destruction of good in the Church; the reason of this was, because wood, on which they who suffered were suspended, signified good, but in the opposite sense evil. By stoning was implied the destruction of truth in the Church; because by stone is signified truth, and in the opposite sense false. All who refuse to acknowledge the Divinity of the Lord, take up stones to stone him: that is, they take the appearances of truth from the Holy Word, and arguing speciously upon them, from the intelligence of pride and self, attempt to destroy the supreme truth; but in this attempt they will ultimately fall under that stone "which will grind them to powder." There are many who commit adultery with stocks and with stones. (Jeremiah iii. 9.)

PRECIOUS STONES, on account of the sparkling light they emit, signify the Word in its literal sense, translucent from its spiritual sense. The divine truths of the Holy Word are indeed luminously translucent to every class of readers, but especially to the afflicted they open up sources of the brightest consolation. "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," are the consolatory words of the prophet; "behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones"—(Isaiah liv. 11, 12.) But there are persons who make professions of goodness and truth, and parade their attachment to divine things, who merely assume them as a covering, the better to hide their wickedness and hypocrisy. Thus we read of the decorations of the great harlot, as being gold and precious stones, and pearls—(See Rev. xvii. 4.) Gold, as the finest of metals, symbolizes the purest of virtues, love, and precious stones and pearls, the translucent truths of the Word. Now, how many are there who profane and





falsify these divine principles ! The annals of every religious community contain accounts of hypocrites, of persons who take up the name of religion for the purpose of deception, and thus, like the great harlot clothe themselves externally with purity and holiness—decorate themselves with the gold of goodness, and the precious stones of truth ; but within are like the painted sepulchres of the Pharisees, full of pollution and excess. Do thou, dear Reader, strive after inward holiness ; make clean the inside of the cup and platter, and then thou wilt have a golden cup in thine hand, filled with the new wine of the kingdom.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE vegetable kingdom bears analogy generally to the will and understanding of man. The plants describe, according to their quality, the state of the affections and thoughts. In many parts of the Holy Word man is likened to a tree : to a good tree, if a good man ; and to a tree fit only to be " cut down and cast into the fire," if an evil man. " It is a striking instance of resemblance between a man and a tree, that two distinct elements are necessary for the life and growth of each. Thus, a tree requires both earth and air for its life and growth—for it cannot live unless one half of it, namely, its roots, be implanted in the earth ; while the other half, namely, its branches, ascends and lives in the higher element of the atmosphere. The case is the same with man, who is composed of two parts—a natural or external part, and a spiritual or internal part ; each of which requires its own element for its nourishment. The natural, or external part, may therefore be regarded as the root ; whilst the spiritual, or internal part, constitutes the superior half of every human tree. Thus man is not allowed to live a mere natural life alone, or a mere spiritual life alone, but both united ; and they become united when affection and thought, which are of his internal man,

are in harmony and agreement with his words and works, which are of his external man. In agreement with this resemblance between a man and a tree, it is written by the prophet, (Isaiah xxxvii. 31)—" The remnant that is escaped of the house of Judah shall again take root downward, and bear fruit upward." " For to take root downwards has respect to the implantation of good and truth in the external, or natural man, by words and works ; while to bear fruit upwards, has respect to, the implantation of good and of truth in the internal, or spiritual man, by affections and thoughts." \*

There are three special correspondencies in the vegetable kingdom which we shall notice, reserving for our natural history department other illustrations. These three are the Olive, the Vine, and Fig-tree.

The OLIVE tree corresponds to the celestial church and state, and, when applied to man, signifies the goodness produced from love to the Lord above all things. Happy indeed is the man who has the virtue of the olive planted within him, who carries to the holy place that oil which makes the face to shine, that goodness and amiability of disposition which indexes in the countenance the serenity, happiness, and peace that dwells within.

It is by the oil of heavenly love that the face of the Lord Jesus Christ beams upon us, by which our happiness is rendered complete. In consequence of the signification of the olive, the holiest articles of furniture in the tabernacle and temple, were either anointed with olive oil or made of olive wood. The cherubim, and also the posts and doors of the secret place, were made of olive wood. The cherubim represented the guardians of the holy place, in which the Lord himself was said to reside, and which can never be approached but by those principled in holy love and charity. The forms of the cherubs denoted the protecting as well as watchful power of that love which never sleeps ; and they were constructed of olive wood, to





show, specifically the nature and quality of their real signification. To prove that love to the Lord and love to our neighbour are the "TWO OLIVE TREES," which always stand before the Lord of the whole earth, we may recur to the lamp which was kept burning before the Lord: "And thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring thee PURE OIL-OLIVE beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn always." (Exodus xxvii. 20.) The oil is the good of love to the Lord—the lamp, as the containing vessel, is the good of neighbourly love; and the light emitted, by which both these degrees of goodness are rendered pre-eminently conspicuous, is illustrative of that light which is to shine before men, and by which our heavenly Father is glorified. It is pure love, or goodness, which should be the anointing oil of all the holy things of the Church. It is pure love which is the only bond of christian brotherhood. Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; it is like the sacred oil on Aaron's head—Why was the Mount of Olives so highly favoured by the frequent resort of the Lord, but because it symbolized the perfection of that love wherewith he has everlastingly loved us? How lovely is the appearance of the good man! Joy irradiates his countenance—heavenly pleasure sparkles in his eye. His every action indicates his love—his delight is to do good to all. "He is like a green olive-tree in the house of God. He trusts in the mercy of God for ever and ever." (Psalm lli. 8.) His prayer is—"that mercy I to others shew, that mercy shew to me." O may this sacred fire be always kept burning within us—like wise virgins, may our lamps be ever kept filled with holy oil! Then will the flame of heavenly truth burn bright and lively, and we shall be always ready to go in with the bridegroom when he summons us.\*

\* The Rev. Samuel Noble, in his work, the "Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures Asserted," illustrates very forcibly and beautifully several of the fables of the Greeks and Asiatics. I select one as throwing some light on our present subject:—"When Minerva and Neptune were contending for the honour, at the foun-

The VINE corresponds to spiritual truth; and as there can be no communication of truth, otherwise than from the Truth itself, in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, therefore he denominates himself the Vine, the Father the Husbandman, and his faithful disciples the Branches. This implies that man is connected with Jesus Christ as pure spiritual truth, in the same way as pure spiritual truth has for its inmost principle pure celestial good, or the Father. "I and my Father are one." "My Father dwelleth within me." "Every branch which beareth fruit in Christ Jesus, the Father purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit" (John xv. 2); to purge, implies to purify from defilement. There can be no purification, unless we abide in the living vine; separate from him we wither and die away, but abiding in him we bring forth much fruit, and our abiding with him continues the work of purification; for the Divine Love (the Father) is ever operating upon us, to raise us to higher or more interior degrees of holiness. Separation from the living vine is separation from the divine love; but union with the living vine is union with the Father. How expressive are the words—how full of paternal love!—"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bring forth much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples." The work of purification is progressive; "every branch" must continually be purged, that it may bring forth more fruit. The "pure blood of the grape,"

dation of Athens, of giving it a name, Neptune, to display his power, is said to have struck the ground with his trident, when there instantly darted forth a *horsa*; yet the disputed honour was awarded to Minerva, at whose bidding there sprung up an olive tree:—a fable which beautifully represents the superiority of that wisdom figured by the goddess, which regards the conduct of life, and leads to the feeling of *benevolence*, terminating in *works of utility*,—of which sentiment the olive-tree is the symbol, over those mere ACCUMULATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE typified by the waters of the ocean, and having a personified abstract in Neptune; these only enabling their possessor to dazzle by *intellectual display*, or to *overwhelm by ratiocination*;—of which exercises the war-horse is so expressive an emblem."—Pp. 213—14.





(Deut. xxxii. 14) is representative of the blood of Christ. This was the kind of blood in the cup at the institution of the Holy Supper, and our Lord observes, respecting it, "This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you." (Luke xxii. 20.) This blood, opaque divine truth, man must constantly appropriate or drink of. It is this which gives spiritual life to the understanding (as the bread of life gives spiritual life to the will); unless a man drinks of this, as well as eats of the bread of life, he has no life in him. This blood, or divine truth, cleanses from all sin; without the shedding of it abroad in the heart of man, so as to purify it from evil, there can be no remission of sin. This is the blood (pure divine truth) in which to wash our robes, and make them white; this is the blood of the Lamb shed from the foundation of the world. The spiritual vine imparts its properties to every description of truth; to the lowest it gives renewed strength. "It sends out her boughs to the sea, and her branches to the river." (Psalm lxxx. 10.) It assists the reasonings and conclusions of the rational man, and it aids the scientific truth of the natural man. Great care, however, must be used in the appropriation of this spiritual wine. We must receive it with humility, and render unto the Lord all the extraordinary effects which its inspiring qualities are capable of producing. For, as natural wine, if not taken with propriety, inflames the mind, and for the time produces a kind of insanity; so spiritual wine, if not appropriated with humility, intoxicates the soul with spiritual pride, leads the individual to consider himself some great one, and elevates his mind to that insane arrogance which exclaims—"Stand by, I am holier than thou." This is an awful state for man to be in; it is described by the prophet (Hosea x. 1)—"Israel is an empty vine, he bringeth forth fruit unto himself." Israel denotes the Church, and is called an empty vine, because the good performed by the members of the Church is performed from selfish and worldly motives, which in themselves are empty; and the spiritual truth or faith of the Church is, in like manner,

empty, unless it be filled with love from the Lord. *Ah! is this* is unhappily the state of the Church at the present day. "Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts; look down from heaven, and behold and visit this vine." (Psalm lxxx. 14.)

The FIG-TREE corresponds to natural good and truth. The fruit corresponds to the good of the natural man, and the leaves to the truth of that good. All truth is communicated progressively and in order. Man cannot receive spiritual truth before he is acquainted with natural; for the spiritual lies within the natural, as a kernel in its shell, and the celestial lies within the spiritual, as the Father dwelleth within the Son. The man that lives under the influence of natural goodness, is desirous of being principled in natural truth, for it is the province of goodness always to seek alliance or conjunction with truth. In this state of natural goodness, the omniscient eye beholds us, and desires to bless us with a perception of himself. In this state was Nathaniel, when the Lord saw him under the fig-tree; and from the state of natural goodness, and the perceptions of natural truth, he was led to behold the Lord Jesus Christ, the spiritual truth, and to feel the devout conviction, that this was the king of Israel. (John i. 49.) The gracious promise of the Lord, for the restoration of his Church in the last days, is expressed in language to suit the natural man; while, by the images which convey it, the spiritual man is also advised of the glorious time. "Be not afraid, ye beasts of the field, for the pastures of the wilderness do spring, for the tree beareth her fruit, the fig-tree and the vine do yield their strength." (Joel ii. 22; see also the following verses, which are highly deserving the most serious attention.) The beasts of the field represent the affections of goodness in the natural man. The pastures of the wilderness being made to spring, implies, that there will be a knowledge of truth where there was none before. The fig-tree and the vine yielding their strength or fruit, means, that natural goodness will be abundant, and will lead the possessor to aspire after





and ultimately to possess spiritual goodness. But man must by no means rest satisfied with a profession of natural or moral goodness; with his goodness he must unite the corresponding truth. While some make profession of faith alone, and thus are like trees that bear no fruit, others make profession of morality or works alone, and clothe themselves with a garment of leaves, exactly similar to the fig leaf aprons made by Adam and Eve, to cover their pride and disobedience. Faith and charity, truth and goodness, wisdom and love, united, constitute the Christian, in their respective degrees.

When the Lord cursed the fig-tree, it was to show the degeneracy of the Jewish Church. That church was one of mere naturalism—making large professions, having plenty of leaves; but when the Lord came and explored its quality, no fruit was found in it: and unto this day no fruit is found fit for food on this degenerate tree, and from henceforth and for ever no fruit can be produced. It is the same, however, with the Christian. Wherever there is profession without practice, there will be found abundance of leaves; but where such profession is destitute of the life of holiness, there is no fruit; and when the Lord comes to explore our quality, and finds nothing but mere external display, our end is come, we wither away, and finish our course in eternal death.

The OLIVE, the VINE, and the FIG.—“The trees went forth *on a time* to anoint a king over them: and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?—And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?—Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?—Then said all the trees unto the

bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.” (Judges ix. 8—15.) This is one of the most beautiful and instructive parables in the whole of the Divine Word, equally edifying in the letter as in the spirit, and of much practical utility, in confirming the signification of the olive, the vine, and the fig, alluded to just above. Dr. Hales has, with great force and beauty, illustrated the literal sense, which we shall first transcribe, and then proceed to illustrate the spiritual sense:—

“For their ingratitude to the house of Gideon, the Shechemites were indignantly upbraided by Jotham, in the oldest and most beautiful apologue of antiquity extant—the *trees choosing a king*. With the mild and unassuming dispositions of his pious and honourable brethren, declining, like their father, we may suppose, the crown, when offered to them successively, under the imagery of the Olive Tree, the Fig Tree, and the Vine; he pointedly contrasts the upstart ambition and arrogance of the wicked and turbulent Abimelech, represented by the bramble, inviting his new and nobler subjects, the cedars of Lebanon, to put their trust in his pigny shadow, which they did not want, and which he was unable to afford them; but threatening them imperiously on their refusing to send forth a fire from himself to devour those cedars, whereas, the fire of the bramble was short and momentary, even to a proverb.”

Where wickedness predominates, it ever elects a power in conformity with its ruling love, to assume the sovereignty, and no principles that are good can ever unite themselves with those which are evil. “For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, or what communion hath light with darkness?” (2 Cor. vi. 14.) The distinguishing principles of the Church should be the OLIVE, the VINE, and the FIG—charity, faith, and good works—and these should be presided over by *celestial love*,





(Olive); Spiritual Truth, (Vine); and Natural Good and Truth (Fig). And because charity, faith, and good works, when united, are the foundation of all true religion and virtue, therefore neither of them would rule over the wicked men of Shechem, mentioned in the parable, because neither of the principles to which their lives bore analogy, had any dwelling-place in their rebellious and hard hearts. But the bramble being an exact analogy of the power of evil, and corresponding with the quality of their ruling love, accepted the sovereignty, under a stipulation of unlimited trust and confidence, and in case of rebellion, then all the destructive powers of evil were to be let loose upon them; all the burning lusts of evil love should blaze forth and devour whatever might remain of good and truth. When the Church, as to celestial good, suffers itself to be guided and ruled by the merely scientific principle, its character is degraded, "oil is carried into Egypt." (Hosea xii. 1) In this state the rational principle is exalted above the principle of holy love, and this charity is degraded into a mere thing of science. Too true is it that Israel has profaned the Church. She has carried oil to Egypt—she has become an empty vine—she has degenerated into a dead fig-tree.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE Animal Kingdom is headed by man; and beasts, birds, fish, and insects, correspond to the affections, thoughts, and scientific knowledge with which he nourishes, supports, and stores his mind. The destructive animals image his mind in its unrenewed and unregenerated state. Those animals, tamed, represent the bad passions and tempers reduced to obedience, by the subduing influence of the Spirit of truth. In this sense "the leopard lies down with the lamb"—"the lion eats straw with the bullock." The clean and useful animals represent the mind in its regen-

erating state. Animals of the flock correspond to the affections of the spiritual man; animals of the herd to the affections of the natural man. Birds correspond to the thoughts of the understanding; fish and animals living in the sea to scientific knowledges. The quality and use of the several affections and thoughts are indicated by the distinctive quality of the animals named. In our present Chapter we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of man as a scientific, rational, and spiritual being, and reserve our notice of the inferior animals for the natural history department of our work; in which also we shall endeavour to illustrate by correspondence the various members of the human body. We shall reserve also for that department of our work, the chapter on the spiritual signification of numbers.

Every person who seriously reflects on the constitution of man, must have observed that he appears endowed with three distinct degrees of life; so distinct indeed, that while he is in the exercise or enjoyment of one, it appears as though the others did not exist in him. Sometimes he takes the greatest pleasure, and experiences the highest happiness in the pursuit of science, and all his faculties for the time are absorbed in it. It is the delight of his existence; he lives but for it. At other times he turns his attention to the regions of intelligence; he inquires into the causes of things; he analyzes, compares, and investigates; and here again his attention is equally fixed, as when experimenting on the facts of science. At other times all his powers are concentrated on spiritual and religious subjects. His adoration is directed to the Great Supreme; his faith is exercised on the invisible things of heaven, by the contemplation of the visible things of earth; and his hope anticipates the period when heavenly happiness shall be enjoyed in all its fulness. We call these three degrees of life by the terms scientific, rational (or intellectual,) and spiritual. There is, however, a rational principle before regeneration, and a spiritual-rational principle after it: the first is procured by the exercise of





the scientific principle; the second is formed by the Lord—by the affections of spiritual good and truth;\* and though last in its formation, it becomes first in efficacy, and first in power, aiding the spiritual principle in the regulation of the rational and scientific.

There is a sanctifying power in the spirit of true religion, which has at all times commanded the admiration of mankind, and elicited the approval of even the most careless and unreflecting. Among the poor the brightest examples of this power have exemplified themselves, and shed a lustre over their character, and encircled their head with a halo of reputation as undying as virtue itself. And it has been often remarked by the learned, without their ever attempting to account for the cause, that in proportion as the poor have become eminently religious, and intimately acquainted with the Sacred Scriptures, they have at the same time become deep thinkers, acute reasoners, and well versed in scientific pursuits. That some cause must exist for this, no one will venture to dispute. What that cause is, we shall, in the sequel, endeavour to develop.

But if the sanctifying influence of religion is thus seen in its effects among the poor, whose education has been in many instances neglected, and in all instances limited, what ought we to expect from the rich, whose opportunities are so great, and the cultivation of whose minds are so sedulously attended to. Whatever the most sanguine mind might anticipate, has been fully realized in those great monuments of human erudition, Locke, Newton, Boyle, Ray, and a hundred others; not to mention the illustrious Swedenborg.

If we study Locke; amidst all the stupendous acquisitions by which he was distinguished, his piety shines with the steady brilliance, whilst his veneration for God's Word, and his obedience to its divine precepts, stamped him as one of the humblest of Christians—as his great erudition did one of the most profound philosophers.

\* See Swedenborg's *Arcana Cœlestia*, paragraph 237.

Who can forget the modesty of the great Newton describing himself, when he discovered any new truth, as a mere child seeking out pebbles on the sea shore, and occasionally finding one more beautiful than another? What but the sanctifying power we have mentioned, could have induced this true spirit of humility?

In the midst of one of the most profligate and licentious æras that ever disgraced the annals of Britain, what was it that dignified the character of the illustrious Boyle, but his deep acquaintance with, and divine veneration for the Sacred Scriptures? To the Christian his memory is endeared, as that of one who, as before observed, in one of the most licentious periods of English history, showed a rare example of religion and virtue in exalted station, and was an early and zealous promoter of the diffusion of the Scriptures in foreign lands. To the erudite, the intellectual, and the deeply thinking, his memory is peculiarly grateful, as the individual who laid the foundation of that learned body of men—the Royal Society, while by the lover of science, he is honoured as one of the first and most successful cultivators of experimental philosophy.

The other great name we have mentioned, JOHN RAY—whom Haller describes as the greatest botanist in the memory of man, and whose writings on animals are pronounced by Cuvier to be the foundation of all modern zoology—we have introduced, for the purpose of showing how sublime were his views in connecting religion with science, and elaborating even to the eternal world and state the wisdom of God in the works of creation. "It is not likely, (says he,) that eternal life shall be a torpid and inactive state; or that it shall consist only in an interrupted and endless act of love; the other faculties shall be employed as well as the will, in actions suitable to, and effective of their natures, especially the understanding, the supreme faculty of the soul, which chiefly differs in us from brute beasts, and makes us capable of virtue and vice, of rewards and punishments, shall be busied and employed in contemplating the works of God, and observing the di-





vine art and wisdom manifested in the structure and composition of them ; and reflecting upon their Great Architect, the praise and glory due to them. Then shall we clearly see, to our great satisfaction and admiration, the ends and uses of those things which here were either too subtle for us to penetrate and discover, or too remote and inaccessible for us to come to any distinct view of, viz., the planets and fixed stars ; those illustrious bodies, whose contents and inhabitants, whose stores and furniture we have here so longed a desire to know, as also their mutual subserviency to each other. Now the mind of man being not capable at once to advert to more than one thing, a particular view and examination of such an innumerable number of vast bodies, and the great multitude of species, both of animate and inanimate things, which each of them contains, will afford matter enough to exercise and employ our minds, I do not say to all eternity, but to many ages, should we do nothing else." In how beautiful a light is this extract reflected ! The spiritual principle leads to humble adoration of the Great Supreme. for his marvellous works ; the rational principle contemplates with delight, the ages in which it shall occupy itself in reflecting upon all creation's wonders ; while the scientific feels equal pleasure in studying the animate and inanimate objects, which the myriads of worlds that revolve in the immensity of space unquestionably contains. Such must, and always will be the case, when the rational and scientific principles are in due subjection to the spiritual. On the other hand, let but this subserviency be destroyed, and religion made to bend before reason and science, and a mental madness takes possession of the soul, which ends in neither fearing God nor regarding man. The faculties of the soul, under such government, are in the most inextricable confusion, and the most superlative powers are constantly the sport of the most glaring inconsistency. Nothing can be more easily accounted for than this state ; the whole is expressed in the words, " without God in the world ; " that is, the spiritual principle, instead of being the governing

one, is the servant, and in this state order becomes inverted.

We might easily illustrate this by the conduct of many eminently learned and scientific men, who, denying the divine truths of God's Word, nay, and sometimes denying also the existence of God himself, have, notwithstanding the stupendous power of their intellect, stood as wild beasts in the midst of their fellow-creatures, and have been shunned by all rightly constituted and seriously minded people as a common pestilence.

"The mind of man evidently consists of a great number of affectuous and intellectual faculties and tendencies, very distinct from each other. The love of God and our neighbour, for instance, are very different principles from the love of worldly power and worldly possessions ; and those intellectual exercises which are conversant with divine and heavenly subjects, no less vary from those which are confined to matters of a corporeal and earthly nature : and it is evidently congenial to our natural feelings and perceptions, to assign to the former of each of these classes of sentiments, a higher and more interior seat in the mind, than to the latter ; we acknowledge, in common discourse, the one to be sublime and exalted feelings and contemplations, the other to be such as are low and grovelling. Nor will our conceptions on this subject be much altered, whatever may be the theoretical views which we are inclined to entertain of the nature of the mind. If, with one class of metaphysicians, we believe the mind to be one simple principle, the whole of which is concerned in every one of its exercises, though under a distinct modification in each ; then we must consider the whole mind, when under the influence of heavenly love and wisdom, to be in a sublime and exalted state, or to be under a modification of that description : or if, with others, we conceive the mind, like the body, to consist of a great variety of organs, each having its proper function ; then we must consider those which are the seats of disinterested benevolence and of the perceptions of divine and heavenly sub-





jects, to be placed in an elevated and interior region, and those which are appropriated to grosser tendencies, and mean conceptions, to be respectively low and external. Our observations here proceed upon the supposition, that the latter view of the nature of the mind is the true one; but we have mentioned the other to show, that, should the opinion that the mind is one-simple principle be correct, the views we assume of the higher and lower nature of its various emotions and contemplations would still be applicable to it, and would only require a little alteration in the mode of stating them. However, let us suppose the mind itself to be composed of distinct organs, appropriated to distinct affections and distinct classes of thought: it is true that to immaterial principles we cannot assign any of the relations of space or place; and yet it is certain that we are so sensible of the existence of a determinate analogy between these and the immaterial mind and its properties, as continually to apply to the latter, terms which properly denote the relations of place; thus we talk of a *great* mind and a *little* mind, a *lofty* mind and a *low* mind; of *elevated* desires and of *grovelling* ones, of *high* thoughts and of *creeping* ones; of an *internal* and *deep* conception of things; or of an *external* and *superficial* one; we speak also of *provinces* of mind, and *realms* of thought: and use a multitude of other like phrases.

"Suppose then that we possessed a knowledge of the general principles, both voluntary and intellectual, of which the mind consists, and were desirous to present them more distinctly to our view, by describing them by some of the ideas borrowed from the analogy, which we intuitively perceive to subsist, between the relations of mind and the relations of place: suppose, as mathematicians resort to diagrams to assist their conceptions of the relations of quantity, we even wished to assist our conceptions of the mind by some sensible delineation, and were to conceive the thought of mapping out the various provinces of intellect and affection which we perceive to exist in it:—how should we commence the

execution of the plan, but by laying down, in the centre of our scheme, a region, to be considered as representing that part of the mind which is the seat of the most exalted affections and sentiments, being those which have for their objects the topics of true religion, or those which embrace the love and vital knowledge of God? Should we not, around this central region, allot various districts, to represent those parts of the mind, whose functions consist of attachments to subordinate objects and of intellectual exercises of an inferior character? And should we not place in the circumference of our map of that 'little world,' or *microcosm*, the mind of man, those faculties, both affectuous and intellectual, which, though still belonging to the mind, have the closest affinity with the body, and partake the least of any thing of a purely spiritual nature,—being such as belong to the province of merely corporeal sensations, and of ideas of such things as either afford no room, or are too grossly apprehended to give occasion, for the exercise of the higher intellectual powers? Such, certainly, would be our mode of proceeding, were we to attempt to draw a map of the mind, by following but the analogy which every one perceives to exist between the relations of mind and the relations of place.

"Such a map, then, is ready drawn to our hands by the Spirit of God,—to whom alone the analogies between natural and spiritual things of all kinds are fully known,—in the geography of the Scriptures. In this map, the land of Israel is considered as the central region which is the seat of all the truly spiritual affections and perceptions of the human mind: (and hence was derived the notion of the Jews, that their country constituted the middle of the earth's surface;—an opinion which was true in spiritual though not in physical geography:—and a similar transferring, by them, of ideas which are true in a spiritual sense, to a natural application in which they are false, has given rise to many of that people's absurd, superstitious opinions and practices, the origin of which would be otherwise unaccountable.) So, following the Law of Analogy, the





countries situated around the land of Canaan, will represent the subordinate mental powers and faculties. We will illustrate this by one or two examples.

"The great neighbour of Israel—the type of the spiritual part of the mind,—on one side, was Egypt; which represents what belongs entirely to the natural man, but, specifically, the Science or Knowledge of the natural man, with the faculty for acquiring it: and the powerful state which bordered upon Israel on the other side, was Assyria; which represents the Rational Faculty, and the Reasoning Powers, in general. Now as Science and Reasoning, when separated from all regard to religion, or to true religion, and placed in opposition to it, are two of its most dangerous enemies; therefore we read so much of the troubles which these two nations brought upon the Israelites: but as, nevertheless, they are capable of being rendered extremely serviceable to true religion, and are themselves exalted by being submitted to its influence; therefore we meet with predictions of a state in which this union should be effected. Thus it is said in Isaiah, 'In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord;\*' words which plainly indicate the complete submission to a divine influence, of the principle, power, or faculty, represented by Egypt, from its inmost essence—'the midst'—to its last extremity—'the border thereof.' And that this shall be closely connected with the principle, power, or faculty, represented by Assyria, which shall be submitted, with it, to the divine government, is presently taught in these words: 'In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria; and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria: and the Egyptians *shall serve* with the Assyrians.†' And again, that both shall be united with the principle represented by Israel, is beautifully expressed when it is immediately added, 'In that day shall Israel be the third with Egypt and with Assyria, a blessing in

\* Isaiah xix. 19.

† Ver. 23.

the midst of the land:• where the *third* means that which completes and adds perfection,—the number *three*, so generally considered to involve a mystery, denoting that which is complete and perfect; for which reason it is also said, that Israel shall be a *blessing in the midst of the land*; implying, that the principle represented by Israel should become a centre,—a sort of life-giving essence,—to the other two; as is the case with the principle of true religion, when the mind is in its proper order throughout. This also is one of the predictions of Scripture, of which no outward fulfilment, at all adequate to the terms of it, can be pointed out; for to refer it, as is done by Bishop Newton and others, to the propagation of Judaism in Egypt and Assyria, in consequence of the dispersion and captivities of the Jews in those countries, is merely to trifle with words so august and solemn. And if this prophecy has received no outward fulfilment heretofore, the altered state of the world certainly renders it impossible that it should receive such an accomplishment hereafter. But we shall have a view which well harmonizes with the expressions, and rises out of them by a just analogy, if we understand them spiritually, as pointing to the union, in a glorious state of the church, of the three great orders or degrees of the intellectual powers. In this view, Egypt is the lowest of these powers,—the Science or Knowledge of the natural man,—or such as chiefly arises from the exercise of the faculty which the metaphysicians call simple perception:—Assyria is a higher intellectual power,—that which reflects and reasons,—or the Intelligence which results from the exercise of the faculties of analysis and comparison:—whilst Israel is the supreme intellectual power of all,—the Wisdom which connects all with God, and contemplates, with interior discernment, spiritual and divine subjects, which it applies, causing the lower attainments also to be applied, to the glory of God and the benefit of mankind. And if we consider these three orders of in-

• Isaiah xix. 24.





tellectual powers to have three distinct *provinces* of the mind appropriated to them as their seats, we shall see why they are represented by the three *countries* of Egypt, Assyria, and Israel:—such representation following accurately the Law of that Analogy, which, we have before seen, we all intuitively recognise, between the relations of mind and the relations of place.

To *prove* that such is the signification in the Scriptures of these three countries, would require a consideration of the numerous occasions on which they are mentioned: it would then appear with clearness from the significant attributes and actions ascribed to them respectively: But this would detain us too long, and is also not necessary for our present object, which is merely to shew, that certain faculties or provinces of the mind are meant by the countries mentioned in the Holy Word, without determining that which is specifically intended by each: and this, I trust, must be pretty evident, in regard to the countries of Egypt, Assyria, and Israel, whether the explanations which have been attempted be altogether accepted or not. But I think that not much doubt will remain, even here, with any inquirer, who will take the pains to make an extensive examination of the passages where they are mentioned. Let him understand by Egypt, what is spoken of unfavourably, those fallacies and appearances, with which Science, when not cultivated from pure motives, opposes the doctrines of true religion; (but under the name of Science is here to be understood, not only the knowledge of natural things, but an acquaintance also with the literal sense of the Word of God, from which, when separated from all connexion with its spirit, confirmations, as is well known, may and have been drawn, in favour of the most erroneous religious sentiments, and in opposition to the most evident truths:;) so, by Egypt, when not unfavourably mentioned, are to be understood the views of true science,—natural truths in general, both those drawn from the appearances of nature and those from the literal sense of the Word:—Let our inquirer, also, understand by Assyria, when

spoken of with censure, that intellectual principle which appears like intelligence, but is mere adroitness in reasoning, or dexterity in managing a debate, independently of the truth or falsehood of the premises assumed;—or, when it is mentioned with approbation, that intelligence which results from the right exercise of the rational faculty:—And let him regard both the principle of Science and the Rational principle, as occupying distinct provinces of the mind, and consider these provinces to be what are specifically meant by the realms of Egypt and Assyria. Whoever does this, will find a coherent and beautiful spiritual sense arise, in every instance where those countries are mentioned; provided he has some idea of the spiritual reference of the other natural images with which they are accompanied, which will always be found exactly to harmonize with this signification of the countries." (See "*Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures Asserted.*" By the Rev. S. Noble, pp. 274—284.)



Then can we firmly lean on heaven,  
 And gather strength to meet and bear;  
 No matter where the storm has driven,  
 A saving anchor lives in prayer.  
 Oh, God! how beautiful the thought,  
 How merciful the blest decree,  
 That grace can e'er be found when sought,  
 And nought shut out the soul from Thee.  
 The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,  
 The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;  
 But torture-stake or prison-wall,  
 Can be endured with faith and prayer.  
 In desert wilds, in midnight gloom,  
 In grateful joy, in trying pain;  
 In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb,  
 Oh when is prayer unheard or vain?  
 The Infinite, the King of kings,  
 Will never heed the when or where;  
 He'll ne'er reject a heart that brings  
 The offering of fervent prayer.

## SECTION IV.

### THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE.

"Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing, which doth only do, but not know."

### INTRODUCTION.

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature, face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works, and laws, and worship.

Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far, as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy. Every man's condition is a solution hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life before he apprehends it as truth. In like manner, nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the great apparition that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire, to what end is nature?





All science has one aim, namely, to find a theory of nature. We have theories of races and of functions, but scarcely yet a remote approximation to an idea of creation. We are now so far from the road to truth, that religious teachers dispute and hate each other, and speculative men are esteemed unsound and frivolous. But to a sound judgment, the most abstract truth is the most practical. Whenever a true theory appears, it will be its own evidence. Its test is, that it will explain all phenomena. Now many are thought not only unexplained but inexplicable; as language, sleep, dreams, beasts, sex.

Philosophically considered, the universe is composed of Nature and the soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the not me, that is, both nature and art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, NATURE. In enumerating the values of nature and casting up their sum, I shall use the word in both senses;—in its common and in its philosophical import. In inquiries so general as our present one, the inaccuracy is not material; no confusion of thought will occur. *Nature*, in the common sense, refers to essences unchanged by man; space, the air, the river, the leaf. *Art* is applied to the mixture of his will with the same things, as in a house, a canal, a statue, a picture. But his operations taken together are so insignificant, a little chipping, baking, patching, and washing, that in an impression so grand as that of the world on the human mind, they do not vary the result.

#### CHAPTER I.—NATURE.

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds, will separate between him and vulgar things. One might think the atmosphere

was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God, which had been shown. But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because, though always present, they are always inaccessible; but all natural subjects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct, but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the woodcutter from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning, is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is a property in the horizon which no man has, but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this, their land deeds give them no title.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature. Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has re-





tained the spirit of infancy, even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth, becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says,—he is my creature, and maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorises a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. Almost I fear to think how glad I am. In the woods, too, a man casts off his years as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,—no disgrace, no calamity, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground,—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball. I am nothing. I see all. The currents of the universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental. To be brothers, to be acquaintances, master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness I find something more dear and connate, than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm, is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain, that the power to produce this delight does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume, and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs, is over-spread with melancholy to-day. Nature always wears the colours of the spirit. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then, there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

## CHAPTER II.—COMMODITY.

WHOEVER considers the final cause of the world, will discern a multitude of uses that enter as parts into that result. They all admit of being thrown into one of the following classes; commodity, beauty, language, and discipline:—

Under the general name of commodity, I rank all those advantages which our senses owe to nature. This, of course, is a benefit, which is temporary and mediate, like its service to the soul. Yet, although low, it is perfect in its kind, and is the only use of nature which all men apprehend. The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support, and delight on this





green ball, which floats him through the heavens. What angels invented these splendid ornaments, these rich conveniences, this ocean of air above, this ocean of water beneath, this firmament of earth between, this zodiac of lights, this tent of dropping clouds, this striped coat of climates, this fourfold year! Beasts, fire, water, stones, and corn serve him. The field is at once his floor, his work-yard, his play-ground, his garden, and his bed.

"More servants wait on man  
Than he'll take notice of."

Nature in its ministry to man, is not only the material, but is also the process and the result. All the parts incessantly work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the sun evaporates the sea; the wind blows the vapour to the field; the ice on the other side of the planet, condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man.

The useful arts are but reproductions, or new combinations by the wit of man, of the same natural benefactors. He no longer waits for favouring gales, but by means of steam, he realizes the fable of Æolus's bag, and carries the two and thirty winds in the boiler of his boat. To diminish friction, he paves the road with iron bars, and mounting a coach, with a ship load of men, animals, and merchandise behind him, he darts through the country, from town to town, like an eagle or a swallow through the air. By the aggregate of these aids, how is the face of the world changed, from the era of Noah to that of Napoleon! The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post-office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book-shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens, for him; to the court-house, and nations repair his wrongs. He sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning, and shovel out the snow, and cut a path for him.

But there is no need of specifying particulars in this

class of uses. The catalogue is endless, and the examples so obvious, that I shall leave them to the reader's reflection, with the general remark, that this necessary benefit is one which has respect to a further good. A man is fed, not that he may be fed, but that he may work.

### CHAPTER III.—BEAUTY.

A nobler want of man is served by nature, namely, the love of beauty.

The ancient Greeks called the word *kosmos*, beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary forms, as the sky, the mountain, the tree, the animal, give us a delight *in and for themselves*; a pleasure arising from outline, colour, motion, and grouping. This seems partly owing to the eye itself. The eye is the best of artists. By the mutual action of its structure and of the laws of light, perspective is produced, which integrates every mass of objects of what character soever, into a well coloured and shaded globe; so that where the particular objects are mean and unaffecting, the landscape which they compose, is round and symmetrical. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, make all matter gay. Even the corpse hath its own beauty. But beside this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitation of some of them, as the acorn, the grape, the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

For better consideration, we may distribute the aspects of beauty in a threefold manner.





1. First, the simple perception of natural forms is a delight. The influence of the forms and actions in nature, is so needful to man, that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal, and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, nature satisfies the soul purely by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I have seen the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria, the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad moon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm, last evening of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes, modulated with tints of unspeakable softness; and the air had so much life and sweetness, that it was a pain to come within doors. What was it that nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakspeare could not re-form for me in words? The leafless trees became spires of flame in the sunset,

with the blue east for their back ground, and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble rimmed with frost, contribute something to the mute music.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with observing the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and road sides, which make the silent clock by which time tells the hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants, punctual to their time follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water courses the variety is greater. In July, the blue pond-heria or pickerel weed blooms in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylae; when Arnold Winkleried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shores of America,—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the new world clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelope great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-Hill, sitting on a sled to suffer death, as the cham-





pion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him.—“You never sat on so glorious a seat.” Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot, Lord Russell, to pass through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. “But,” to use the simple narrative of his biographer, “the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side.” In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the whole geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathise with Jesus. And in common life, whoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius, will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him,—the persons, the opinions, and the day, and nature became ancillary to man.

3. There is still another aspect under which the beauty of the world may be viewed, namely, as it becomes an object of the intellect. Beside the relation of things to virtue, they have a relation to thought. The intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colours of affection. The intellectual and the active powers seem to succeed each other in man, and the exclusive activity of the one, generates the exclusive activity of the other. There is something unfriendly in each to the other, but they are like the alternate periods of feeding and working in animals; each prepares and certainly will be followed by the other. Therefore does beauty, which, in relation to actions as we have seen comes unsought, and comes because it is un-

sought, remain for the apprehension and pursuit of the intellect; and then, again, in its turn of the active power. Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of nature re-forms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world. Some men even to delight. This love of beauty is taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is art.

The production of a work of art, throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression of nature, in miniature. For although the works of art are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all,—that perfectness and harmony, is beauty. Therefore the standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty “il pin nell’ uno.” Nothing is quite beautiful alone. Nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful, as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several rank to satisfy the love of beauty, which stimulates him to produce. Thus is art, a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus in art, does nature work through the will of a man, filled with the beauty of her first works.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. Extend this element to the uttermost, and I call it an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given, why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty in its largest and profoundest sense is one expression for the universe. God is the all-fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but





the different names of the same ALI. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must therefore stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of nature.

#### CHAPTER IV.—LANGUAGE.

A THIRD use which nature subserves to man is that of language. Nature is the vehicle of thought, and in a simple, double, and threefold degree.

1. Words are signs of natural facts.  
2. Particular natural facts, are symbols of particular facts.

3. Nature is the symbol of spirits.

1. Words are signs of natural facts. The use of natural history is to give us aid in supernatural history. The use of the outer creation is to give us language for the beings and changes of the inward creation. Every word which is used to express a moral or intellectual fact, if traced to its root, is found to be borrowed from some material appearance. *Right* originally means *straight*; *wrong* means *twisted*; *spirit* primarily means *mind*; *transgression* the crossing of a *line*; *supercilious*, the *raising of the eyebrow*. We say *the heart* to express emotion, *the head*, to denote thought; and *thought* and *emotion* are, in their turn, words borrowed from sensible things, and now appropriated to spiritual nature. Most of the process by which this transformation is made is hidden from us in the remote time when language was framed; but the same tendency may be daily observed in children. Children and savages use only nouns or names of things, which they continually convert into verbs, and apply to analogous mental acts.

2. But this origin of all words that convey a spiritual import,—so conspicuous a fact in the history of language

—is our least debt to nature. It is not words only that are emblematic; it is things which are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. An enraged man is a lion; a cunning man is a fox; a firm man is a rock; a learned man is a toreh.—A lamb is innocence; a snake is subtle spite; flowers express to us the delicate affections. Light and darkness are our familiar expressions for knowledge and ignorance; and heat for love. Visible distance behind and before us, is respectively our image of memory and hope.

Who looks upon a river in a meditative hour, and is not reminded of the flux of things? Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence. Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the natures of Justice, Truth, Love, Freedom, arise and shine. This universal soul he calls Reason: it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are it; we are its property and men. And the blue sky in which the private earth is buried, the sky with its eternal calm, and full of everlasting orbs, is the type of Reason. That which, intellectually considered, we call reason, considered in relation to nature, we call spirit. Spirit is the Creator. Spirit hath life in itself. And man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language, as the FATHER.

It is easily seen that there is nothing lucky or capricious in these analogies, but that they are constant, and pervade nature. These are not the dreams of a few poets here and there, but man is an Alogist, and studies relations in all objects. He is placed in the centre of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him. And neither can man be understood without these objects, nor these objects without man. All the facts in natural history taken by themselves have no value, but are barren like a single sex. But marry it to human history, and it





is full of life. Whole Floras, all Linnaeus, and Buffon's volumes are but dry catalogues of facts; but the most trivial of these facts, the habit of a plant, the organs, or work, or noise of an insect, applied to the illustration of a fact in intellectual philosophy, or in any way associated to human nature, affects us in the most lively and agreeable manner. The seed of a plant—to what affecting analogies in the nature of man, is that little fruit made use of, in all discourse up to the voice of Paul, who calls the human corpse a seed,—“It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.” The motion of the earth round its axis, and round the sun, makes the day and the year. There are certain amounts of brute light and heat. But is there no intent of an analogy between man's life and the seasons? And do the seasons gain no grandeur or pathos from that analogy? The instincts of the ant are very unimportant considered as the ants; but the moment a ray of relation is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become sublime.

Because of this radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts, savages, who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history language becomes more picturesque, until its infancy, when it is all poetry, or, all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are found to make the original elements of all languages. It has, moreover, been observed, that the idioms of all languages approach each other in passages of the greatest eloquence and power. And as this is the first language, so is it the last. This immediate dependence of language upon nature, this conversion of an outward phenomenon into a type of somewhat in human life, never loses its power to affect us. It is this which gives that piquancy to the conversation of a strong-minded farmer or back woodsman, which all men relish.

Thus is nature an interpreter by whose means man

converses with his fellow-men. A man's power to connect his thought with its proper symbol, and so utter it, depends on the simplicity of his character, that is, upon his love of truth, and his desire to communicate it without loss. The corruption of man is followed by the corruption of language. When simplicity of character and the sovereignty of ideas is broken up by the prevalence of secondary desires, the desire of riches, the desire of pleasure, the desire of power, the desire of praise,—and duplicity and falsehood take possession of simplicity and truth, the power over nature as an interpreter of the will, is in a degree lost; new imagery ceases to be created, and old words are perverted to stand for things which are not; a paper currency is employed when there is no bullion in the vaults. In due time, the fraud is manifest, and words lose all power to stimulate the understanding or the affections. Hundreds of writers may be found in every long civilised nation, who for a short time believe and make others believe, that they see and utter truths who do not of themselves clothe one thought in its natural garment, but who feed unconsciously upon the language created by the primary writers of the country, those, namely, who hold primarily on nature.

But wise men pierce this rotten diction, and fasten words again to visible things; so that picturesque language is at once a commanding certificate, that he who employed it, is a man in alliance with truth and God. The moment our discourse rises above the ground line of familiar facts, and is inflamed with passion or exalted by thought, it clothes itself in images. A man conversing in earnest, if he watch his intellectual processes, will find that always a material image, more or less luminous, arises in his mind contemporaneous with every thought, which furnishes the vestment of the thought. Hence, good writing and brilliant discourse are perpetual allegories. This imagery is spontaneous. It is the blending of experience with the proper action of the mind. It is proper





creation. It is the working of the Original Cause through the instruments he has already made.

These facts may suggest the advantage which the country life possesses for a powerful mind, over the artificial and curtailed life of cities. We know more from nature than we can at will communicate. Its light flows into the mind evermore, and we forget its presence. The poet, the orator, bred in the woods, whose senses have been nourished by their fair and appealing changes, year after year, without design, and without heed,—shall not lose their lesson altogether, in the roar of cities or the broil of politics. Long hereafter amidst agitation and terror in national councils,—in the hour of revolution,—these solemn images shall re-appear in their morning lustre, as fit symbols and words of the thoughts which the passing events shall awaken. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, as he saw and heard them in his infancy. And with these forms, the spells of persuasion, the keys of power are put into his hands.

3. We are thus assisted by natural objects in the expression of particular meanings. But how great a language to convey such peppercorn informations! Did it need such noble races of creatures, this profusion of forms, this host of orbs in heaven, to furnish man with the dictionary and grammar of his municipal speech? Whilst we use this grand cipher to expedite the affairs of our pot and kettle, we feel that we have not yet put it to its use, neither are able. We are like travellers using the cinders of a volcano to roast their eggs. Whilst we see that it always stands ready to clothe what we would say, we cannot avoid the question, whether the characters are not significant of themselves. Have mountains, and waves, and skies, no significance but what we consciously give them, when we employ them as emblems of our thoughts? The world is emblematic. Parts of speech are metaphors,

because the whole of nature is a metaphor of the human mind. The laws of moral nature answer to those of matter, as face to face in a glass. "The visible world and the relation of its parts, is the dial-plate of the invisible." The axioms of physics translate the laws of ethics. Thus, "the whole is greater than a part;" "re-action is equal to action;" "the smallest weight may be made to lift the greatest, the difference of weight being compensated by time;" and many the like propositions, which have an ethical as well as physical sense. These propositions have a much more extensive and universal sense when applied to human life, than when confined to technical use.

In like manner the memorable words of history, and the proverbs of nations, consist usually of a natural fact, selected as a picture or parable of a moral truth. Thus; a rolling stone gathers no moss; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; a cripple in the right way will beat a racer in the wrong; make hay whilst the sun shines; 'tis hard to carry a full cup even; vinegar is the son of wine; the last ounce broke the camel's back; long-lived trees make roots first;—and the like. In their primary sense, these are trivial facts, but we repeat them for the value of their analogical import. What is true of proverbs is true of all fables, parables, and allegories.

This relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poet, but stands in the will of God, and so is free to be known by all men. It appears to men, or it does not appear. When in fortunate hours we ponder this miracle, the wise man doubts, if, at all other times, he is not blind and deaf;

—"Can these things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?"

for the universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own, shines through it. It is the standing problem which has exercised the wonder and the study of every fine genius since the world began; from



the era of the Egyptians and the Brahmans, to that of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Bacon, of Leibnitz, of Swedenborg. There sits the sphinx at the roadside, and from age to age, as each prophet comes by, he tries his fortune at reading her riddle. There seems to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms; and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary Ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections, in the world of spirit. A fact is the end or last issue of spirit. The visible creation is the terminus or the circumference of the invisible world. "Material objects," said a French philosopher, "are necessarily kinds of *scorizæ* of the substantial thoughts of the Creator, which must always preserve an exact relation to their first origin; in other words, visible nature must have a spiritual and moral side."

This doctrine is abstruse, and though the images of "garment," "*scorizæ*," "mirror," &c., may stimulate the fancy, we must summon the aid of subtler and more vital expositors to make it plain. "Every scripture is to be interpreted by the same spirit which gave it forth,"—is the fundamental law of criticism. A life in harmony with nature, the love of truth and of virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text. By degrees we may come to know the primitive sense of the permanent objects of nature, so that the world shall be to us an open book, and every form significant of its hidden life and final cause.

A new interest surprises us, whilst, under the view now suggested, we contemplate the fearful extent and multitude of objects; since "every object rightly seen, unlocks a new faculty of the soul." That which was unconscious truth, becomes, when interpreted and defined in an object, a part of the domain of knowledge,—a new amount to the magazine of power.

## CHAPTER V.—DISCIPLINE.

IN view of this significance of nature, we arrive at once at a new fact, that nature is a discipline. This use of the world includes the preceding uses, as parts of itself.

Space, time, society, labour, climate, food, locomotion, the animals, the mechanical forces, give us sincerest lessons, day by day, whose meaning is unlimited; they educate both the understanding and the reason. Every property of matter is a school for the understanding,—its solidity or resistance, its inertia, its extension, its figure, its divisibility. The understanding adds, divides, combines, measures, and finds everlasting nutriment and room for its activity in this worthy scene. Meantime, reason transfers all these lessons into its own world of thought, by perceiving the analogy that marries matter and mind.

1. Nature is a discipline of the understanding in intellectual truths. Our dealing with sensible objects is a constant exercise in the necessary lessons of difference, of likeness, of order, of being and seeming, of progressive arrangement, of assent from particular to general; of combination to one end; of manifold forces. Proportioned to the importance of the organ to be formed, is the extreme care with which its tuition is provided,—a care pretermitted in no single case. What tedious training, day after day, year after year, never ending to form the common sense; what continual reproduction of annoyances, inconveniences, dilemmas; what rejoicing over us of little men; what disputing of prices, what reckonings of interests,—and all to form the hand of the mind;—to instruct us that "good thoughts are no better than good dreams unless they be executed!"

The same good office is performed by property and its filial systems of debt and credit. Debt, grinding debt, whose iron face, the widow, the orphan, and the sons of genius fear and hate;—debt, which consumes so much time, which so cripples and disheartens a great spirit with





cares that seem so base, is a preceptor whose lessons cannot be forgone, and is needed most by those who suffer from it most. Moreover, property, which has been well compared to snow,—“if it fall level to-day, it will be blown into drifts to-morrow,”—is merely the surface action of internal machinery, like the index on the face of a clock. Whilst now it is the gymnastics of the understanding, it is living in the foresight of the spirit, experience in profounder laws.

The whole character and fortune of the individual is affected by the least inequalities in the culture of the understanding; for example, in the perception of differences. Therefore is Space, and therefore Time, that man may know that things are not huddled and lumped, but sundered and individual. A bell and a plough have each their use, and neither can do the office of the other. Water is good to drink, coal to burn, wool to wear; but wool cannot be drunk, nor water spun, nor coal eaten. The wise man shows his wisdom in separation, in gradation, and his scale of creatures and of merits, is as wide as nature. The foolish have no range in their scale, but suppose every man is as every other man. What is not good they call the worst, and what is not hateful, they call the best.

In like manner, what good heed, nature forms in us! she pardons no mistakes. Her yea is yea, and her nay, nay. The first steps in agriculture, astronomy, zoology, (those first steps which the farmer, the hunter, and the sailor take,) teach that nature's dice are always loaded; that in her heaps and rubbish are concealed sure and useful results.

How calmly and genially the mind apprehends one after another the laws of physics! What noble emotions dilate the mortal, as he enters into the councils of the creation, and feels by knowledge the privilege to Be! His insight refines him. The beauty of nature shines in his own breast. Man is greater than he can see this, and the universe less, because time and space relations vanish as laws are known.

Here again we are impressed and even daunted by the immense universe to be explored. “What we know, is a point to what we do not know.” Open any recent journal of science, and weigh the problems suggested concerning light, heat, electricity, magnetism, physiology, geology, and judge whether the interest of natural science is likely to be soon exhausted.

Passing by many particulars of the discipline of nature, we must not omit to specify two.

The exercise of the Will or the lesson of power is taught in every event. From the child's successive possession of his several senses, up to the hour when he saith, “thy will be done,” he is learning the secret, that he can reduce under his will, not only particular events, but great classes, nay, whole series of events, and so conform all facts to his character. Nature is thoroughly mediate. It is made to serve. It receives the dominion of man as meekly as the ass on which the Saviour rode. It offers all its kingdoms to man as the raw material which he may mould into what is useful. Man is never weary of working it up. He forges the subtle and delicate air into wise and melodious words, and gives them wing as angels of persuasion and command. More and more, with every thought, does his kingdom stretch over things, until the world becomes, at last, only a realized will,—the double of the man.

2. Sensible objects conform to the premonitions of reason, and reflect the conscience. All things are moral; and in their boundless changes have an unceasing reference to spiritual nature. Therefore is nature glorious with form, colour, and motion, that every globe in the remotest heaven, every chemical change from the rudest crystal up to the laws of life, every change of vegetation, from the first principle of growth in the eye of a leaf, to the tropical forest and antediluvian coal mine; every animal function from the sponge up to Hercules, shall hint or thunder to man, the laws of right and wrong, and echo the ten commandments. Therefore is nature always the ally





of religion : lends all her pomp and riches to the religious sentiment. Prophet and priest, David, Isaiah, Jesus, have drawn deeply from this source.

This ethical character so penetrates the bone and marrow of nature, as to seem the end for which it was made. Whatever private purpose is answered by any member or part, this is its public and universal function, and is never omitted. Nothing in nature is exhausted in its first use. When a thing has served an end to the uttermost, it is wholly new for an ulterior service. In God every end is converted into a new means. Thus the use of Commodity regarded by itself is mean and squalid. But it is to the mind an education in the great doctrine of Use, namely, that a thing is good only so far as it serves ; that a conspiring of parts and of efforts to the production of an end, is essential to any being. The first and gross manifestation of this truth, is our inevitable and hated training in values and wants, in corn and meat.

It has already been illustrated in treating of the significance of material things, that every natural process is but a version of a moral sentence. The moral law lies at the centre of nature, and radiates to the circumference. It is the pith and marrow of every substance, every relation, and every process. All things with which we deal preach to us. What is a farm but a mute gospel. The chaff and the wheat, weeds and plants, blight, rain, insects, sun,—it is a sacred emblem from the first furrow of spring, to the last stack which the snow of winter overtakes in the fields. But the sailor, the shepherd, the miner, the merchant, in their several resorts, have each an experience precisely parallel and leading to the same conclusions. Because all organizations are radically alike. Nor can it be doubted that this moral sentiment which thus scents the air, and grows in the grain, and impregnates the waters of the world, is caught by man, and sinks into his soul. The moral influence of nature upon every individual is that amount of truth which it illustrates to him. Who can estimate this ? Who can guess how much firm-

ness the sea-beaten rock has taught the fisherman ? how much tranquillity has been reflected to man from the azure sky, over whose unspotted deeps the winds for evermore drive flocks of stormy clouds, and leave no wrinkle or stain ? how much industry and providence, and affection we have caught from the Pantomime of brutes ? What a searching preacher of self-command is the varying phenomenon of health ?

Herein is especially apprehended the unity of nature—the unity in variety—which meets us everywhere. All the endless variety of things make a unique, an identical impression. Xenophanes complained in his old age, that look when he would, all things hastened back to Unity. He was weary of seeing the same entity in the tedious variety of forms. The fable of Proteus has a cordial truth. Every particular in nature, a leaf, a drop, a crystal, a moment of time is related to the whole, and partakes of the perfection of the whole. Every particle is a microcosm, and faithfully renders the likeness of the world.

Not only resemblances exist in things whose analogy is obvious, as when we detect the type of the human hand in the flipper of the fossil saurus, but also in objects wherein there is great superficial unlikeness. Thus architecture is called "frozen music," by De Stael and Goethe. "A Gothic church," said Coleridge, "is a petrified religion." Michael Angelo maintained, that, to an architect, a knowledge of anatomy is essential. In Haydn's oratorios, the notes present to the imagination not only motions, as of the snake, the stag, and the elephant, but colours also ; as the green grass. The granite is differentiated in its laws only by the more or less of heat from the river that wears it away. The river, as it flows, resembles the air that flows over it ; the air resembles the light which traverses it with more subtle currents ; the light resembles the heat which rides through it with space. Each creature is only a modification of the other ; the likeness in them is more than the difference, and their radical law is one and the same. Hence it is that a rule of



one art, or a law of one organization, holds true throughout nature. So intimate is this Unity, that, it is easily seen, it lies under the undermost garment of nature, and betrays its source in universal Spirit. For, it pervades Thought also. Every universal truth which we express in words, implies or supposes every other truth. *Omne verum vero consonat*. It is like a great circle on a sphere, comprising all possible circles: which, however, may be drawn, and comprise it in like manner. Every such truth is the absolute Ens seen from one side. But it has innumerable sides.

The same central Unity is still more conspicuous in actions. Words are finite organs of the infinite mind. They cannot cover the dimensions of what is in truth. They break, chop, and impoverish it. An action is the perfection and publication of thought. A right action seems to fill the eye, and to be related to all nature. "The wise man in doing one thing, does all; or, in the one thing he does rightly, he sees the likeness of all which is done rightly."

Words and actions are not the attributes of mute and brute nature. They introduce us to that singular form which predominates over all other forms. This is the human. All other organizations appear to be degradations of the human form. When this organization appears among so many that surround it, the spirit prefers it to all others. It says, "From such as this have I drawn joy and knowledge. In such as this, have I found and beheld myself. I will speak to it. It can speak again. It can yield me thought already formed and alive." In fact the eye,—the mind,—is always accompanied by these forms, male and female; and these are incomparably the richest informations of the power and order that lie at the heart of things. Unfortunately every one of them bears the marks as of some injury; is marred and superficially defective. Nevertheless, far different from the deaf and dumb nature around them, these all rest like fountain-pipes on the unfathomed sea of thought and virtue whereto they alone, of all organizations, are the entrances.

It were a pleasant inquiry to follow into detail their ministry to our education, but where would it stop? We are associated in adolescent and adult life with some friends, who, like skies and waters, are co-extensive with our idea; who answering each to a certain affection of the soul, satisfy our desire on that side; whom we lack power to put at such focal distance from us, that we can mend or even analyse them. We cannot choose but love them. When such intercourse with a friend has supplied us with a standard of excellence, and has increased our respect for the resources of God who thus sends a real person to out-go our ideal; when he has, moreover, become an object of thought, and whilst his character retains all its unconscious effect, is converted in the mind into solid and sweet wisdom,—it is a sign to us that his office is closing, and he is commonly withdrawn from our sight in a short time.

#### CHAPTER VI.—IDEALISM.

THUS is the unspeakable but intelligible and practicable meaning of the world conveyed to man, the immortal pupil, in every object of sense. To this one end of discipline, all parts of nature conspire.

A noble doubt perpetually suggests itself, whether this end be not the Final Cause of the universe; and whether nature outwardly exists. It is a sufficient account of that Appearance we call the world, that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations, which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make, whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul? The relations of parts and the end of the whole remaining the same, what is the dif-





ference, whether land and sea interact, and worlds revolve and intermingle without number or end,—deep yawning under deep, and galaxy balancing galaxy, throughout absolute space, or, whether, without relations of time and space, the same appearances are inscribed in the constant faith of man. Whether nature enjoy a substantial existence without, or is only in the apocalypse of the mind, it is alike useful and alike venerable to me. Be it what it may, it is ideal to me, so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses.

The frivolous make themselves merry with the ideal theory, as if its consequences were burlesque; as if it affected the stability of nature. It surely does not. God never jests with us, and will not compromise the end of nature, by permitting any in consequence in its procession. Any distrust of the permanence of laws, would paralyse the faculties of man. Their permanence is sacredly respected, and his faith therein is perfect. The wheels and springs of man are all set to the hypothesis of the permanence of nature. We are not built like a ship to be tossed, but like a house to stand. It is a natural consequence of this structure, that so long as the active powers predominate over the reflective, we resist with indignation any hint that nature is more short-lived or mutable than spirit. The broker, the wheelwright, the carpenter, the tollman, are much displeased at the intimation.

But while we acquiesce entirely in the permanence of natural laws, the question of the absolute existence of nature still remains open. It is the uniform effect of culture on the human mind not to shake our faith in the stability of particular phenomena, as of heat, water, azote; but to lead us to regard nature as a phenomenon, not a substance; to attribute necessary existence to spirit; to esteem nature as an accident and an effect.

To the senses and the unrenewed understanding, belongs a sort of instinctive belief in the absolute existence of nature; in their view man and nature are indissolubly joined. Things are ultimates, and they never look beyond their

sphere. The presence of Reason mars this faith. The first effort of thought tends to relax the despotism of the senses, which binds us to nature as if we were a part of it, and shows us nature aloof, and, as it were, afloat. Until this higher agency intervened, the animal eye sees with wonderful accuracy sharp outlines and coloured surfaces. When the eye of Reason opens, to outline and surface are at once added grace and expression. These proceed from imagination and affection, and abate somewhat of the angular distinctness of objects. If the reason be stimulated to more earnest vision, outlines and surfaces become transparent, and are no longer seen; causes and spirits are seen through them. The best, the happiest moments of life, are these delicious awakenings of the higher powers, and the reverential withdrawing of nature before God.

Let us proceed to indicate the effect of culture. 1. Our first institution in the Ideal philosophy is a hint from nature herself.

Nature is made to conspire with spirit to emancipate us. Certain mechanical changes, a small alteration in our local position, apprizes us of a dualism. We are strangely affected by seeing the shore from a moving ship, from a balloon, or through the tints of an unusual sky. The least change in our point of view, gives the whole world a pictorial air. A man who seldom rides, needs only to get into a coach and traverse his own town, to turn the street into a puppet-show. The men, the women, talking, running, bartering, fighting,—the earnest mechanic, the lounging, the beggar, the boys, the dogs are unrealized at once, or, at least, wholly detached from all relation to the observer, and seen as apparent, not substantial beings. What new thoughts are suggested by seeing a face of country quite familiar, in the rapid movement of the railroad car! Nay, the most wanted objects, (make a very slight change in the point of vision,) please us most. In a camera obscura, the butcher's cart, and the figure of one of our own family amuse us. So a portrait of a well known face gratifies us. Turn the eyes upside down, by looking at the





landscape through your legs, and how agreeable is the picture, though you have seen it any time these twenty years !

In these cases, by mechanical means, is suggested the difference between the observer and the spectacle,—between man and nature. Hence arises a pleasure mixed with awe; I may say, a low degree of the sublime is felt from the fact, probably, that man is hereby apprised, that, whilst the world is a spectacle, something in himself is stable.

2. In a higher manner the poet communicates the same pleasure. By a few strokes he delineates, as on air, the sun, the mountain, the camp, the city, the hero, the maiden, not different from what we know them, but only lifted from the ground and afloat before the eye. He unfixes the land and the sea, makes them revolve around the axis of his primary thought, and disposes them—*anew*. Possessed himself by a heroic passion, he uses matter as symbols of it. The sensual man conforms thoughts to things; the poet conforms things to his thoughts. The one esteems nature as rooted and fast; the other as fluid, and impresses his being thereon. To him the refractory world is ductile and flexible; he invests dust and stones with humanity, and makes them the words of the reason. The imagination may be defined to be, the use which the reason makes of the material world. Shakspeare possesses the power of subordinating nature for the purposes of expression, beyond all poets. His imperial muse tosses the creation like a bauble from hand to hand, to embody any capricious shade of thought that is uppermost in his mind. The remotest spaces of nature are visited, and the farthest sundere things are brought together by a subtle spiritual connexion. We are made aware that magnitude of material things is merely relative, and all objects shrink and expand to serve the passion of the poet. Thus, in his sonnets, the lays of birds, the scents and dyes of flowers, he finds to be the shadow of his beloved; time which keeps her from him, is his *chast*; the suspicion she has awakened is her *ornament*;

The ornament of beauty is Suspect

A crow, which flies in heaven's sweetest air.

His passion is not the fruit of chance; it swells as he speaks, to a city, or a state.

No, it was builded far from accident;

It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls

Under the brow of thralling discontent

It fears not policy, that heretic,

That works on leases of short numbered hours,

But all alone stands hugely politic.

In the strength of his constancy, the Pyramids seem to him recent and transitory. And the freshness of youth and love dazzles him with its resemblance to morning.

Take those lips away

Which so sweetly were forsworn;

And those eyes,—the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn.

The wild beauty of this hyperbole, I may say, in passing, it would not be easy to match in literature.

This transfiguration which all material objects undergo through the passion of the poet,—this power which he exerts at any moment, to magnify the small, to micrify the great,—might be illustrated by a thousand examples from his plays. I have before me the tempest, and will cite only these few lines:—

ANIEL. The strong based promontory

Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up

The pine and cedar.

Prospero calls for music to soothe the frantic Alonso and his companions.

A solemn air, and the best comforter

To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains

Now useless, boiled within thy skull.

Again:—

The charm dissolves apace,

And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason.



Their understanding  
 Begins to swell; and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shores  
 That now lie foul and muddy.

The perception of real affinities between events, (that is to say, of ideal affinities, for those only are real,) enables the poet thus to make free with the most imposing forms and phenomena of the world, and to assert the predominance of the soul.

3. Whilst thus the poet delights us by animating nature like a creator, with his own thoughts, he differs from the philosopher only herein, that the one proposes Beauty as his main end, the other Truth. But, the philosopher, not less than the poet, postpones the apparent order and relation of things to the empire of thought. "The problem of philosophy," according to Plato, "is, for all that exists conditionally, to find a ground unconditioned and absolute." It proceeds on the faith that a law determines all phenomena, which being known, the phenomena can be predicted. That law, when in the mind, is an idea. Its beauty is infinite. The true philosopher and the true poet are one, and a beauty, which is truth, and a truth, which is beauty, is the aim of both. Is not the charm of one of Plato's or Aristotle's definitions, strictly like that of the Antigone of Sophocles? It is, in both cases, that a spiritual life has been imparted to nature; that the solid seeming block of matter has been pervaded and dissolved by a thought; that this feeble human being has penetrated the vast masses of nature with an informing soul, and recognised itself in their harmony, that is, seized their law. In physics, when this is attained, the memory disburthens itself of its cumbrous catalogues of particulars, and carries centuries of observation in a single formula.

Thus even in physics, the material is ever degraded before the spiritual. The astronomer, the geometer, rely on their irrefragable analysis, and disdain the results of observation. The sublime remark of Euler on his law of arches, "This will be found contrary to all experience,

yet is true;" had already transferred nature into the mind, and left matter like an outcast corpse.

4. Intellectual science has been observed to beget invariably a doubt of the existence of matter. Turgot said, "He that has never doubted the existence of matter, may be assured he has no aptitude for metaphysical inquiries." It fastens the attention upon immortal necessary uncreated natures, that is, upon Ideas; and in their beautiful and majestic presence, we feel that our outward being is a dream and a shade. Whilst we wait in this Olympus of gods, we think of nature as an appendix to the soul. We ascend into their region, and know that these are the thoughts of the Supreme Being. "These are they who were set up from everlasting from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When he prepared the heavens, they were there; when he established the clouds above, when he strengthened the fountains of the deep. Then they were by him, as one brought-up with him. Of them took he counsel."

Their influence is proportionate. As objects of science, they are accessible to few men. Yet all men are capable of being raised by piety or by passion into their region. And no man touches these divine natures, without becoming, in some degree, divine himself. Like a new soul, they renew the body. We become physically nimble and lightsome, we tread on air; life is no longer irksome, and we think it will never be so. No man fears age, or misfortune, or death, in their serene company, for he is transported out of the district of change. Whilst we behold unveiled the nature of Justice and Truth, we learn the difference between the absolute and the conditional or relative. We apprehend the absolute. As it were, for the first time, *we exist*. We become immortal, for we learn that time and space are relations of matter; that with a perception of truth, or a virtuous will, they have no affinity.

5. Finally, religion and ethics, which may be fitly called—the practice of ideas, or the introduction of ideas into life,—have an analogous effect with all lower culture,





in degrading nature and suggesting its dependence on spirit. Ethics and religion differ herein; that the one is the system of human duties commencing from man; the other, from God. Religion includes the personality of God. Ethics does not. They are one to our present design. They both put nature under foot. The first and last lesson of religion is, "The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal." It puts an affront upon nature. It does that for the unschooled, which philosophy does for Berkeley and Viasa. The uniform language that may be heard in the churches of the most ignorant sects, is,—“Condemn the unsubstantial shows of the world; they are vanities, dreams, shadows, unrealities; seek the realities of religion. Some theosophists have arrived at a certain hostility and indignation towards matter, as the Manichean and Plotinus. They distrusted in themselves any looking back to these flesh-pots of Egypt. Plotinus was ashamed of his body. In short, they might all better say of matter, what Michael Angelo said of external beauty, “it is the frail and weary weed, in which God dresses the soul, which he has called into time.”

It appears that motion, poetry, physical and intellectual science, and religion, all tend to affect our convictions of the reality of the external world. But I own there is something ungrateful in expanding too curiously the particulars of the general proposition, that all culture tends to imbue us with idealism. I have no hostility to nature, but a child's love to it. I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons. Let us speak her fair. I do not wish to fling stones at my beautiful mother, nor soil my gentle nest. I only wish to indicate the true position of nature in regard to man, wherein to establish man, all right education tends; as the ground which to attain is the ground of human life, that is, of man's connexion with nature. Culture inverts the vulgar views of nature, and brings the mind to call that apparent, which it uses to call real, and that real, which it uses to call visionary. Children, it is true, be-

lieve in the external world. The belief that it appears only, is an afterthought, but with culture, this faith will as surely arise in the mind, as did the first.

The advantage of the ideal theory over the popular faith, is this, that it presents the world in precisely that view which is most desirable to the mind. It is, in fact, the view which Reason, both speculative and practical, that is, philosophy and virtue, take. For seen in the light of thought, the world always is phenomenal; and virtue subordinates it to the mind. Idealism sees the world in God. It beholds the whole circle of persons and things, of actions and events, of country and religion, not as painfully accumulated, atom after atom, act after act, in an aged creeping Past, but as one vast picture, which God paints on the instant eternity for the contemplation of the soul. Therefore, the soul holds itself off from a too trivial and microscopic study of the human tablet. It respects the end too much, to immerse itself in the means. It sees something more important in Christianity, than the scandals of ecclesiastical history, or the niceties of criticism; and very incurious concerning persons or miracles, and not at all disturbed by the charms of historical evidence, it accepts from God the phenomenon, as it finds, as the pure and awful form of religion in the world. It is not hot and passionate at the appearance of what it calls its own good or bad fortune, at the union or opposition of other persons. No man is its enemy. It accepts whatever befalls as part of its lesson. It is a watcher more than a doer, and it is a doer, only that it may the better watch.

#### CHAPTER VII.—SPIRIT.

It is essential to a true theory of nature and of man, that it should contain somewhat progressive. Uses that are exhausted or that may be, and facts that end in the statement, cannot be all that is true of this brave lodging





wherein man is harboured, and wherein all his faculties find appropriate and endless exercise. And all the uses of nature admit of being summed in one, which yields the activity of man an infinite scope. Through all its kingdoms, to the suburbs and outskirts of things, it is faithful to the cause whence it had its origin. It always speaks of Spirit. It suggests the absolute. It is a perpetual effect. It is a great shadow, pointing always to the sun behind us.

The aspect of nature is devout. Like the figure of Jesus, she stands with bended head, and hands folded upon the breast. The happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship.

Of that ineffable essence which we call Spirit, he that thinks most will say least. We can foresee God in the coarse, and, as it were, distant phenomena of matter; but when we try to define and describe himself, both language and thought desert us, and we are as helpless as fools and savages. That essence refuses to be recorded in thoughts and propositions, but when man has worshipped him intellectually, the noblest ministry of nature is to stand as the apparition of God. It is the great organ through which the universal spirit speaks to the individual, and strives to lead back the individual to it.

When we consider Spirit, we see that the views already presented do not include the whole circumference of man. We must add some related thoughts.

Three problems are put by nature to the mind; What is matter? Whence is it? Whereto? The first of these questions only, the ideal theory answers. Idealism saith: Matter is a phenomenon, not a substance. Idealism acquaints us with the total disparity between the evidence of our own being, and the evidence of the world's being. The one is perfect; the other incapable of any assurance; the mind is a part of the nature of things; the world is a divine dream, from which we may presently awake to the glories and certainties of day. Idealism is a hypothesis to account for nature by other principles

than those of carpentry and chemistry. Yet, if it only deny the existence of matter, it does not satisfy the demands of the Spirit. It leaves God out of me. It leaves me in the splendid labyrinth of my perceptions, to wander without end. Then the heart resists it, because it banks the affections in denying substantive being to men and women. Nature is so pervaded with human life, that there is something of humanity in all, and in every particular. But this theory makes nature foreign to me, and does not account for that consanguinity which we acknowledge to it.

Let it stand then in the present state of our knowledge, merely as a useful introductory hypothesis, serving to apprise us of the eternal distinction between the soul and the world.

But when, following the invisible steps of thought, we come to inquire, Whence is matter? and Whereto? many truths arise to us out of the recesses of conscientiousness. We learn that the highest is present in the soul of man, that the dread universal essence which is, not wisdom, or love, or beauty, or power, but all in one, and each entirely, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are; that spirit creates; that behind nature, throughout nature, spirit is present; that spirit is one and not compounded; that spirit does not act upon us from without, that is, in space and time, but spiritually or through ourselves. Therefore, that spirit, that is, the Supreme Being, does not build up nature around us, but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws at his need inexhaustible power. Who can set bounds to the possibilities of man? Once inspire the infinite by being admitted to behold the absolute natures of justice and truth, and we learn that man has access to the entire mind of the Creator, is himself the Creator in the finite. This view which admonishes me where the sources of wisdom and power lie, and points to virtue as to



"The golden key  
Which opens the palace of eternity,

carries upon its face the highest certificates of truth, because it animates me to create my own world through the purification of my soul.

The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man. It is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God, a projection of God in the unconscious. But it differs from the body in one important respect. It is not, like that, now subjected to the human will. Its serene order is inviolable by us. It is, therefore, to us, the present exposition of the divine mind. It is a fixed point whereby we may measure our departure. As we degenerate, the contrast between us and our house is more evident. We are as much strangers in nature, as we are aliens from God. We do not understand the notes of birds. The fox and the deer run away from us. The bear and tiger rend us. We do not know the uses of more than a few plants, as corn and the apple, the potatoe and the vine. Is not the landscape, every glimpse of which hath a grandeur, a face of him? Yet this may show us what discord is between man and nature, for you cannot freely admire a noble landscape, if labourers are digging in the field hard by. The poet finds something ridiculous in his delight, until he is out of the sight of men.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—PROSPECTS.

IN inquiries respecting the laws of the world, and the frame of things, the highest reason is always the truest. That which seems faintly possible—it is so refined, is often faint and dim because it is deepest seated in the mind among the eternal verities. Empirical science is apt to cloud the sight, and, by the very knowledge of functions and processes, to bereave the student of the manly contemplation of the whole. The savant becomes unpoetic. But

the best read naturalist, who lends an entire and devout attention to truth, will see that there remains much to learn of his relation to the world, and that it is not to be learned by any addition or subtraction, or other comparison of known quantities, but is arrived at by untaught sallies of the spirit, by a continual self-recovery, and by entire humility. He will perceive that there are far more excellent qualities in the student than preciseness and infallibility, that a guess is often more fruitful than an indisputable affirmation, and that a dream may let us deeper into the secrets of nature, than a hundred concerted experiments.

For, the problems to be solved are precisely those which the physiologist and the naturalist omit to state. It is not so pertinent to man to know all the individuals of the animal kingdom, as it is to know whence and whereto is this tyrannizing unity in the constitution, which evermore separates and classifies things, endeavouring to reduce the most diverse to one form. When I behold a rich landscape, it is less to my purpose to recite correctly the order and superposition of the strata, than to know why all thought of multitude, is lost in a tranquil sense of unity. I cannot greatly honor minuteness in details, so long as there is no hint to explain the relation between things and thoughts; no ray upon the metaphysics of conchology, of botany, of the arts, to show the relation of the forms of flowers, shells, animals, architecture, to the mind, and build science upon ideas. In a cabinet of natural history, we become sensible of a certain occult recognition and sympathy in regard to the most bizarre forms of beast, fish, and insect. The American who has been confined in his own country, to the sight of buildings designed after foreign models, is surprised on entering York Minster, or St. Peter's at Rome, by the feeling that these structures are imitations also,—faint copies of an invisible archetype. Nor has science sufficient humanity, so long as the naturalist overlooks that wonderful congruity, which subsists between man and the world; of which he is Lord, not because he is the most subtle inhabitant, but because he is





its head and heart, and finds something of himself in every great and small thing, in every mountain stratum, in every new law of colour, fact of astronomy, or atmospheric influence, which observation or analysis lay open. A perception of this mystery inspires the muse of George Herbert, the beautiful psalmist of the seventeenth century. The following lines are part of his little poem on Man :—

"Man is all symmetry,  
Full of proportion one limb to another,  
And to all the world besides.  
Each part may call the farthest, brother;  
For head with foot hath private amity,  
And both with moons and tides.

"Nothing hath got so far  
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey;  
His eyes dismount the highest star;  
He is in little all the sphere.  
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they  
Find their acquaintance there.

"For us the winds do blow,  
The earth doth rest, heavens move, and fountains flow  
Nothing we see, but means our good,  
As our delight, or as our treasure;  
The whole is either our cupboard of food,  
Or cabinet of pleasure.

"The stars have us to bed;  
Night draws the curtain; which the sun withdraws.  
Music and light attend our head.  
All things unto our flesh are kind  
In their descent and being; to our mind,  
In their ascent and cause.

"More servants wait on man  
Than he'll take notice of. In every path,  
He treads down that which doth befriend him  
When sickness makes him pale and wan.  
Oh mighty love! man is one world, and hath  
Another to attend him."

The perception of this class of truths makes the eternal attraction which draws men to science, but the end is lost sight of in attention to the means. In view of this half-

sight of science, we accept the sentence of Plato, that, "poetry comes nearer to vital truth than history." Every surmise and vaticination of the mind is entitled to a certain respect, and we learn to prefer imperfect theories, and sentences, which contain glimpses of truth, to digested systems which have no one valuable suggestion. A wise writer will feel that the ends of study and composition are best answered by announcing undiscovered regions of thought, and so communicating, through hope, new activity to the torpid spirit.

I shall, therefore, conclude this essay with some traditions of men and nature, which a certain poet sang to me; and which, as they have always been in the world, and perhaps re-appear to every bard, may be both history and prophecy.

"The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit. But the element of spirit is eternity. To it, therefore, the longest series of events, the oldest chronologies are young and recent. In the cycle of the universal man, from whom the known individuals proceed, centuries are points, and all history is but the epoch of one degradation.

"We distrust and deny inwardly our sympathy with nature. We own and disown our relation to it by turns. We are, like Nebuchadnezzar, dethroned, bereft of reason, and eating grass like an ox. But who can set limits to the remedial force of spirit?

"A man is a god in ruins. When men are innocent, life shall be longer and shall pass into the immortal, as gently as we awake from dreams. Now, the world would be insane and rabid, if these disorganizations should last for hundreds of years. It is kept in check by death and infancy. Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise.

"Man is the dwarf of himself. Once he was permeated and dissolved by spirit. He filled nature with his overflowing currents. Out from him sprang the sun and moon; from man, the sun; from woman, the moon. The laws





of his mind, the periods of his actions eternalised themselves into day and night, into the year and seasons. But, having made for himself this huge shell, his waters retired; he no longer fills the veins and veinlets; he is shrunk to a drop. He sees that the structure still fits him, but fits him colossally. Say rather, once it fitted him, now it corresponds to him from far and on high. He adores timidly his own work. Now is man the follower of the sun, and woman the follower of the moon. Yet sometimes he starts in his slumber, and wonders at himself and his house, and muses strangely at the resemblance betwixt him and it. He perceives that if his law is still paramount, if still he have elemental power, if the word is sterling yet in nature; it is not conscious power, it is not inferior, but superior to his will. It is instinct." Thus my graphic poet sung.

At present man applies to nature but half his force. He works on the world with his understanding alone. He lives in it and masters it by a penny wisdom; and he that works most in it, is but half a man, and whilst his arms are strong and his digestion good, his mind is imbruted, and he is a selfish savage. His relation to nature, his power over it, is through the understanding; as by manure; the economic use of fire, wind, water, and the mariner's needle; steam, coal, chemical agriculture; the repairs of the human body by the dentist and the surgeon. This is such a resumption of power, as if a banished king should buy his territories inch by inch, instead of vaulting at once into his throne. Meantime, in the thick darkness, there are not wanting gleams of a better light,—occasional examples of the action of man upon nature with his entire force,—with reason as well as understanding. Such examples are; the traditions of miracles in the earliest antiquity of all nations; the history of Jesus Christ; the achievements of a principle as in religious and political revolutions, and in the abolition of the slave trade; the miracles of enthusiasm, as those reported of Swedenborg, Hohenlohe, and the Shakers; many obscure and yet contested facts, now arranged under the name of Animal

Magnetism; prayer, eloquence, self-healing; and the wisdom of children. There are examples of reason's momentary grasp of the sceptre; the exertions of a power which exists not in time or space, but an instantaneous, in-streaming causing power. The difference between the actual and the ideal force of man, is happily figured by the schoolmen in saying, that the knowledge of man is an evening knowledge, *vespertina cognitio*, but that of God is a morning knowledge, *matutina cognitio*.

The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty is solved by the redemption of the soul. The ruin or the blank, that we see when we look at nature, is in our own eye. The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things, and so they appear not transparent, but opaque. The reason why the world lacks unity, and lies broken, and in heaps, is, because man is disunited with himself. He cannot be a naturalist, until he satisfies all the demands of the spirit. Love is as much its demand, as perception. Indeed, neither can be perfect without the other. In the uttermost meaning of the words, thought is devout, and devotion is thought. Deep calls unto deep. But in actual life, the marriage is not celebrated. There are innocent men who worship God after the tradition of their fathers, but their sense of duty has not yet extended to the use of all their faculties. And there are patient naturalists, but they freeze their subject under the wintry light of their understanding. Is not prayer also a study of truth?—a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something. But when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the creation.

It will not need when the mind is prepared for study, to search for objects. The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common. What is a day? What is a year? What is summer? What is woman?



What is a child? What is sleep? To our blindness these things seem unaffecting. We make fables to hide the baldness of the fact and confirm it, as we say to the higher law of the mind. But when the fact is seen under the light of an idea, the gaudy fable fades and shrivels. We behold the real higher law. To the wise, therefore, a fact is true poetry, and the most beautiful of fables. These wonders are brought to our own door. You also are a man. Man and woman, and their social life, poverty, labour, sleep, fear, fortune, are known to you. Learn that none of these things is superficial, but that each phenomenon hath its roots in the faculties and affections of the mind. Whilst the abstract question occupies your intellect, nature brings it in the concrete to be solved by your hands. It were a wise inquiry for the closet, to compare, point by point, especially at remarkable crises in life, our daily history, with the rise and progress of ideas in the mind.

So shall we come to look at the world with new eyes. It shall answer the endless inquiry of the intellect,—What is truth? and of the affections,—What is good? by yielding itself passive to the educated Will. Then shall come to pass what my poet said; "Nature is not fixed, but fluid." Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. The immobility or bruteness of nature, is the absence of Spirit; to pure spirit, it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient. Every spirit builds itself a house; and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world, a heaven. Know then that the world exists for you. For you is the Phenomenon perfect. What we are, that only can we see. All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have and can do. Adam called his house heaven and earth; Cæsar called his house, Rome, you perhaps call yours a cobbler's trade, a hundred acres of ploughed land, or a scholar's garret. Yet line for line and point for point, your dominion is as great as theirs, though without fine names. Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. A

correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit. So fast will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary and shall be no more seen. The sorrow and filths of nature, the sun shall dry up, and the winds exhale. As when the summer comes from the south, the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit, create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits, and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, and warm hearts, and wise discourse, and heroic acts, around its way, until evil is no more seen. The kingdom of man over nature which cometh not with observation,—a dominion such as now is beyond his dream of God,—he shall enter without more wonder, than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight.





inflicted by one of which, is considered little less venomous than the sting of the scorpion, but the animal is seldom seen within doors.—*Physical History of Palestine*, p. ccccxix.

**SYCAMORE-TREE** signifies natural truth of the Church, which may be termed external or literal. The possession of this truth is as a step which elevates us a little above the press of mere worldly life, brings us nearer to the Lord, and opens the mind to a spiritual knowledge of his kingdom. Thus Zaccheus sought to see Jesus, and climbed up into a sycamore tree for that purpose. (Luke xix. 4.) The Jewish church was only in the acknowledgment of natural truth; this, when separated from its spirit and life, withers and decays, because it possesses none of that warmth of heavenly love to give it animation. "He destroyeth their sycamore trees with frost." (Psalm lxxviii. 47.) When natural truth gives place to spiritual perception, then, as the prophet expresses it, "the sycamore trees are cut down, but we will change them into cedars." (Isa. ix. 10.) *Key of Knowledge*, pp. 253, 4.

**WHEAT** denotes the things which are of love and charity, and has special reference to those who are inwardly good. A. C. 3941. L. J. 70 —When man is principled in heavenly love, he is in a state of true peace both internally and externally. "He has peace in his borders, and is filled with the finest of the wheat" Ps. cvlii. 14. What are the light pleasures and false persuasions of worldly-mindedness compared with that which is good and heavenly? What is the chaff to the wheat? Jer. xxiii. 29.—Celestial love is indeed but lightly esteemed by the lovers of sensual pleasure, and a "measure of wheat" may be offered for a penny, without their considering it of greater value.—*See Key of Knowledge*. *See also Barley, Corn, Rye*.

THE END.

PAISLEY:

STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY J. NEILSON.

## SUPPLEMENT.

### ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

[I HAVE received letters from respectable ministers of the New Church, in which it is presumed improper to instruct youth in the keeping of the heart by the aid of plates, and requesting me to omit them. In this, I respectfully differ from my brethren. If I can but show my youthful readers how desperately wicked and deceitful the heart is, the object attained will not be of trifling importance; and if the end attained be by the introduction of corresponding analogies, exhibiting the kind of creatures the unregenerate heart nurtures, it will be a likelier means of fixing the attention than any other; while it will tend also to the awakening of those feelings which teach the necessity of exploring the heart, and ejecting the hideous creatures which lurk within; at the same time, it will show the farther necessity of keeping the heart open for the reception of those holy influences of the Spirit of truth, by which evil is not only discovered and ejected, but effectual weapons furnished for resisting their future entrance.

In explaining the Holy Word, we frequently have to give the spiritual signification of certain passages where beasts of prey, and birds of night, venomous serpents and poisonous plants are introduced, and we then feel no hesitation in ascribing those to the polluted heart and its affections, or the darkened understanding and its thoughts,—I think it prudent to lay hold of every means not prohibited in the Word of God, to guard the young mind from falling into sin.

It may be thought that I might have selected some other animal as an exemplification of pride, rather than the peacock. I again respectfully differ from those who





## THE HEART,

ITS TENDENCY TO EVIL, AND THE MODE OF ITS PURIFICATION.

### PLATE I.

PICTURE OF THE HEART OF A PERSON, DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS, AND WHO SUFFERS EVIL TO HAVE DOMINION OVER HIM.

1. The peacock is represented as spreading his tail of variegated colours, to denote pride and self-gratification, delighting in the applause of the world, and pluming itself on fancied superiority.

2. The goat being an unruly and bad smelling animal, represents the impurity of the unregenerated heart of man.

3. The hog, being an animal fond of filth, is to represent gluttony, drunkenness, and sensuality of every kind.

4. The toad is to represent a low and earthly mind, covetous of the world's goods—never satisfied, "but of the earth, earthy."

5. The serpent is to represent deceit, lying, and envy, seeking to supplant and ruin others if more prosperous than ourselves, and watching the most favourable moment to insinuate its deadly poison.

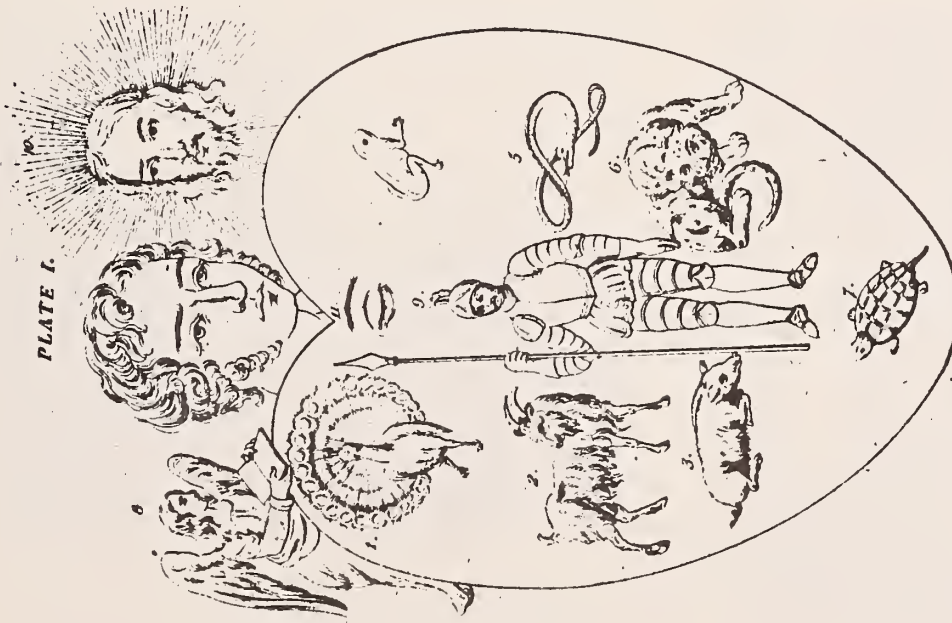
6. The tiger, is to represent anger, unkindness, and every temper contrary to love.

7. The turtle is to represent idleness, sloth, a low and grovelling mind, earthly and sensual.

8. The guardian angel is watching over the sinner for good.

9. The strong man armed, is to represent the determined power of evil in the will, keeping possession of the heart, and preventing the entrance of

10. The Saviour, who appeals to the affections of the heart in vain.



*The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.—Jer. xv. 9*



### DIVINE EXPOSTULATION.

"Come," saith the Lord, "ye sons of men,  
"Cast all your sins away;  
"My invitations now attend,  
"My friendly calls obey!"

"From all your sinful ways depart,  
"Whereby your souls offend;  
"And make anew your life and heart,  
"And I will be your friend!"

"Why will ye die? O sinners, say?  
"Why will ye, thoughtless, take  
"The road to ~~hell~~ <sup>hell</sup>, that dreadful way,  
"And God, and heaven forsake?"

Jehovah calls; the call we hear,  
For all our evils mourn,  
Now weep the penitential tear,  
And home to God return.

O Jesus! Saviour! Sovereign kind,  
To thee we thankful come;  
Thou wilt restore the erring mind,  
And lead the wand'ring home.

Thy mercy, thankful, we embrace,  
Our evils all disclaim,  
Accept thy boundless love and grace,  
And triumph in thy name.

### PLATE II.

PICTURE OF THE HEART OF A PERSON CONVICTED OF SIN,  
AND DESIROUS OF RECEIVING HELP FROM THE LORD TO  
SUBDUCE IT.

In the left hand of the angel is the Word of God, which is held near to the half-opened eye, which denotes the understanding of man. In the right hand of the angel is a sword, denoting the sword of the Spirit or the Word of God going forth in power for the subjugation of evil and falsehood. The face of the Saviour, as the Sun of Righteousness, is diffusing its beams of light over the



"For Godly sorrow worketh repentance  
to salvation not to be repented of"  
2 Cor. 7. 10.





Entering into my closet, I  
The busy world exclude;  
In secret prayer for mercy cry,  
And groan to be renew'd.

Thy grace I languish to receive,  
The truth of love and power;  
Blameless before thy face to live,  
To live and sin no more.

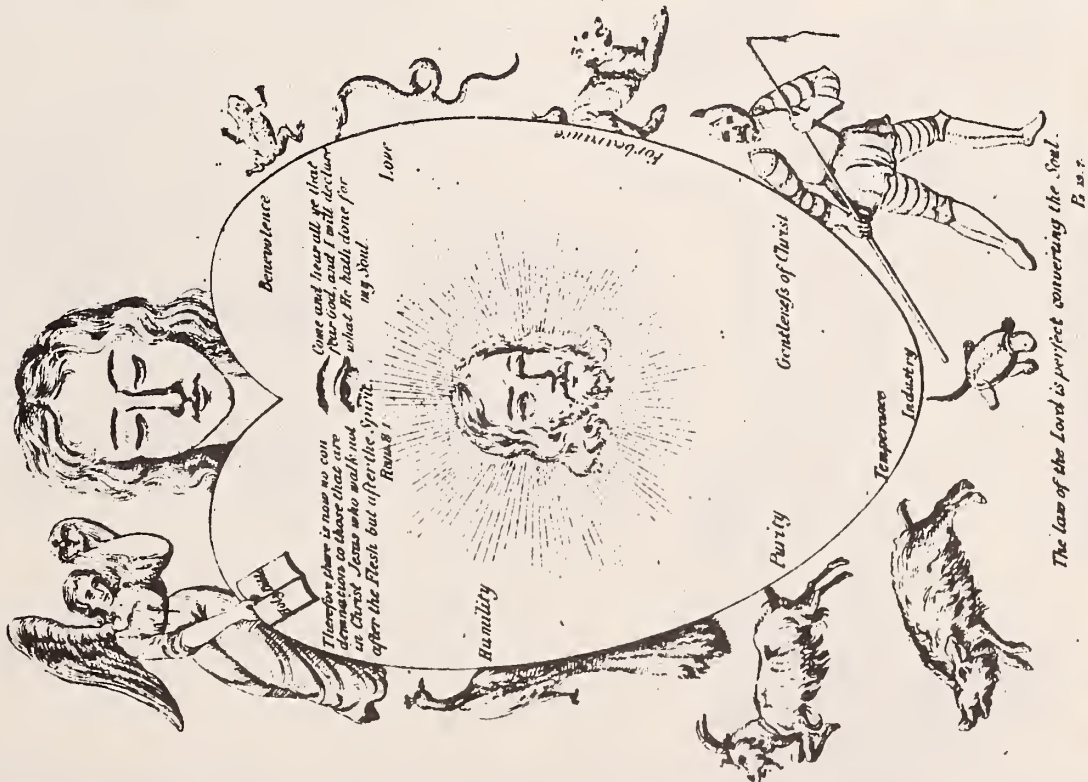
Fain would I all thy goodness feel,  
And know my sins forgiven!  
And do on earth thy perfect will  
As angels do in heaven.

### PLATE III.

THE angel in this plate is seen holding the Holy Word in his right hand, to denote that its truths are now received in a spirit of affection or love, in which resides their power. In the left hand, which is raised upward, there is a radiant crown, reminding the now affectionate heart of the necessity of faithfulness in order to secure so glorious a prize. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The eye is now open and elevated, denoting the elevation, by the light of truth of the understanding, which in consequence of its "singleness" is "full of light." The Saviour has now taken possession of the heart, surrounded with such a halo of divine light, as effectually to dislodge the spirits of darkness and evil.—Pride is now supplanted by humility.—Purity assumes the place of impurity.—Where sensuality once reigned, temperance has its seat. Sloth is succeeded by industry. The strong man with his broken spear is ejected, and his place supplied by the "Gentleness of Christ." Cruelty gives place to forbearance, envy to love, and the toad of earthly-mindedness and covetousness to benevolence and heavenly-mindedness.

The soul is now able to rejoice in the Lord for 'the

### PLATE 3.







Dear Reader, let your continual prayer to the Lord be, Lord, assist me to become regenerate—take away whatsoever would oppose this good,—reputation, fortune, friends, health; but O aid me to become regenerate, for except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. To be received among the children of God. Let me be born, “not of corruptible seed, but incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever.” And then let me daily “grow in grace, and in the knowledge of thee my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

Except a man be born again,  
Declares the Saviour God;  
His soul can never find a place  
In heaven's serene abode.

Except a man be born again  
Of water-truth divine,  
He cannot taste those purer joys  
That never know decline.

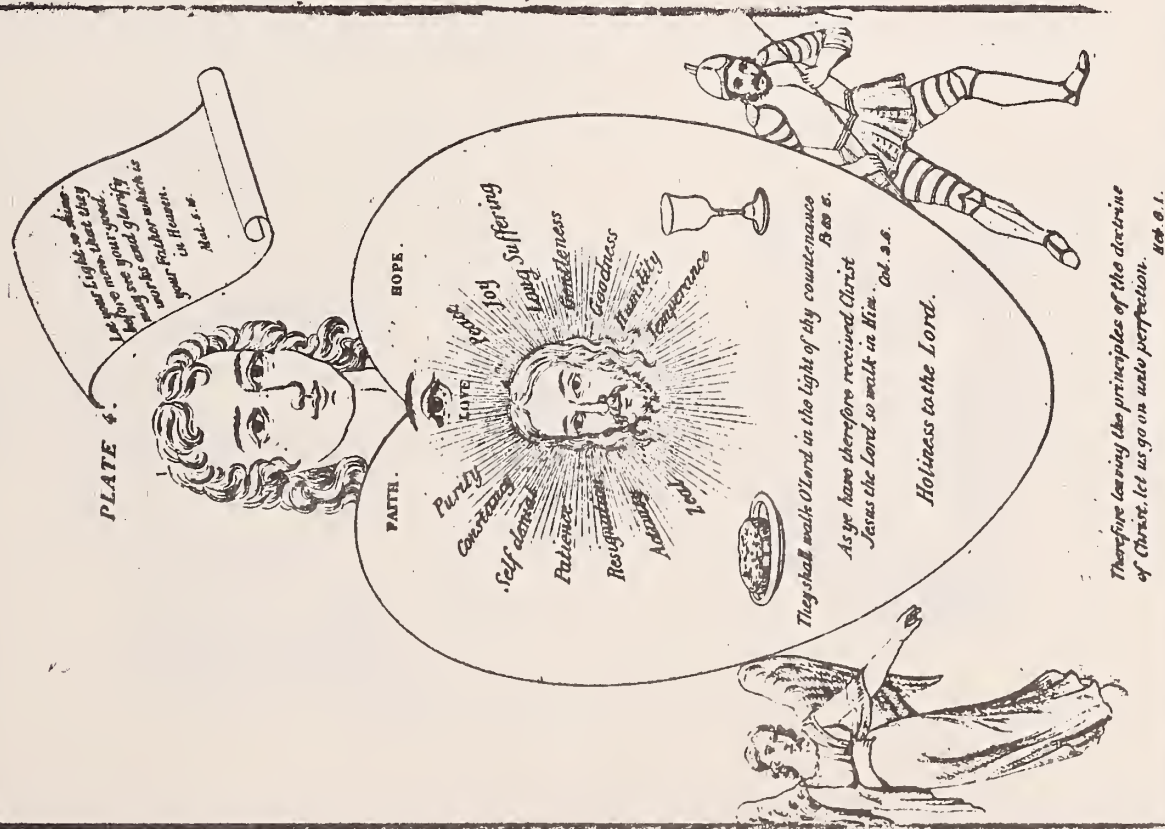
Except a man be born again  
Of Jesus' living breath,  
No heavenly confidence shall cheer  
The awful gloom of death.

Except a man be born again  
Of love's celestial fire,  
He cannot join in angels' songs,  
Nor strike an angel's lyre.

Except a man be born again,  
He cannot enter heaven.  
Lord, on my inmost soul impress  
This warning thou hast given.

#### PLATE IV.

In the room of three frightful evils which once inhabited the heart, the Great Redeemer is now seated within it. Faith, hope, and love, the fruits of the Spirit of truth, are elevated; and as the greatest of these is charity, or love, so





Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness !  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams and living bread.

Blest are the men whose bowels move,  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
From Christ the Lord they shall obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.

Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling power of sin :  
With endless pleasures they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.

Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife :  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Blest are the sufferers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake :  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.

### PLATE V.

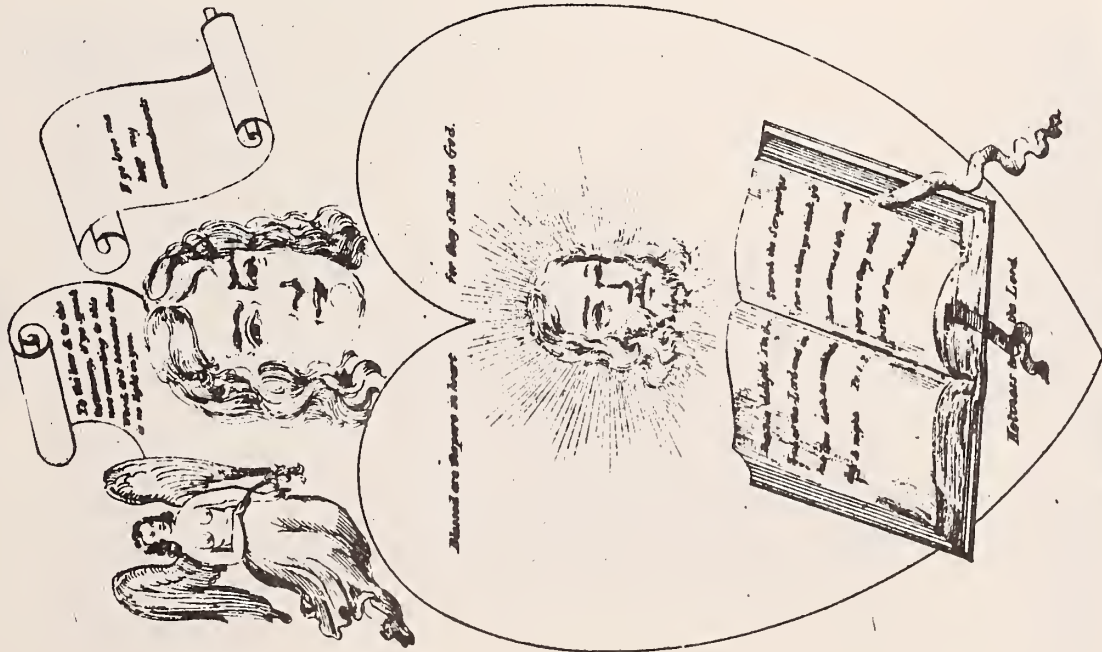
PICTURE OF THE HEART OF A PERSON WHO IS FILLED WITH  
PERFECT LOVE.

In the picture of this heart, we see the situation of a man  
filled with perfect love to God and man.

The Lord, as the Sun of Righteousness, has taken up  
his abode in the heart, and is shedding forth light, life,  
and joy. The Holy Word is seen there, and signifies,  
that the man has taken that as his counsellor, and from  
this armoury his weapons of spiritual warfare are obtained,  
with which he wars against the world, the flesh, and the  
devil. In this sacred volume he sees every thing necessary  
to guide both his faith and practice. There the precious  
promises of a faithful God are registered for his comfort,  
with many a glorious view of the almighty Promiser ;

D

### PLATE V.



If thy love was perfect, God dwells in us  
and his love is perfected in us. 1 John 4:12





also will I give you ; and a *new spirit* will I put within you : and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them.—I will also save you from all your uncleanness.—He shall save his people from their sins.—He will baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Thou, Lord, on whom I still depend,  
Shalt keep me faithful to the end ;  
I trust thy truth, and love, and pow'r,  
Shall save me till my latest hour ;

And when I lay this body down,  
Reward with an immortal crown !  
Jesus, in thy great name I go,  
To conquer death, my final foe.

And when I quit this cumbrous clay,  
And soar on eagle's wings away,  
My soul the second death defies,  
And reigns eternal in the skies.

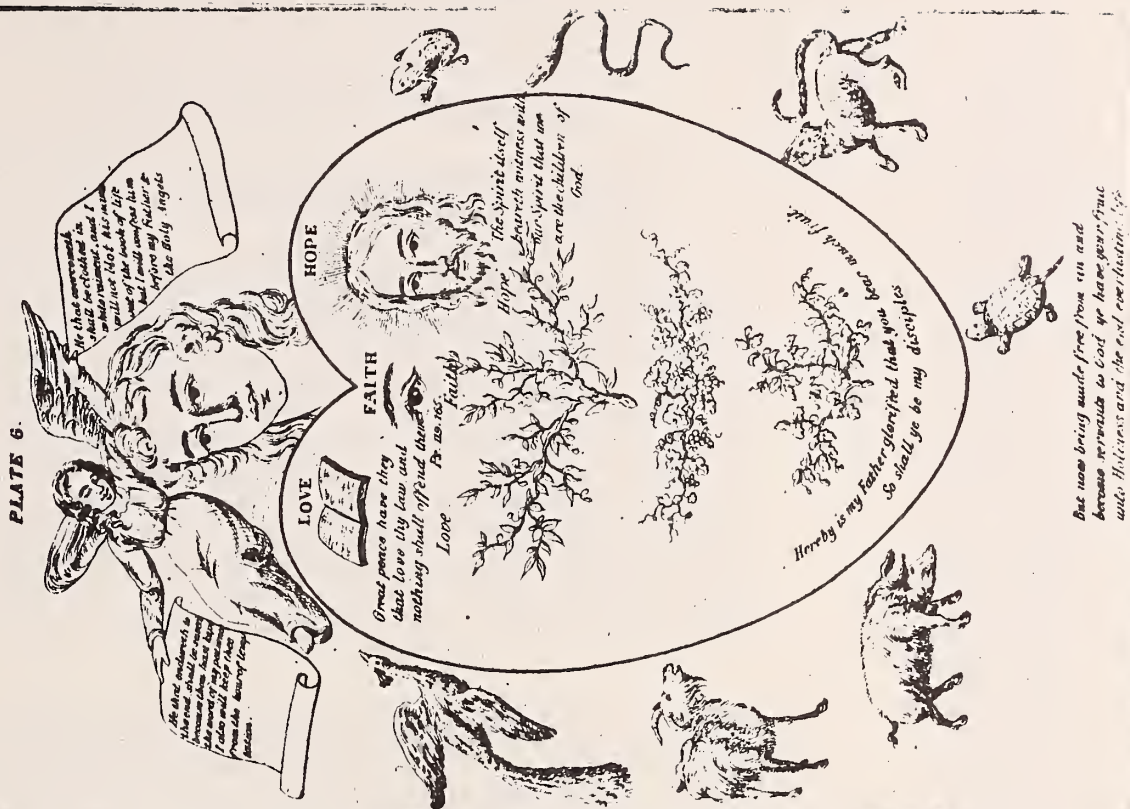
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
What Christ hath for his sons prepar'd,  
Who conquer through their Saviour's might—  
Who rise into perfection's height.

Dost thou desire to know or see,  
What thy mysterious name shall be ?  
Receiving thy new name unknown,  
'Tis deep inscribed on the white stone.

Then trample death beneath thy feet,  
And gladly die thy Lord to meet ;  
Contending for thy heavenly home,  
Thy latest foe in death o'ercome.

## PLATE VI.

THIS plate exhibits the steadfastness of the Christian to resist temptation. All the old desires of the natural man are pleading for gratification, but the strong line of de-







## LESSONS FROM THE PEAK-EXPERIENCES

Abraham H. Maslow, Ph.D. (Brandeis University, Waltham 54, Mass.);  
J.HUMANISTIC PSYCHOL., 2:9-18, Spring, 1962.

The author selected the finest, healthiest people he could find, and studied them to see what they were like. He was chiefly concerned with their reports of something like mystic experiences, moments of great awe, of intense happiness, or even rapture, ecstasy or bliss. They were moments of pure, positive happiness, relieved of all doubts, fears, inhibitions, tensions, and weaknesses. The subjects felt they had seen the ultimate truth, the essence of things, the secret of life. The experiences came from the great moments of love and sex; the great esthetic moments; the bursts of creativeness; the moments of insight; the moments of fusion with nature. These were natural, not supernatural experiences. Peak-experiences are not confined to healthy people, but occur also in psychologically sick people. Practically everybody reports peak-experiences if approached, questioned, and encouraged in the right way.

The stimuli producing peak-experiences are very different; the subjective experience tends to be similar. Peaks come unexpectedly. They can be described and communicated. There is some kind of mutual and parallel feedback between the characteristics of the perceiver and of the perceived world, so that each tends to influence the other. Thus, kindness can really be perceived only by a kind man. In the other direction, the more beautiful the world, the more the world tends to make the perceiver more beautiful. Some of the effects or after-effects of peak-experiences may be permanent, but the high moment itself is not. Peak-experiences have been highly therapeutic for some people; and for others, a whole outlook on life has been changed by some great moment of insight, inspiration or conversion. The author finds it difficult to understand why so often this does not happen. One clue lies in the rejection, denial, suppression, or misinterpretation of these moments by "Non-Peakers." The author has learned that authoritative approval lifts the lid off these experiences for many people.

After will and pride have been proven to yield only total misery, a person in the depths may then be able to surrender, to yield, to become humble. Pride can easily be a sick thing, but so also can be the lack of pride. It seems that human beings must be able to affirm themselves, as well as to trust, to be receptive, to surrender. Most peaks are receptive phenomena. It appears that the intrusion of will power may inhibit peak-experiences. Healthy pride goes very nicely with healthy receptivity. It is unhealthy pride only that has to be "broken." In peaks, the nature of Being itself is often perceived nakedly and the eternal values then seem to be attributes of reality itself. These peak-experiences are very much like mystical experiences. The author's guess is that they are different in degree but not in kind.

NSL

[The adjoining summary of an article in the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology* is taken from the *Digest of Neurology and Psychiatry*, XXX (Hartford, 1962), page 340. Professor Maslow herein shows a high respect for experiences like those enjoyed by literary figures of the Romantic Movement (including the Transcendentalists) and, perhaps, invites a reconsideration of what has often been hastily called "mysticism." Thoreau's "music of the spheres" probably deserves to be evaluated in terms of "peak experiences." — K.W.C.]











